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ABSTRACT

This narrative chronicles the life of the nationally-known but controversial teacher educator, historian, and philosopher of education William E. Drake. Drake was the author of "American Education in Transition"; "The Intellectual Foundations of Modern Education"; and numerous articles and monographs. He taught for 50 years at Pennsylvania State University, the University of Missouri, and the University of Texas at Austin. In Drake's own words, issues facing teacher preparation and the nation as a whole are addressed. The retired teacher educator raises provocative questions about the fundamental purposes of education and citizenship in a democracy. (EH)

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A VOICE FROM MOUNT PARNASSUS

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

of

WILLIAM E. DRAKE

1903 - 1989

Second Edition

Edited and published by Jack Conrad Willers, *M.A., M.Div., Ph.D.*

Professor *Emeritus*

Vanderbilt University, 1994

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EDITOR'S NOTE TO THE ORIGINAL PUBLICATION

The autobiographical manuscript of William E. Drake was in preparation for more than three decades, from at least 1957, when he joined the Department of History and Philosophy of Education at The University of Texas at Austin, almost to the time of his death in 1989. As a graduate student of Dr. Drake and Lecturer in the department which he came to chair, I was well aware of the project in the very early 1960s. Drake's earliest poems date from his youth.

Since I had already edited two earlier Drake publications, Bill also asked me to edit his autobiography and poems. With a sense of pride I accepted the honor without realizing the monumental dimensions of the task. The original document consists of 991 type-written pages. The high value in which Dr. Drake held the sharing of his life's story is indicated by the fact that the manuscript was mentioned specifically in his Last Will and Testament.

This edited version appears shorter than the original only by virtue of smaller, proportional type and closer line spacing. Bill had the habit of beginning too many sentences with: "There was...." or "It is...." Short of rephrasing some of these sentences for clarity and easier reading, the editorial work has largely been limited to arranging form and consistency of appearance.

Nevertheless, the task became so burdensome that it was necessary to seek assistance in proofreading. Dr. William Fisher of the University of Montana at Missoula, Bill Drake's very close and trusted friend for over 30 years, graciously provided not only that support but more importantly his immeasurable encouragement. Though two university professors, especially philosophers of education, will rarely agree, Bill Fisher recognized the social and educational significance of Dr. Drake's message to his family, students, colleagues--to the world.

Jack Conrad Willers
Professor Emeritus
Vanderbilt University
September, 1992

EDITOR'S NOTE TO THE SECOND EDITION

A second, more focused edition of the autobiography of William E. Drake is provided for those friends, former students and colleagues who are especially interested in his educational philosophy, historical interpretations and social perspectives. Those sections of the original manuscript not included in this *Second Edition* are Professor Drake's letters to his family from Europe shortly after World War II, discussions of family relationships and personal illnesses, and travel-log narratives of both foreign and domestic journeys. Omission of these portions in no way diminishes the value or authenticity of the original Drake autobiography with regard to his academic and professional insights. It is anticipated that this more concentrated documentation of his thoughts and teachings will make them more readily available to a wider audience of grateful and appreciative admirers.

Jack Conrad Willers
Vanderbilt University
September, 1994

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FOREWORD

THE LIFE CYCLE OF A HUMAN BEING

Did you ever sit down and try to spell out in words the cycle of your life, to see the making of your mind unfold before you? If so, you know that it is a novel experience, somewhat like free association employed by a psychiatrist when he places you on a couch and suggests that you just talk, letting your mind roam as it will.

The major difference between the psychiatrist's couch and writing an autobiography is, however, that the latter brings some order and meaning into one's thoughts. It is also necessary to withhold comment which would reveal skeletons in the closet or damage someone you love. Nevertheless, in this autobiography I have tried to be honest with my readers, to withhold nothing of significance, and to make sense out of what I have experienced, thought and written. In so doing, I have found in this task a new sense of freedom and a wealth of valued insight.

William E. Drake

Chapter 1

A LITTLE ANIMAL IS BORN

On a Friday morning, September 25, 1903, I came into the world, a little animal but also a gift of God to my deserted mother. The circumstances in which I came into the world were not the best, but in no sense hopeless either. I was born in a great country, at a good time, in a desirable climate, in a wholesome community, among respectable people. And yet those conditions were also fraught with dangers to normal childhood development.

Asheville, North Carolina, was a good place in which to be born. A health resort center, the city was especially helpful to the victims of tuberculosis. The surrounding countryside possessed natural beauty, unspoiled by the spread of factories and slums. These mountains became the source of my childhood inspiration. In the summers, when the mountains were covered with the flowering beauty of laurel, they became for me the picture of paradise itself.

East Street in the Doubleday section of Asheville was not the most affluent part of town. Our neighbors were not rich, but the children were law-abiding, wholesome playmates. Next door lived a doctor's family, and on the other side "Aunt Jane," who was no kin to me, but loved as if she were my fairy godmother. She was a kind and generous woman who never soured despite the death of her husband. Even now the thought of her cookies brings a good taste to my mouth, and I shall never forget the little white mouse she gave me for my first pet.

Our home was a two-story frame house with a narrow stairway in the center. The front room was said to be haunted, for at nighttime strange moaning sounds could be heard in the walls, especially when there was a strong wind from the west. We did have a bathtub and water closet inside the house, but they always seemed to be stopped up.

My favorite playground was the barn, especially its loft where we kept hay for two horses used in delivering groceries. We dug tunnels, played games of war and peace, threw hay on each other, and jumped from the loft to the manure pile below. Once I landed on the pitch fork, and it was weeks before I was back on my feet again.

Actually, we did not have a home of our own. My mother and I lived in my grandfather's house. My father had left for the Oklahoma Indian Territory before I was born. He had wanted my mother to go with him, but my grandfather persuaded her not to go. My father returned when I was five months old to try again to get my mother to go back with him, but again she doggedly refused.

For a while my father accepted her decision, and they lived with her brother, Eugene Ingle, helping him operate the power plant of the Southern Power and Light Company located on the French Broad River near the village of Inanda. Between the ages of one and three, I lived in a lonely wooded valley, half a mile from the electric plant. Although I do not remember any of the details of this period, I did develop a sense of intimacy with the environment. My mother spoke of the wind moaning through the tall spruce trees, of looking out upon a military cemetery occupied by neglected Confederate dead.

But my father was not fully satisfied with this way of life; he was forever restless and irritable. While he seemed to have been fond of his son, his mind drew him back to Oklahoma.

Finally one day he just failed to show up for work. From J.W. Brown, a lawyer, and Dave Hopkins, the marshal of the Indian Territory at Chickasha, mother learned that my father had returned to Oklahoma, but not for long. After straightening out his affairs, he supposedly started back east, but somewhere along the way he became the victim of total amnesia. How this happened, we

never really learned. There was more than rumor that he had been beaten and robbed on the road to McAlester. Those who knew him in Chickasha heard about this ordeal and went to his rescue. Shortly afterwards my father disappeared altogether, and all efforts to determine his location failed.

In 1928, my father appeared near Winston-Salem, North Carolina. How or why he went there, we never learned. Someone had called the sheriff and told him who my father was. The sheriff called my father's brother in Asheville to see what could be done for him. How this contact could have been made for a man whose mind had been totally blank for 23 years, I cannot imagine. I do know, however, that my father was placed in the state hospital at Morgantown, North Carolina, where he lived and worked as a gardener for 20 years until his death. When I last saw him, he was calm and serene, but his mind was little more than that of a young child.

At the early age of three I began to realize that I was an outsider in my grandfather's house. With this awareness there came a sense of internal struggle, a sense of not belonging which has followed me all of my years. I was not an unhappy child. My mother provided the security I needed. But there were always those incidents which let me know that I was an outsider, that I did not have a father like other children, and that I must somehow fight back with a sense of independence. These conditions provided the power for my determination to rise above all adversity, to make the maximum use of whatever talents and intelligence the God of nature had given to me.

My grandfather was a kind person of natural, down-to-earth virtues which drew everyone to love him. He was the head of his household, and everyone knew it, not because he was a tyrant, but because of his character, leadership and stability. There was nothing orthodox about him, not in religion, politics or economics. He was, however, a religious man, but no church ever owned his soul. His religion was one of doing right by his fellow creatures without worrying too much about the written word. He was a good citizen, too, yet no politician ever controlled his vote or mind. Politics as such did not concern him. He was concerned rather with the character and life of those who ran for political office. He was a good neighbor, and when he died, rich and poor, black and white came to his funeral. Many tears were shed on the day he was buried in the little Inanda church cemetery, ground which he himself had donated when his first wife died in 1888.

My grandfather, James Blye Ingle, had come from good solid stock. His great-grandfather, Thomas Ingle, had fought as an officer with the British army in the American Revolution. Captured and held prisoner, Thomas Ingle liked the Colonies so well that he remained in the New World when the revolution ended. On his mother's side, my grandfather's grandfather, Olyphiant Jarvis, had founded Marshall College, a Baptist school, one of the first in western North Carolina. Both the Ingle and the Jarvis families were well established and successful farmers when the Civil War began in 1861. The war brought real grief to my grandfather Ingle, for his father, Tom Ingle, joined the Union Army, and as a result he and his mother and father were disinherited by the Ingle and Jarvis families. Tom Ingle was killed in the second battle of Manassas, but my great-grandmother never received one penny as a pension from the federal government.

The trying circumstances under which my grandfather grew up during and after the Civil War made him the kind of man he was. During his youth he labored for himself and his mother, for, like myself, he was an only child. He received little formal schooling. But as a true child of experience, he overcame adversity and became a successful business man. His first wife bore eight children, one of whom was my mother, and his second wife seven. My mother's mother died early at the age of 34 of typhoid fever, so with these half-uncles and a half-aunt I grew up.

My grandfather was a merchant and a truck farmer. My first memories of his grocery business came from my visits to his store on Broadway, not far from Pack Square, then the heart of Asheville. Nevertheless, my grandfather's grocery was more like a country store, especially on Saturdays when the farmers came to town. On a large open lot at the back of the store they hitched their horses and wagons and traded goods.

My grandfather loved horse trading though there were times when he took a good skinning. Sometimes a good looking animal turned out to be a balker. At other times Grandfather Ingle would come home with a skinny, raw-boned creature which looked like it could hardly stand up. But in due time, after being fed well, the unpromising horse would turn out to be a good animal. At these times, my grandfather would feel rather proud of himself. Actually he knew nothing about scientific horse breeding, but as in many other ways he exemplified intuitive genius and the ability to profit from experience.

Red and white peppermint candy, Johnson City, Tennessee, hickory cured hams and sharp, rich, yellow cheddar cheese were the strongest attractions to my grandfather's store. Such quality foods are never to be found in our modern stores. Though I lived as an outsider in my grandfather's house, my everyday life with my little half-uncles was a happy life. Among those children, I was closest to Slayden, who was two years older than I. He always took special interest in my welfare, for which I am especially grateful. When Slayden went to the Flora McDonald Kindergarten at the age of five, I also went along with him.

There has been much negative criticism of the Progressive Education Movement. Yet no other movement did as much for the welfare of the child. Historically, the movement had its origin in the world-shaking, volatile character of Jean Jacques Rousseau, who hated civilization because of his own brutal childhood. Still, his was a lesson for all to learn, though there are yet millions who do not understand why Rousseau is often referred to as the Father of the French Revolution.

While the western world had for centuries taught the Christian concept of the God of love, little of it has been practiced, even in teaching children. But the kind and lovable teacher, Pestalozzi, understood Rousseau and established a school at Burgdorf, Switzerland, to which people from all over the world came to learn about childhood education. Among those who came was the Prussian scholar, Friedrich Wilhelm Froebel, who established the first kindergarten in Blankenburg, Germany. But the Prussian government did not approve of Froebel's kindergarten; it was considered too revolutionary. On the other hand, the American people rejected the kindergarten because of its German origin. Nevertheless, the movement did finally take root and has for several decades been an increasing and fundamental part of our educational system.

Through the kindness and generosity of Flora McDonald, I was able to enter kindergarten at the age of three. The experience was so enjoyable that I continued to attend until I was seven. Much of whatever success I have known in both school and in life I attribute to my kindergarten teacher, Miss Ethel Ray.

The significance of this early period of life before the age of six cannot be fully measured or appreciated, but we do know enough about the nature of humanity to reach some logically sound conclusions. Accumulated evidence indicates that humanity is another member of the animal kingdom which evolved from lower orders of being. Traditionally, the western mind has thought of itself and God as separate from rather than an integral part of nature. From the Babylonians came the idea that God created the world and then humanity by breathing in a living spirit. This basic orthodox Christian view is no longer tenable, for we must now conclude that God, or the creative force in life, is implicit in the process of creation, that there is no actual beginning or end as such, and that life and death are but a part of the processes of change.

This continuous process of evolution has a chemical, biological and social nature. In the social stage, humanity has literally lifted itself above other living creatures to make itself the master of the animal kingdom, even if we have yet to master ourselves. This change has been achieved through the media of language, invention and social construction. A child who is capable of experiencing this heritage at a high level of intellectual and moral freedom, of knowledge and love, is fortunate indeed, for out of such experience, mind is constituted.

In the small Flora McDonald Kindergarten at the top of the hill on East Street in Asheville, for four years I lived in a garden created for children. There I received the kind of organized instruction which every child needs to supplement the unorganized character of modern family life. The problem is to provide the highest possible cooperation between family and school, for the ultimate hope of humanity rests here. The weaker the family, the stronger the kindergarten must be. Surely there have been higher levels of family and kindergarten situations than I knew, but in comparison I had a better than average childhood environment. From the standpoint of childhood, the world cries out for parents and teachers far above the present level of operation, and if we truly want a better world, this is the most important point at which to begin.

How does a little animal at the age of three come to know the meaning of freedom? At that age, the only freedom I knew was physical freedom, the absence of restraint. This inborn, natural freedom needed to be directed if I was to live in the kind of world for which humanity had been created. Along with a sense of belonging and personal security, I needed to acquire more and more of the elementary skills which constituted the next step on the road to freedom. Skill freedom was thus my first introduction to the twentieth century. Only a very few have been able to rise above the level of skill operation within a lifetime. The failure to do so means that democracy has been more a dream than a reality. While we talk a great deal about democracy, having little moral and intellectual freedom, we experience little of democracy.

What incidents stand out most vividly in this early period of my childhood? I do not remember much about those first years of immaturity. John Dewey, America's greatest philosopher, in his educational classic, Democracy and Education, argues that the child's plasticity and immaturity are his greatest assets. Surely this was true for me as for others. While I cannot detail the developing pattern of events as it unfolded for me in those early years, there are incidents which stand out as meaningful in themselves apart from their interrelationships with other experiences.

Of all my childhood toys, the one that meant the most to me was my little red wagon. I do not recall which Christmas I received it, though I have been told that I received it at the age of two. Nor do I remember what ultimately happened to my most cherished early childhood possession. I suppose I just outgrew it. I do recall, however, the many hours of genuine pleasure which I experienced riding around on the back porch and in the backyard, pulled by my mother or my playmate, Slayden Ingle. Also, great satisfaction came from hauling anything and everything--a pile of dirt, toys or just plain old junk.

For a brief time at the age of six I lived with my mother's sister, Aunt Bessie, in the country village of Inanda, seven miles from Asheville. For many years my grandmother's family on my mother's side had been identified with that village, and there my mother's sister Ella, who had married my father's brother Joe, lived on a large farm next to Aunt Bessie. Uncle Joe Drake had died of tuberculosis before I was old enough to remember him, and not long after that Aunt Ella married Ed Creasman, a quiet, kind and generous man. He had become the operator of the electric power plant where my father had worked before leaving for the open country of the west.

That power plant, located on the upper French Broad River, continued to have a peculiar fascination for me. At the age of two, I ran off to the great dam with my niece who was the same age to throw rocks into the water. What appears small and unimpressive today appeared massive and powerful to me as I observed with amazement the great leather belt roaring around and around the charging dynamo. A thrill ran through me as I watched the water surging through the great flues under the building into the stream below.

Living with Aunt Bessie must have been a bad idea to begin with, for she already had a house full of children. Inanda was a fine place to live, however, and Aunt Bessie's house stood on a tall, green, rolling hill. And she had several cows which gave plenty of milk for us children.

Summer and fall were times made for children who loved the outdoors as I did. Out in the country, my closest playmate was Leona, Aunt Ella's daughter. Leona was a virtual tomboy who loved to climb trees. From those early days until she died in 1959, we were more like brother and sister than cousins, and since Leona had no brother of her own, I was like a son to her mother.

One of the places where we liked to go was a spot up river where we played among the remains of an old dam and mill. Everyone has known a place which casts a weird spell, and for me this seemed one of those places. Part of the dam was still standing, and the water swirled around and around as if it were playing a game with me. Parts of the old mill were still lying in the same places where they had fallen years earlier when a flood descended and tore the mill and dam apart. Trees and shrubs had grown up, providing a protective shelter for the entire area. We knew of several good fishing holes, as good as any on the entire river. But we were not allowed to go there without the older folks, so our trips were limited to Sunday afternoon jaunts and picnics.

Sunday mornings were dress-up time. Everyone went to church. Vestiges of the 19th century still remained in this small country village. Families went to church early in their buggies and wagons, and tied their horses to the hitching posts at the east and south sides of the church. The west and north sides were used as burial grounds. Grandmother Ingle is buried there, along with many other family members. These outdoor Sunday meetings served as a communications center for the community. Family affairs, village life and world conditions all came under close scrutiny. Who was courting whom, the latest births, marriages and deaths, the weather and crop conditions were ardently discussed. The conversations would not end until the church bell rang, calling the people inside to worship.

I was a child of the church, but I was never a slave or blind devotee to it. Almost from the very first day of my life I regularly attended Sunday school and was often in church on Wednesday evenings. That I was a good child was affirmed by an elderly gray-haired lady who, upon her first sight of me, predicted great and noble things of my future. I did love the Baptist Sunday school, for it gave me opportunities to sing and play. Best of all, I remember singing, "I washed my hands this morning, so very clean and white, and sent them up to Jesus to stay with him 'til night."

The little Inanda village church was not as interesting to me as the Sunday school in town, however. In town we were separated according to age and sex and placed in different parts of the open sanctuary. Then everyone began to talk at the same time, and the buzz continued for almost an hour with the voices of the elderly women rising high above the others'.

Intellectually, the church has never appealed to me. Actually, from as far back as I can remember, I found myself in complete revolt against its dogmas. They not only made no sense to me but were an insult to my intelligence, especially when presented on empirical and naturalistic grounds. On the other hand, I was and always have been deeply affected by the ethical and moral principles embodied in the Christian faith and voiced in church music. The concepts of mercy and love for one's fellow human beings, regardless of race, class, creed or nationality, had deep and lasting effects upon my life. I have never had any difficulty in appreciating the contributions of the Christian faith to the humanization of the western world. From as far back in my childhood as my consciousness can penetrate, I can sense the impact of the Christian ethic. Jesus, the man, I could appreciate, but the Christ had no significance for me until I conceptualized him as the philosophers' creation of the ideal Platonic person. Such intellectualizing of the Christ only a handful of people ever achieve, thus the confused and mystical aura of the supernatural and the array of miracles in which this noble creation of the Christ has been smothered.

In no sense would I belittle the sincerity of the efforts of those rural people who gathered in the little Inanda village church to give voice to their religious feelings and aspirations. What I remember best of this experience, however, is the sense of doom and grief which prevailed in the atmosphere of that congregation. Maybe this memory is due to the tears which fell from the eyes of those whose

loved one was lowered into the grave. Maybe it was because my grandfather, the man who meant the most to me in my childhood, was buried there. Regardless, some way or another, I have never thought of church as a pleasant place, and because it has such a deep-rooted emotional effect upon me when I enter its portals, I tend to stay away.

My introduction to the life of the public school was more abrupt but less emotional than to the church. The Inanda village school was a typical one-room, one-teacher school characteristic of the 19th century. Our teacher, Miss Bessie Morgan, was considered an old maid, not well educated, but very much a disciplinarian. Much of the time in the classroom we spent listening to one another recite or just sitting quietly to give the teacher an appearance of studying. This situation was especially difficult for the first graders who, not knowing how to read or write, had little to occupy their time. It is not unusual for the things which stand out in my mind to be those which pertain to discipline. One instance, other than the persistent impact of the ruler on my hand, stands out clearly.

For some reason I had been placed in front of a little girl with whom I very much liked to talk. No longer do I remember her name, what she looked like, whether she had black, brown or blond hair, or whether she had a beautiful face. All I remember is that she was a girl, and that I had turned around in complete disregard of my teacher to engage in a bit of conversation. The next thing I knew was the bite of a switch on my bare legs, a switch that spoke far more effectively than anything Miss Bessie Morgan could have said.

I did not live in the country long enough to become a country boy, but I did live there long enough to acquire some sense of the meaning of natural man. Much of what I do remember, however, is mixed up with stories told by my mother. For example, Uncle Joe Drake, Aunt Ella's first husband and my father's brother, was always coming home late at night with his horse and buggy, for he too was a merchant. He had to pass by the Inanda church cemetery. Always just at that point the horse would bolt and race at full speed until reaching the house. On one such occasion there was a serious accident which finally led to my uncle's death.

My great grandfather Ballard on my mother's side of the family had fought in the Confederate Army, had been captured and held prisoner by the Yankees in a stinking, cold Illinois prison where he almost died. But he finally returned home and married the "Rollins gal." As bad as the schools were in the south following the Civil War, my great-grandfather Ballard had secured a good liberal education. He was a Baptist minister who read, loved and collected good books. He and my grandmother were peace-loving farm people with a genuine kindness for me. I can still see Grandfather Ballard with his long white beard gathering apples from his orchard or feeding his many pigeons in the barn loft.

My grandmother's son, "Uncle Wall," was a bachelor all of his life, but an individual who never seemed to have a dull moment. He had a way of answering you by saying, "Good God A'mighty, John, you don't say!" He loved the outdoor life in a much different way from his parents. He was the kind of hard working, lonely man of whom Mark Twain wrote. He was markedly different from all of the other people I knew. He was rugged like my Grandfather Ingle, but he never felt at home with people. After his father and mother had died, he built a little house up in the mountains away from the rest of the community where he lived until he died at the age of 78.

After only four months in the country, my mother and I returned to my Grandfather Ingle's home on East Street in Asheville. It was good to be back, to renew former acquaintances, and to watch the beautiful, tall and graceful aspen trees as the wind twirled their leaves around and around. Instead of going to the public school, I insisted on returning to my beloved kindergarten and to Miss Ethel Ray. Life was different from what it had been in the country, but it was good to have more people with whom to talk.

The daily advent of the baker was an event to remember. He drove one of the first motor trucks to appear on the streets of Asheville, a hard rubber-tired vehicle driven by electric power. Not

the truck itself but what was inside interested me. When the baker opened the doors of his wagon, my, what a treat! Luscious pies and cakes lined the shelves, all for just a penny each. The smell alone was worth my penny. There were always several small tots around the baker's truck to make their daily purchases.

In the midst of such childhood pleasures I was struck with the dreaded typhoid fever. In general, I had been a healthy, vigorous child from birth, but now I was on the brink of death. No one knew how I was stricken by the fever. The doctor suspected polluted food or water. But our house was as sanitary as any of the best homes in the city, although there were lots of flies. At first I was placed in the large bed in the front room and completely deprived of all solid foods. Despite my fever, I became so hungry that Slayden slipped half a loaf of bread to me.

The doctor was called and with him came more medication. As the days progressed I became worse; as the fever increased, my weight decreased. I was moved to the back room where it was quieter and the light not as bright. Just as I was at my worst, the old doctor himself became ill and put me under the care of a younger physician. For some strange, unknown reason I immediately began to improve. The younger doctor had thrown away the bad tasting medicine and substituted a medicine that tasted good. Soon I was back on my feet, but the fever had left its mark on me. Before contracting typhoid fever I had always been constipated. Afterwards I never had that difficulty again.

Sometimes funny things happen in the life of a child, especially those centering around the issue of sex. It is no wonder that children become curious and make too much of the issue of sex. Adults never seem to grow up, as indicated by the extent to which sex is exploited in selling everything from soup to nuts in our capitalistic, sex-oriented society. There should be no doubt about the organic significance of sex or the nature of the sex function. All naturalists more or less recognize that the heart of the life stream centers around sex as a nucleus of being. What is not recognized or understood is that the exploitation of sex is as sacrilegious and as prevalent as the exploitation of God. It is interesting to watch our good capitalist friends, as Edward Filkene called them, go to church on Sunday to worship formally their unknown God, and then proceed to exploit this same God during the rest of the week. Sex is high powered nitroglycerine. If we understood this, we would not be careless in the ways we handle it.

I do not know at what age I first became conscious of the fact that I had a sex organ. I learned very early that I had something to rid my body of waste fluid, but what other function this organ might have it took me a long time to learn. Once in complete innocence but in mixed company, I asked a most embarrassing question. My half-uncle Fred had been proudly displaying the picture of a skeleton which he was using in school. The picture was fascinating to me, especially for what it omitted. So I brazenly blurted out, "But, Fred, where is the 'Jim dawg'?" The consternation and laughter which followed made me aware that there was something more I needed to know. Such adult actions and attitudes make deep impressions on a child's mind and actually help to make the mind what it will later become.

Play is as vital to the growing child as food and sleep. Stupid, ignorant adults who belittle the role of play in the education of the young do so at great risk to the individual and to the social order. For the most part, I was a healthy child because of my love for outdoor life. On Sunday afternoons in the summer, I loved walking with my mother to pick daisies. Whenever I found a large bed of daises, I would exclaim with great joy. This especially was one of my most joyful activities when we visited the countryside, for of all the flowers in the world I love daises best of all. They are clean, fresh, bright-eyed and, yes, happy.

Across from our home was a high hill on which the neighborhood kids gathered to fly their kites. The big challenge was to see how much cord one could let out on any given afternoon, or how long one could keep a kite in the air. The most popular kite was made of three reeds held together with a straight pin and covered with newspaper sealed to the cord-bound frame with paste made of

flour. I became rather good at the game, if I do say so, and was able to compete with the best of the kite flyers.

Baseball was also a game which many of us enjoyed. Once a group had gathered in the driveway next door for an afternoon's game. When my time came to bat, I hit the ball right through a bedroom window, ending the game and creating a financial indebtedness of several weeks for myself. In this way I began very early to learn the value of money, for money was hard to come by.

A stranger game was battling with rocks. Of course, our parents never knew what we were up to unless someone got hurt. After choosing sides, we lined up behind trees for the battle that was to follow. Once I stuck my head out from behind a tree to observe "the enemy," and just at that moment a rock came sailing toward my head. The sharp edge of the missile struck me just above the eye, and for some time the bloody mass looked as if my eye had been blotted out. Fortunately, the cut was just above the eye, leaving only a scar which I would bear the rest of my life.

Best of all I loved the circus. This was the day all the children of the town and countryside lined the streets to watch the parade of animals, clowns and circus riders. There was Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey's Greatest Show on Earth and many other smaller companies. Elephants, tigers, monkeys, lions, bears, camels, hippos, horses and ponies paraded before us. Even more than the dancing ladies I enjoyed the clowns because they made us laugh and gave us presents. The clowns were more human than all the others. Now that the circus has gone from our lives, something true and good and beautiful is missing, especially for children.

At times I very much wanted to be like one of the animals in the circus. Yet, I was just a little animal when I was born, and I was still a little animal when I reached the age of six, though perhaps a little less so than when I was born. Man would be more a god were he less a beast. There is no way we can penetrate the veil of mystery which enshrines the universe, so we must be content to live in the small world which encompasses our experience. This is not to say that we cannot feel, or that there is no knowing in our feeling, but it does recognize that we are only small creatures in a vast universe of universes.

As a child, like all children, I had a world of feeling all my own through which the meaning of life was conveyed. For this reason, I cannot accept the rationalists' point of view. Experience is necessary in order to feel or to reason, and thus the extent to which I was to become less an animal than I was on the 25th day of September, 1909, was due to the qualities and kinds of experiences I encountered as well as to the responses I made to them.

Yet most of the experiences of early childhood are accidental in nature, though there may be more virtue in this process than we tend to realize. The basic problem rests in the quality of the general culture in which the accidental and incidental processes occur rather than in any chance, momentary factor. The alternative would be to have all experiences directed and controlled toward some predetermined end. This alternative certainly has its limitations, especially when people believe they are acting in the role of God. This weakness has been a major problem for most churches as well as most governments, families, schools and other organized social institutions. Surely it is the basic limitation of the communist way of life.

It is now possible and necessary to have more directed activities for young children than when I was a child, but they must be supervised by people with great insight and sensitivity for humanity as well as a deep sense of humility, without playing God. Our present American culture is cursed not only by its lack of sensitivity to human need but also by its rejection of the intellectual.

At no other time in a person's life is one as helpless as during the first six years of life. First, there are those very early days of nothingness, when one cannot focus or associate one's self with anything. Then for weeks, even months, the whole world is encompassed only in what one can see and feel

while lying on one's back. At this time, there is no reason for anything, for one can only see and feel as if one were just a recording machine. But later come the days when one can crawl, then walk and talk, and the world grows larger with each passing day. There is memory of a kind, but nothing animals in general do not also develop. Feelings develop, yes, and sensitivity to danger, learned habit patterns, but not the kind of memory which is lasting in consciousness. For example, I do not know how far back my memory runs into consciousness. Many experiences are continuous in character and can be dated only within a period of time. I do not remember my first day in kindergarten, but I do remember my kindergarten days. Many of the experiences I remember best because my mother often spoke about them.

And so it was that at the age of six I was a little animal and, for better or for worse, a potential candidate for humanity. I was a product of the human race evolved over centuries of time in which there was never any beginning, nor would there ever be an end. What I had acquired thus far was meager, but I survived with some sense of freedom coupled with a learned fear of authority. In this sense, I had inherited the fundamental problem of the human race--how to remain free in the face of the authority of the law.

Over a period of many years, the challenge of freedom and the fear of authority have been my deepest concerns. From early childhood, my deepest and most impelling urge has been to be free. For this reason, I have always possessed a deep-seated fear of authority. The symbols of authority were ever present--my mother, my grandfather, the school teacher, the policeman, even the preacher--all ready to take away my freedom. But I was determined to guard this, my most cherished possession, my freedom. Yet herein lay the danger, for in guarding my freedom against authority, I was in danger of losing it through fear.

My greatest childhood problem has become the largest problem of the American people: how to face up to the nature of reality, for the authority of reality is the most realistic thing in the world. We humans will always be lonely creatures in this universe, but there is no solution to this problem through fear or flight. We must face up to God if we are to understand him. This was my problem in growing up, just as it is America's problem in growing up in the world. Most of our songs today, I will not call them music, are escapist, just like our political life and many of our everyday experiences.

Yes, I was a little animal just as all are little animals at birth, not far removed from the primeval forests. In this sense, there is a need for sympathy for this poor creature called man whose nobility lies more in his striving than in what he has become. How much have I learned since this little animal was born? Only a small amount, to be sure, only a moment in an infinity of time. But as Camus knew, our greatest and deepest satisfactions come only as we learn to communicate in a cosmic sense with our fellow human beings. Jean Jacques Rousseau had a glimmer of this truth when he affirmed that the purpose of all law and authority was to create more freedom, not less. My problem was in giving up and how, at the age of six, 6 to orient myself to the tyranny of the authority which surrounded me.

Chapter 2

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE

As I began my second cycle of life, the world beyond had little meaning for me. "Politics" was a term to which I could attach no meaning. Around the dinner table, I had heard Howard Taft's name, but he might as well have been Henry Dayton. What applied to the President and the nation applied equally to the state. There was a monument on the town square to Zebulon Baird Vance, and I heard him referred to as a governor of North Carolina during the Civil War, but again I could attach no significant meaning to him. I knew what war was, but I never had any interest in fighting. Not that I was a coward, but I have always shunned fighting under any condition. Problems are never solved by war.

My world was still a small, circumscribed area of activity when I left home that September morning in 1910 to enter the Orange Street School, later made famous in Thomas Wolfe's Look Homeward, Angel. Although I had gone to kindergarten for three years, I was not happy about entering this new school. I would have preferred to continue in Miss Ethel Ray's kindergarten, but the law required that I go to a "real school." So with my half-uncle Slayden and my mother I made my way into another new world. I had taken the necessary small pox vaccination, and I had in hand all the information for the school authorities when I walked into the school.

Orange Street Elementary School, covering grades one through seven, was a standard urban school for that period, as good as the average but probably no better. It was about a half mile from our home, but the walk was good for me except in bad weather. From the beginning I knew that I must never be tardy, and my report cards were a good testimony of my deep sense of childhood responsibility. The school had two stories with the front entrance on Orange Street and the back entrance and play ground on the lower level. When the bell rang for recess or lunch, we were marched down the steps before being dismissed. At the close of the period, we assembled at the bell and marched back up the stairs to the classroom.

On one occasion I was caught talking in line and was sent to the principal's office. My, I was scared! There I learned to fear authority more than to respect or to hate it. I was made to sit for one hour outside the office door before being permitted to return to my classroom. Because of this experience, school administrators have continued to symbolize for me the tyranny of authority even to this day.

What games we played on the playground I do not remember well, but I do know that there was little supervised play. We played hopscotch and jumped rope. Also, we had a softball, but this seemed elementary to me, since I had already played hardball. I was curious about the girls' activities on the other side of the fence, and from time to time I would peak through a knothole. Of course, I never saw anything that was particularly interesting, although I did go back from time to time when the action on the boys' side of the fence was not too interesting.

My first teacher at Orange Street School was a good model of the 19th century disciplinarian, even more so than the teacher who switched my legs in the Inanda school. "Bully" Bernard, the kids called her. Where she got that name I never knew, but the title well suited her disposition. Her features are no longer clear to me, but I remember her well because of an incident involving Slayden's reading habits. Slayden was a grade ahead of me, but we had our lessons in the same room. When he became nervous, he would twitch his nose up and down as if he were making faces. Bully Bernard always carried a yard stick in her hand to crack kids over the head as well as to point at something on the blackboard.

On this particular occasion, she had called on Slayden to read from his text. Although he had carefully prepared his lesson the night before, Slayden became nervous and his face began to twitch.

Bully Bernard, thinking he was making faces at her, moved toward him with her pointer. Slayden, anticipating a blow on the head, jumped from his seat and ran toward the door. Although Bully countered by throwing her book at his head, Slayden escaped with little or no bodily injury, but with much damage to his soul. When my grandmother explained Slayden's physical condition to Miss Bernard, the fracas came to an end, but the effect of that experience on me became a part of my mind for years to come.

After the first month of school, it was decided that Bully Bernard had too many students to teach effectively, and so, fortunately for me, I was reassigned to a much younger and kinder teacher named Mamie Wright. This lady I dearly loved, and all that I recall of her is much to her credit. She was so kind, gentle, and helpful that I do not recall her ever having any disciplinary problems with any child throughout the entire year I was in her room. There I could look out the window and see the traffic on Orange Street. It was a pleasant room, not crowded, and yet there were enough students to keep things lively. I was happy in school again, just as I had been in Miss Ray's kindergarten. I still have my first report card signed by my favorite teacher, and the grades on it show that from the beginning I was considered a bright child, all "As," or "1s" as they graded in those days.

Soon summer rolled around again, and school let out. All of the family was now talking about moving to West Asheville. Grand dad had not only moved up in the world; he was, in the language of Daniel Boone, anxious for more elbow room. He had purchased several acres about half way between our home on East Street and Aunt Bessie's home in the village of Inanda. My mother's two brothers, Vernon and Eugene, had previously bought land in the vicinity and had built homes there for their families.

The house which grand dad built for our new home was spacious with enough room for two large families. There were two long halls running through the center of both the upstairs and downstairs. In addition, there was a third-floor attic, large enough for two spacious rooms, though left unfinished. On the second floor there were four bedrooms and an attic over the kitchen which became a very important place for me. There grandmother allowed me to build my first library. I was able to dig up enough scrap lumber to floor the place and build the necessary shelving. There was a small window, and grand dad ran an electric cord into the room for me. Here on rainy days and cold winter nights, I spent many quiet hours reading my favorite authors. On the first floor, there were two more bedrooms, a kitchen, dining room, living room and bath. Also, there were large porches on the front and back of the house. All in all, it was a comfortable, well built home, and there I lived for the next six years.

There was always much activity in our new home, enough to keep us busy the year round. Since grand dad was a truck farmer as well as a grocer, there was need for much gardening and the planting and harvesting of several acres of potatoes, beans and corn. The beans were cured by either pickling them in a large barrel or by stringing them on a long piece of thread. The latter we called leather britches, but these beans had a flavor unlike that found in any other bean. We also butchered hogs. The hogs were soused in a barrel of scalding water, scrapped clean of hair, and hung high on a limb with a cross bar through the hind legs. The hog fat was rendered down by the ladies of the house into 50 pound cans of lard. Grand dad salted down the hams, shoulders, heads and sides for curing and winter eating; the remainder of the hog was ground up into delicious country sausage.

So, as a family we ate well, and what we produced at home was supplemented with food from the store. We always kept two good milk cows, so there was never a shortage of butter or milk. I was particularly fond of rich cream, and when no one was looking I would slip into the dining room, where the milk had been set aside in a large crock to clabber for churning, and drink to my heart's content. As far as I know, no one ever suspected me or missed any of the cream. There was so much anyway that what I drank was hardly a drop in the bucket. If I had been caught, I would not have been punished but would have been deprived of one of my most enjoyable pleasures. We ate little if anything that could be called fancy foods, but we had all the basics necessary for good health. Oranges we sel-

dom had except at Christmas, and I remember well my first sight of grapefruit. I couldn't understand how anyone would eat something so bitter, unless it was because it gave the impression of being important.

My new life in West Asheville was ever so much richer than it had been on East Street, largely because there were many more things to do, more variety and outdoor life. We had not been in our new home long until we began to explore the countryside. There was much open country around us, lots of trees to climb, and a chance to go down to the French Broad River which was about a mile and a half from our house. While I and the other kids had been told never to go to the river, the water had such a drawing power that we found it difficult to resist the temptation to make at least one trip to that forbidden land. We slipped off one Saturday afternoon for a rich experience, but had not counted on our parents' alertness. Although we moved along as fast as our short legs could carry us, we were caught just before arriving at the river bank.

A more familiar place, one which our parents did tolerate, was a fairly large stream which ran through a wooded area several blocks from our house. Here the boys often gathered around an old swimming hole which we had made by damming up the stream and deepening its bed. Though the water was always cloudy and occasionally a moccasin's head would appear on the surface, we loved it. Off and on the rain would wash away the dam, but each time we would build it back again.

On one of our roaming ventures we came across a country estate with an attractive orchard loaded with ripe apples. There were five of us kids, three boys and two girls. The two girls were Frances Campbell, who lived a block from our house, and my cousin Ione. We had all been taught that stealing was a sin. Nevertheless, we were drawn to the apples as if by magic. Following the usual dare, we crawled under the fence and ran toward the nearest trees. I had just gotten on the first limb of a tree and reached out for a bright red apple when I heard a man's voice. I saw him coming toward us with what looked like a loaded shot gun. I yelled to the others to run, and run we did until we got to the fence and crawled back through the hole just as the owner arrived on the scene. He gave us the usual reprimand and threatened to shoot us with buck shot if he ever caught us trespassing on his property again. We never did go back, and the secret we kept to ourselves.

One very happy experience that I looked forward to every Sunday afternoon was a chance to ride one of my grandfather's horses bareback on the dirt roads between our house and the French Broad River. My grandfather and Slayden and Reynolds, my two nephews, made up the rest of the party. Grand dad thought it was good for the horses to get an outing, and on our way back to the house we always stopped by the watering trough to give the horses a drink of fresh cool water. There was one horse that I especially liked, a little black mare. Great was my sorrow one Saturday evening when I learned that grand dad had traded her for an old sluggish dray horse. Grand dad thought he had made a good trade because he made money in the deal, but he never knew how I felt. As it turned out, he had to get rid of the critter in less than a month because of its balky manner.

Our major sports activity continued to be baseball. There was a green valley between our house and Frances Campbell's where the kids of the neighborhood liked to gather. Our usual practice was to chose sides by having one kid toss a bat to another and then stack our hands until the top of the bat was reached. The one who came out on top had the first choice. I was not a champion, but I was a good player. I liked to win, but I never wanted to win badly enough to be a real winner in sports.

Tragedy sometimes stalked our path. The most frightening incident I remember resulted from our tree climbing. Jack Campbell boasted of being the champion tree climber, and on one occasion he was showing us how high he could climb a tree in his backyard. I was standing at the foot of the tree which Jack was climbing. Looking up, I saw a limb give way under him. He seemed to fall very fast, hitting each limb as he fell, finally landing just inches from where I stood. At first I was sure Jack was dead, but he suffered only a broken leg. For months we stayed out of the trees, but after the fear had worn away we went back to climbing trees again.

We loved the winter primarily because of the chance to roll in the snow, to feel the brisk air on our faces, to trap rabbits, and to go sledding. We had a lot of fun building our own sleds and racing them with other boys. We had some success nailing iron runners on the sleds, but the results were not championship class. I never was much of a hunter, but I did catch my share of rabbits by baiting them in a wooden box used for a trap. The trap was set so that when the rabbit hopped into the box for the bait, it released the stick that held up the door.

Life was not all fun, however. There was plenty of work to do even for a kid my age. A part of my job was to do the basic house chores, cutting up and carrying in the wood, filling the coal bin, and carrying in the water. We did not have running water in the house, so I had to draw our water from the well.

During the growing season, with help from my grandfather, we kept busy with the garden. Also, one of my best summer jobs by which I earned my first money was looking after the milk cows. Uncle Vernon had a large yellow Jersey cow which he paid me 50 cents a week to take to pasture. Several other kids were doing the same thing, and it became a sport to get the cows to fight each other. Had they known, the cows' owners would not have appreciated our using their precious animals for combat, but it was a source of pride to me to know that I had a champion.

During the summer when I was still nine, I learned to deliver groceries around Asheville. One of grandfather's delivery men fell ill, and Slayden and I begged for the job. At first the family ridiculed the idea. Mother and grandmother were fearful of our taking on the assignment. The horse might run away (and actually one did with Slayden as he came home one night), or someone might kidnap or rob us. Grand dad, however, thought the two of us should be given the chance. Actually, we did fine, and the customers thought it was very manly of us to take on such a responsible task. My real joy was the chance to get back to the store and enjoy a thick slice of country cured ham or a slice of rich cheese with crackers. Candy was nothing compared with such choice delicacies.

Since moving to West Asheville, my grandfather had bought a second store next to the river where he hoped to attract the country trade. It seemed to be going well until we had an unusually wet season. The day before the flooding began, over 400 Johnson County cured hams had been brought to the store along with several truckloads of hay. Heavy rains broke the dam above the city, bringing tons of water rolling down the valley of the French Broad River. Grand dad did not have time to get even one ham out of the store. It was a Saturday night, and when the news reached our home, we all cried except grand dad. Since childhood, he had faced many disasters, and like the Stoic he was he took this one in stride.

My mother tells the story of the time before I was born when grand dad was in a grocery and dry goods partnership with his cousin, and grandfather became critically ill with typhoid fever. His partner not only robbed him of the business profits but also threw him into bankruptcy, creating a debt which took grand dad years to repay. On another occasion, Grandfather Ingle's business burned without enough insurance to cover all of his obligations. Also, there was the time when my mother's mother died at the age of 34, leaving seven children for him to take care of. On the other hand, my grandfather took in an orphan as a son, not because the boy had nowhere to go, but because my grandfather loved children. I know this because he loved me as much as he did his own children.

What I could not understand as a child was why they did not do a better job of damming up the rivers so there would be no floods like the one which destroyed my grandfather's store along with the homes and hundreds of other businesses. What I did not understand then but now know is that these disasters are due to a lack of social intelligence and moral responsibility. One of the basic laws of life is that any normal individual always seeks to secure and hold what he thinks is best for himself. It is a gross error to assume that an individual will work against what he thinks to be his own best interest. The general welfare clause becomes worthwhile only as it is demonstrated in what the government

does for the people. This is why it is important that a free society elect to office only individuals of the highest intellectual ability and moral integrity. Thomas Jefferson was altogether right on this point. We are clearly failing and have been doing so for some time in this respect. How to get such people into public office is a problem of greatest magnitude.

As a result of the flood, my grandfather decided to move his entire business closer to home. In due time he had a store located on the main street in West Asheville. Here he continued his business for the rest of his life. Since he was growing old, he could not operate at the same pace as he did when he was younger. Nor was it any longer necessary. He had thirteen children and had become a father to two more, the adopted son, Josh Rhodes, and myself. Of these, eight from his first wife had grown up and married, and from his second wife, "Aunt Annie" as I called her, there were five children, three older than I and two younger.

All in all, my grandfather had been a very successful man at a time when there was great poverty and little opportunity for formal education in the old South. He was a true child of experience. I never saw him read any book other than the Bible. Yet he had learned much in a single lifetime. He had an amazingly high degree of social intelligence, though a distinction must be made between those who know the truth because they have experienced it and those who are able to apprehend the truth through verbal expression. Apprehension of truth in this respect must be clearly distinguished from the truth that lies in the doing. I do not know whether this man whom I came to love and respect, not to worship, could have been a great scholar or scientist if he had had the opportunity, but I do know that he was eminent in the quality of his living, and this is what will ultimately count for humanity.

West Asheville elementary school was quite a contrast to what I had known in the Orange Street School. In many respects, my new school was more rural, more rough and frontier-like. Here freedom for the pupil stood in striking contrast with the role of authority assumed by the teachers and administrators at Orange Street. The students in West Asheville were not cowed, docile, meek or overly submissive.

The buildings of West Asheville School were two small structures. The back building, set aside for the first five grades, was a wooden building of four large rooms with a wide hall running down the middle. The front building of red brick had only two rooms, but they were adequate for grades six and seven. These two rooms were separated by folding doors which could be opened for general assembly or graduation. I shall never forget the malodorous oil with which the floors of both buildings were cleaned. What a fire trap!

I had not been in the school very long when the usual fights between boys began to develop. Two brothers known as the McKenzie boys singled me out for a fight. After avoiding their clutches two or three times, I thought it was time to call in my right-hand man. I told Slayden what was going on, and he laid out the plan of defense. The next time they jumped me, I should take on Walter Lee, and Slayden would take on Clarence. It happened the very next day in the hallway. As Slayden suggested I took on Walter Lee and gave him quite a beating. As we rolled over and over on that oil-soaked floor, Walter's tear drops mixed with the grime and the dirt. In the meantime, Slayden took care of Clarence according to plan. As is often the case, we and the McKenzie brothers became the very best of friends, and when battles later arose on the playground, each of us readily came to the others' defense.

In my second grade class, who should appear as my teacher but Miss Bessie Morgan, the same teacher who had switched my legs two years earlier in the Inanda village school. She wasn't a bad teacher; she was interested in her students learning their lessons, and she spent a lot of energy in seeing that we did. I was not an angel by any means, and it was not long before I was punching a pencil through the ink well hole in the desk. Miss Morgan caught me at this one morning while she was reading the daily Bible verses. This time my medicine was a plastering on the hand with her ruler. It tingled, but it did not hurt too much.

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Scholastically I was a good student, especially in reading and arithmetic. Despite my untoward conduct, Miss Morgan did come to like me as a student, and I her as a teacher. Yes, I was sure now that I was going to like school. The world of books had come to have a special appeal for me. Somewhere along the way I had caught the spark of the meaning and significance of the written word, not as something to be believed and worshiped but, like a magic key, something to open new worlds of mind, feeling and matter.

It is interesting how one remembers this or that teacher because of the particular qualities he or she possesses. My fourth grade teacher, an elderly man, related well to his pupils, probably because he was like a methodical father. Also, there was an earthy, rural solidness about his character which children liked. He was always offering prizes for one activity or another, and in this way he did succeed in getting a lot of work out of us. Some how or other I came out on top in drawing, and my penmanship also received recognition.

The effect of the character and manner of a teacher upon children was well illustrated in one of my fifth grade experiences. Our regular teacher had what the kids called "a firm foundation." This description was true in regard to her disposition as well as to her size. Unfortunately for the kids, she became ill after the middle of the year and dropped out of school. In her place the school board hired Mr. Randall, who had just gotten out of normal school. Mr. Randall had very thick, protruding lips and relied on a large bundle of switches which he kept in the corner of his classroom.

Mr. Randall was a poor successor to our old-time disciplinarian, but it was equally obvious that he had never heard of progressive education. One day my friend, Walter Lee McKenzie, came to school unprepared. When Mr. Randall reprimanded him for not doing his home work, Walter Lee called our teacher "Old Thick Lips." He had no sooner uttered the words than Mr. Randall made for his switches. Walter Lee grabbed the ink bottle and threw it at Mr. Randall. Before the teacher could reach Walter Lee, he was out of the classroom like a bullet and on his way home. The next morning Walter Lee was back in school, but this time with a bayonet from his brother's army rifle. He hid the bayonet in his desk as protection against Mr. Randall's switches. Some how or other our teacher learned about the bayonet, and the principal suspended Walter Lee for a week.

As I look back on my elementary school years, I am convinced that one of the real weaknesses in our schools today is the lack of male influence. It seems to be a law of nature that the two sexes complement one another. If so, our children in general are suffering from too much female influence and too little male influence. Most of the truly able men have been driven from the classroom by low salaries and the lack of any real challenge. Our educational weakness is catching up with us, and sooner or later we shall pay for pauperizing the schools. How can we expect to remain free and at the same time fail to place highly competent and morally responsible professionalized teachers in the classroom?

Professor Edwards, as we called him, had an interesting character. He was not a highly trained professional teacher, but he was morally responsible and exerted a constructive influence on all of his students. He was crude and somewhat coarse in his manner, but nevertheless we respected him. He was a neighbor of ours, and my grandfather respected him for what he really was. Since we were using double desks in his seventh grade, the problem of keeping 40 squeamish pupils from going wild was not easy, much less keeping them attentive and busy with their lessons; but Professor Edwards managed, albeit with a switch or ruler if necessary.

One day during the lunch hour, we were engaged in a typical rock battle. Our screams and yells finally distracted Professor Edwards. He came running out of the school to see what was happening. As a rock whizzed past his head, Professor Edwards turned and ran back into the building. You can imagine that we got another kind of work out when our recess was over and we were called to order in the classroom.

One incident involving our principal took on the overtones of tragic comedy. One of the school roughnecks was always cracking kids on the head with his stub-nosed finger. Finally, the principal out of desperation proceeded to burn the boy's finger on the pot-bellied stove in his classroom. The boy went home as required, but it was not long before he was back with his big bully brother. During the lunch hour the two boys headed for the principal who was on the playground. When the principal saw them coming, he ran around the school building three times before the two brothers caught him. At first it was fun to see the one we had learned to fear taking a beating from the boys, but finally some of us who had no sympathy for the roughnecks jumped into the fray and pulled the boys off the principal. The whole affair had such a negative effect on our poor principal that he barely lasted through the school year.

One classroom activity which I truly enjoyed was the weekly spelling bee, partly because I was a good speller, but also because all children like activity. Here in the old-time elementary school was living proof of the validity of the pragmatic premise that children must learn to appreciate an activity before they desire to study it systematically. The passive study of subjects as such is for the scholar at the higher education level, not for the elementary school child. Also, children like to play at their work, and the spelling bee was an excellent opportunity to do so. Each Friday afternoon we lined up on each side of the room, having selected captains and chosen sides. No elementary school in the United States turned out a better group of spellers than that seventh grade.

Schools often indulge in practices that not only make little sense but also take on a note of comedy. One such activity involved Slayden. He had been assigned the task of reciting Patrick Henry's famous "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death" at commencement. Slayden had rehearsed for weeks both at home and at school in the style of the 19th century elocutionists. When graduation day arrived, he thought he had the speech memorized to perfection, only to discover that in front of the audience everything vanished from his mind. It was tragic for the poor fellow, but it was also quite comical. Poor Patrick Henry! I wonder what he would have said about that situation in which his words had not only lost their original meaning, but could not be remembered by a seventh-grade boy who sought to please his teachers.

As a growing boy I soon noticed the girls, especially Edna Mae Walsh, a chunky little girl with a beautiful head of brown hair and soft blue eyes. All that ever went on between us was a kind of secret understanding, a shy glance across the classroom, a wink or a smile. Christmas and Valentine's Day provided golden opportunities for the exchange of presents or love notes. How sweet the memory of that childhood love! It was truly an age of innocence in which there was not a trace of guilt, only modesty and shyness marked with an internal glow which no one could possibly express in words. I did not even have the chance to carry her books home from school, for she lived on the other side of town. Not until I went to high school did the memory of Edna Walsh began to fade and my thoughts became attached to another girl.

Aunt Ella had move to Chattanooga where her second husband, Ed Creasman, had secured an excellent position as foreman with the Power and Light Company. While there, one of her children, Azlee, died from pneumonia. Aunt Ella was so distressed by the death of her daughter that she wrote my mother, urging her to come and live with them. Since I was very fond of my cousin Leona and liked to go to new places, it was not hard to get me to go along. In April of 1914, we headed by train for our new home in Chattanooga.

Trains had been one of my deep interests for as long as I could remember. There was something about the steam locomotive that charmed me, possibly the hissing steam, the turning wheels, or the plaintive moan of the whistle. Mike O'Connell, a well know engineer, was the pride of all the Asheville kids. Many in our neighborhood, including myself, had the sole ambition of becoming a famous railroad engineer like Mike O'Connell. We could tell when he was making the run between Asheville and Knoxville by the way he blew the whistle. And here I was that beautiful spring morning on Mike O'Connell's train. What other kid could be as lucky as I?

The trip to Chattanooga so fascinated me that I sat glued to my seat for the first 50 miles. How I enjoyed my first ride on the train! Throughout the trip I sat with my face to the window, watching the landscape roll by as if it were a mirror of nature unfolding itself. The tracks lay along the French Broad River, but at times we moved through mountain gorges and across open plains. There was a succession of small towns and villages before we arrived in Knoxville for a long layover. Here Mike O'Connell left us, and we took on a new engineer who I was sure was not as good as my engineer idol. When we headed into the open country, however, it seemed I had never traveled as fast. Mother had brought sandwiches for the trip, and we bought coffee and milk from the man who went through the train selling peanuts, apples and candy bars. It was the thrill of a life time and one long to be remembered, for not only was this my first train ride, it was also my first trip away from the community where I was born. My world had grown larger now, and soon I would have a new life, new experiences and new playmates. With pride I thought about what I would tell my neighbors back in Asheville.

From the very first, I enjoyed living in Chattanooga. Since the Highland Park Public School was still in session, I enrolled on Monday without losing a single day of school. The students at my new school were very nice to me. In less than a week they accepted me as one of them. The teacher went out of her way to welcome the strange boy from North Carolina, and my fifth-grade classroom was sunny and bright and not overcrowded.

One member of that class in particular caught my eye from the very beginning, a sweet little girl by the name of Alice Mae Holland. I was attracted to her, not because of her beauty, but because of her happy, open, pleasant face. She seemed to find me interesting, but once again my modesty and boyish uneasiness held back my feelings. We smiled at one another across the aisle, had our secret glances from time to time, and found ways of getting together on the playground. When school was out, I missed her and eagerly looked forward to the opening of school in the fall. Little did I realize that I would not see her again, for we would move back to Asheville in August. But how sweet the memory of those childhood days, short in time, but lasting in terms of a never-to-be-forgotten age of innocence.

Strangely I still attach one piece of music to my experiences at Highland Park Elementary School. There I first heard "Humoresque." I thought it one of the most beautiful pieces of music ever created. Nor was I the only member of my class who was deeply attached to this composition, for my teacher liked "Humoresque" so well that she played it frequently. Over the many years which have passed since that spring of 1914, I have never lost contact with that simple melody. Its significance for me during those school days lies in the fact that school life was made richer and more meaningful.

Leona, Aunt Ella's daughter and my double first cousin, was a good playmate. We got along beautifully all the time. Our primary play was roller skating, and while I had not learned how to skate in Asheville, it wasn't long before I learned to skate well. We laid long boards at the back of the house, about 100 feet in all, and joined them with the cement walk that went around the house to the front walk. It was great sport speeding down those boards, then hitting the cement around the house to the front steps and the street. We learned to climb up and down steps on our roller skates with great efficiency, especially the long cement steps in front of Central High School.

Another pastime which added much to my knowledge of American history was visiting old battlegrounds. Chattanooga was the site of one of the great battlegrounds of the Civil War, and I soon learned that our home was at the foothills of Missionary Ridge where soldiers of both the North and the South had fought and died. On Missionary Ridge were the cannon balls, the cannons from which they were shot, and the monuments erected to the honored dead. Within visible distance, was Lookout Mountain where Confederate soldiers rolled rocks down on top of the "damn Yankees" as they struggled up the mountain side.

As I visualized these scene, looked out over the vast battleground, walked through the museum, little could I grasp the meaning of war in human history. It was not within the realm of my child-

like mind or limited experience to see much more than the crude objects which lay before me. Yet looking down from Lookout Mountain, I could appreciate the beauty of the Tennessee River winding its way peacefully through the fertile valley below, on its way to the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers.

Soon the summer had passed and I was on my way back to Asheville. Mother's health had deteriorated, and the doctor advised her to return to the mountains. The heavy lime water in Chattanooga had upset her digestive system so that she could only lose weight. She weighed no more than 86 pounds when the final decision was made to return to Asheville. Aunt Ella and Leona cried as we left, and so did we, but there was no other choice.

As for myself, I wanted both to go and to stay. More than anything else, I regretted leaving Alice Holland. I have often wondered what became of her--married, children, growing old, gray hair, wrinkled cheeks, but in her heart still beautiful and cheerful. As I think of her, there comes to mind an elementary school, a playground, a classroom and the playing of "Humoresque."

It was good to return to the mountains and to my grandfather's home, but for some time I was lonely. My thoughts were very much of Chattanooga, of my happy schools days there, and of the fun Leona and I had together skating. Also, I kept thinking of that good chili Aunt Ella made very Saturday. She used a special wiener made by the neighborhood butcher, cooked them with red chili beans and sweet pimento peppers, and served them with hot rolls. Actually I can still taste that chili, and it really tasted good.

Although I fully loved the outdoors, there were times when I preferred to be alone, especially for the chance to read a favorite book. I can not remember the time when I did not love books. For this love I give credit to my mother, my kindergarten teacher, and my insatiable curiosity to learn more and more about the good, the true and the beautiful in life. From the time I was three years old, I had wanted to read, a drive that became a challenge to me when Slayden started to school. Before I was five years old I had mastered the art of reading, and in learning to read, books became my priceless possessions. Being an only child without the security of a father, I found in books a sense of both freedom and security. Here in the written word was a great source of inspiration and adventure, filled with feeling and meaning that I could not find in the everyday world. From my books I learned that there were other children like myself who through energy and hard work grew to fame and fortune.

Just when I first realized that I wanted to be some one important, to do something worthwhile, I do not know. I do know that it came to me early in my elementary school days in response to childish and often cruel words of other children. After all, children do have the capacity to be very hard on each other when they choose to be.

Gossip had broadcast throughout the neighborhood that my father was mentally ill. He had become a victim of malaria on his first trip west and suffered grievously from what was then called "chills and fever." The quinine he took as a remedy seems to have affected his mind as adversely as the disease affected his body. Ever since he left for unknown parts, when I was the age of three, people had gossiped about his being crazy. The neighborhood kids picked it up, and when they grew angry with me, they stung me with the epithet "Crazy Bob Drake." This worried me no end for many years with that ever-present fear that I too would become insane. Was there something wrong with my mind? I would show them that not only was there nothing wrong with my mind, but I was smarter than they were. Here possibly was the greatest challenge to my life, and the reason why books became very important to me. In them I would find the answer to the question which concerned me most: How could I get ahead of my enemies? Thus, books became not only my companions but my weapons as well. No wonder I cherished them! For this reason I was determined in my early childhood to become a scholar.

When we first moved into the large house in West Asheville, I knew I wanted my library in the attic over the kitchen. Since no one else wanted that space, grandmother Ingle had readily consented

to my using it. From here and there I collected my books--a gift from some one, a purchase from a second-hand bookstore, or a Christmas present, until I had my own library of more than 50 volumes.

My favorite books during those years were the Rover Boys, Tom Swift, and books by Horatio Alger and Zane Grey, not the kind of reading that would pass for the classics, but they satisfied a boy's longing for a spirit of adventure and gave him assurance and confidence that he, too, could become a success. With Tom Swift and the Rover Boys I covered the seven seas, spanned the air, traveled through polar ice, met the enemy and defeated him. Zane Grey was the spirit of the West, the land my father loved, with Indians, purple sage, and a new life for the future. Horatio Alger satisfied my deepest need, for I was one of the boys about whom he wrote. What his boys had done I, too, could do.

Much good can be said for the reading materials assigned by the schools in those days, especially that in my grade Readers. Also, the object teaching method that had been adopted by our modern elementary schools allowed children to learn the meaning of words by associating them with objects. A serious error in judgment has been made, however, in assuming that the psychological can be a substitute for the philosophical. Knowing what the word "flag" means in relation to an object is one thing, but knowing what that word means as a symbol of "freedom" is quite another. What made the McGuffey Readers great in the 19th century was that McGuffey himself was an able philosopher. The reading materials that I enjoyed most were those in the pattern of Grimm's Fairy Tales and Old Norse Stories. I greatly treasured my Heart of Oaks books, for they did much for my spiritual self, my moral sense, and this was what I needed most for my personal well-being.

While I was a happy child in most respects, running through the pattern of my childhood was a sense of insecurity from the outside world which in turn produced deep emotional disturbances within. These disturbances I was best able to resolve not only by outdoor activities and reading, but by building up an independence, a self-reliance, which identified itself with what was morally good. For this reason the church continued to attract me. When we moved to West Asheville, I attended the Calvary Baptist Church regularly. My natural inclination and skeptical nature always caused me to react against the miraculous in Christianity, but the personality of Jesus was a great source of love and inspiration, and I loved to hear and read about him.

At the age of eleven I was baptized and became a member of the Baptist church. The experience was one for which I had little understanding and actually one more of attitude than belief. For some reason I was an empirically minded child who did not respond well to indoctrination. I walked the church aisle and took Preacher Grice's hand. Soon I stood before the congregation, along with several others, to be immersed under the water. It was an age of innocence for me, for I knew in my heart that I wanted to do good. What I did not fully realize, however, was that there is a world of difference between wanting and knowing, which is not to say that I would in any way minimize the significance of the "wanting." Here the church can make its greatest contribution to social good, not in the field of dogmas as has often been the case.

When did I begin to grow up? It would be hard to say at just what time or year, but I do know that growth came rapidly after my twelfth birthday and was accompanied by a series of significant events. Regardless of these changes, however, there was much from my early childhood that was to remain a part of my being. For example, I had learned to appreciate and to have a real need for orderliness which has followed me throughout my life. Also, my childhood tendency to identify myself with Mount Riszah was something like Hawthorne's "Story of the Great Stone Face," a source of beauty and inspiration. Surely there was an increasing tendency toward self-reliance on my part, but not without childhood prayers calling upon all the mystical forces of the universe to give me strength, courage and intelligence. In this respect, I was truly a child of God.

In a sense this second period of my life came to an end with the sinking of the great ship Titanic. It is interesting how such a dramatic incident can affect the mind of a child. More than anything else, the name of Archie Bald Butt stood out as the true hero of the occasion. Even now I can see him

standing on the deck of the Titanic, crow bar in hand, beating the men back so that the women and children could get into the life boats. For many days after that disaster the kids went around the neighborhood chanting, "Archie Bald Butt was a brave man. He stood with a crow bar in his hand." Also, there is something about the sea and about ships that fascinates children, and I was no exception. What could be more dramatic than to have a ship like the great Titanic crash into an iceberg and, as she is going down, to have a man like Archie Bald Butt stand up in true hero fashion and defend the rights of women and children?

Chapter 3

WHO IS GOD?

As I look back on my life before the age of twelve, my first major problem was emotional insecurity. To master this difficulty I cultivated a positive attitude. My determination was not only to conquer the forces which might destroy my life but also to make a definite contribution to the improvement of humankind. This tendency to project myself forward led to the second force in my life: a continuing search for a sense of reality.

This search for reality became the search for answers to the largest questions of human existence. In seeking to answer the question, "Who is God," I was actually seeking security within myself. In this regard I was a child of John Locke and John Dewey. Both held that the understanding was necessary for belief, that intellectual freedom was necessary to moral freedom. Baptism alone was not enough to give testimony to my belief. I had to understand, and understanding required a reconciliation of church dogma with the growing scientific knowledge of physics, biology and anthropology. If religion represented my heart, science represented my mind; the two required reconciliation. Out of my childhood experiences, I began to build a philosophy of life.

As a student of history I first became aware of the limitations of church dogma. How could the history of one people be fundamentally different from the history of any other? How could God choose one people and talk to them and not others? Were the stories about Abraham, Moses, Joseph, David and the man Jesus essentially different from those of other cultures? Did not other peoples, such as the Babylonians, the Egyptians, the Greeks and the Romans, make the same claims?

Not that I failed to appreciate the worth of Hebrew history. The contributions of this remarkable people had taken deep root in Western culture. Abraham, however, had emerged from the Babylonian culture, probably the most advanced culture of that era, and the Jewish people had learned much from long years of captivity in Egypt. Nevertheless, this great people of the "Book" had produced a line of prophets and rulers who had demonstrated keen insights into the deepest needs of humanity.

Since childhood I have had a deep religious outlook. Though I cannot accept Froebel's idea of the child as a part of God's essence, I do understand how Froebel reached that conclusion. Who is God? Because of the limitations of our knowledge, we will never know, but we can know about the nature of God and reality. The important question is not whether one believes in God, but in what kind of God one believes in.

At about the age of thirteen, I began a new era of my life. I had completed the second and third grades in one year. In six years I completed elementary school, making up the year I lost by not entering the first grade until I was seven. By 1916 Europe was in mortal combat. What did I think of war and how did it involve me?

When I was thirteen World War I made little impression on me, for I had neither the sensitivity nor the intellectual framework to grasp the nature of that tragedy. The newspapers were filled with war stories, of lurid pictures of dying men and the terror of the atrocious enemy.

As in the past, the schools always face the problem of what to teach a child at what age. At thirteen I knew little of Theodore Roosevelt or William Howard Taft as Presidents, but I did know about Woodrow Wilson. He seemed to be a President on my side. Wilson was for the little people, for the common man, for children like myself. He was a well educated man of peace and a Democrat. While I knew nothing of politics, most of the people around me were Democrats, so I thought I, too, should be a Democrat.

At this time I also received an introduction to organized labor. An effort was being made to organize the motor men and conductors of the Street Railway Company of Asheville. Two of my uncles were motor men. I had a personal stake in the dispute. When the streetcar company brought in strike breakers, all bedlam broke loose. Streetcars were pushed off their tracks. Brickbats were thrown. A tug of war broke out between the union men and the strike breakers. The public in general sided with the union, and the union finally won.

As the threat of war grew closer, life became increasingly more complex. Wilson was in a tough campaign with Charles Evans Hughes. Hughes possessed a humane quality, a kindly manner, which I thought our President should have. It was a shame that such a good man had to compete with an equally great personality.

I have always reacted negatively to propaganda, especially the big lies told about the Germans. I never did learn to hate them; I rather respected them for their efficiency. This was especially my attitude before the sinking of the 'Lusitania,' but even after America became deeply involved in the conflict, I could not forget that the Germans, too, were human beings. Some people do not have the capacity to hate others.

How did the people react toward the war? In general, life went on more or less as it had before 1914, but numerous incidents made people aware of the war, especially as boy after boy disappeared from the community only to come back in wooden caskets. Ralph Felmet was one, older than myself, but still much too young to die. His death led to the early death of his mother, for she never ceased to grieve for her lost son.

West Asheville had become a part of greater Asheville, and West Asheville students from the ninth grade up were transferred to Central High in the older part of town. In true military fashion, those of us in the seventh and eighth grades marched around the auditorium of the new brick school in West Asheville. In this fashion the military spirit eats at the vitals of young people.

The eighth grade teacher, Miss Chambliss, was an attractive young lady with deep feelings. Her Navy fiance was constantly in danger on the high seas, and she was deeply involved in the war effort. One morning she asked how many of us expected to graduate from high school and attend college. When I failed to raise my hand, she seemed deeply concerned. She said that there were ways to find the needed money, and with my ability I should go to college. I believed her, and from then on I knew that I would become the kind of person she thought I could be. No one will ever know how often I prayed to God that this might be so.

One morning as I entered the classroom I knew something was very amiss. Miss Chambliss was dressed in black. Her eyes were filled with tears. After the bell rang, she told the class that she had received a telegram from the United States government saying that the man whom she was soon to marry had gone down with his ship, torpedoed by a German submarine, with all hands lost. Miss Chambliss was a sad creature. She stood there with tears streaming down her cheeks, and all we could do was to cry with her.

When school was out, it was necessary for me to earn some money to continue high school the following fall. Slayden had quit school altogether and gone to work. Grandmother Ingle thought I should do the same, but I was determined otherwise. One of my cousins learned of work at the Carolina Wood and Products Company. I was only thirteen and would need a work permit from the state.

The furniture factory sprawled along the French Broad River just below the National Casket Company. To get to work on time, I got up at five o'clock to catch the first streetcar. The trip took an hour. I got off at five in the afternoon and did not get back home until after six.

Today the factory appears small and antiquated, but in the days I worked there it seemed large and formidable. Inside huge cutting machines lined the walls. In the middle of the floor and all across the building many large machines with sharp knives made the grooves and cuttings in the wood.

My job was to stand at the end of one of those machines and catch the boards as they came out. It would have been a dangerous position for an irresponsible kid. Even experienced men had been injured from time to time. The second week I was there one man was ripped to pieces by one of the huge saws. Fortunately I had a capable foreman who was kind to me and an able machinist.

The summer factory work contributed to my growing sense of self-reliance and independence. I had developed considerable self-reliance in my early childhood in order to defend myself against the cruel barbs of other children against my father. Now I began to develop a sense of freedom and personal security which I had not known earlier. Now I made my first steps into the world of work and was succeeding. I liked the people with whom I worked, and they liked me, too, especially my foreman who was like a father to me. When summer ended, I was sorry to leave the job even to fulfill my ambition to continue high school.

Who is God? For me, at this later time, God is the product of one's own creative mind. I cannot but believe that all of the gods men have known, men have also created. I, too, have created my God. But when I was thirteen, my God was a spiritual Godfather who helped me to carry out my dreams and built me up when the world would tear me down. Human beings intuitively sense the presence of a force or forces within the universe which they can never fully know, only know about. Such force or forces are part of the universal order of being. The extent to which we act in accordance with our universal nature of reason and intuition determines the kind of lives we live.

The possibility of going to high school in the fall seemed remote until my mother's brother, Uncle Clarence, told me about a job he had found for me. Uncle Clarence was chief of detectives of the Asheville police and had many friends. One of those friends, Simeon Papadopolous, had a job for me in his restaurant during the afternoons and evenings if I could do my school work during the morning hours. I jumped at the offer to work while continuing school.

Whenever I hear conventional-minded Americans talk about foreigners, I think of my Greek restaurant boss and his willingness to provide work for a young fatherless boy to go to school. He may have given me only the opportunity, but that was more than any good American offered. Embedded in me was a respect for all people of all races. At the age of fourteen, I was beginning to have the many experiences which would have lasting effects on the rest of my life.

Thanks to my understanding high school principal, Mr. Hutchins, I was allowed to leave school at noon each day. This caused a controversy between Mr. Hutchins and the city school superintendent who argued that I should either work or go to school, not both. On my right both to work and attend school Mr. Hutchins was adamant, and in time the superintendent relented. Thus, I had yet another good reason to succeed, for I would not disappoint Mr. Hutchins, who had stood by me.

My success in high school became a source of pride to both me and Mr. Hutchins. It was not easy, for most of my studying was done after eleven o'clock at night, after I had returned home from work. At times I fell asleep while studying, only to wake up early in the morning stiff and cold. Then I had to get up before seven, and on many days I had wheels turning in my head. Friends and relatives warned that I might ruin my health, but I remained strong. In three years, including Sundays and holidays, I missed only four days of work because of illness.

My high school studies were so successful that I became a major source of comment among the students and some faculty. What other boy's high school principal has spoken in chapel about what he was doing to complete an education? Not that I took the easy courses, either, for I was determined to go to college. My college preparation required four years of mathematics and English, three of sci-

ence and history, and two of French. Not all of my grades were outstanding, but I led the class in trigonometry.

Problems in high school were numerous, and some stand out above others. For example, during the ninth grade, before the new high school building had been completed, classes were held in the old Asheville Academy. Everyone was celebrating the end of the war on November 11, 1918. The students celebrated by stealing a cow, taking it up three flights of stairs, and placing it in the English classroom. The next morning an investigation was launched to determine who the culprits were. Even finger prints were checked. But no one was ever caught, and how they got that cow up three flights of stairs, I will never know.

The commendations I was receiving were not welcomed by some of my classmates. Some resorted to calling me "Hash Slinger." Since this name calling failed to anger me, one of the boys snatched my watch out of my pocket. While I am ordinarily good-natured, there is a point at which I explode, and that point had been reached. We had a tough fist fight, and when the dust settled I was on top. The fight turned out to be a blessing after all, for my classmates recognized that I was no sissy and accepted me from then on.

One incident in my algebra class points out the weaknesses and limitations of some teachers. The algebra teacher had been working on a quadratic equation for two class periods and still she had not solved the problem. Sensing a real challenge, I took the problem home and worked on the equation until the early hours of the morning. Proudly I went to school the next day with the results in my pocket, but at that time I had not yet learned how some people respond when trying to save face. The teacher thought so highly of my work that she almost flunked me.

On the other hand, some friends, both teachers and students, helped me in ways that might not have been altogether acceptable. I could not find enough time to do all my home work. At times it was necessary to resort to short cuts, especially in English class where a great amount of reading was required. My friend, Charles Hickle, would summarize and outline the readings for me. He did such a good job that I received respectable grades. Because of experiences like this I became a pragmatist, though at that time I did not even know what the word meant.

In the eyes of many, there were serious limitations to my high school education. In a country as prosperous as ours, it should not have been necessary to put such a heavy load on a high school student. I worked ten hours a day, from noon until ten o'clock at night on school days, and sixteen hours a day on Saturdays and Sundays. These hours were longer than a respectable working day for an adult, not to mention the four hours each day I spent in school and the additional hours studying at night. The quality of my school work suffered greatly. I know that I could have done better in college if conditions in high school had been easier. On the other hand, life is never ideal, and anyway I might not have done as well if leisure time had been at my disposal.

What I greatly missed was the social life of an adolescent. As a child of innocence, I was attracted to outdoor life and play. Though never an expert, I was a good competitor. Baseball was my favorite sport. Like most boys my age, I had my heroes in the big leagues. But in senior high school, there was not a single opportunity for me to attend, much less to play in, even one baseball game. The same was true for school parties, dances, picnics and all the other activities in which adolescents engage. When I observe adolescents today, I can truthfully say that I never had an adolescent mind.

Separation from those of my own age made me even more of an outsider than I had been in early childhood. This was particularly so with regard to girls, for I had no time, not even for a single date. Many would say this is abnormal for a young man, and in some ways this is so. Yet the old German tribes of Europe did not allow their young men to associate with girls until they became 21. There is something to be said for this practice, for the American male today is losing his masculinity and

becoming feminized. The influence of Hollywood on American life and culture has been completely negative. In my case it was different, for association with girls was virtually unknown to me.

However, my name was linked to a girl here and there, and I did have a secret love. Gossiping neighbors said that some girls had eyes for me, but if so the girls never had the opportunity to make their interests known. Without any spare time, I never had opportunity to get to know them. One girl interested me very much, and she, too, was interested in me, but work and school monopolized my life, and I never really got to know her. Elizabeth Booton was liked so much by others that she was voted the editor of our high school annual, "The Hillbilly." She selected the quotation from Shakespeare which was placed under my graduation picture: "I am not in the role of the common man."

The immaturity of adolescence is clearly indicated by my relationship with Elizabeth. She never did understand why I never asked her for a date, although in every classroom association I demonstrated a genuine interest in her. She must have been deeply confused or frustrated. Following graduation, she went to Ohio Wesleyan, and I to the University of North Carolina. In one of her letters she wrote some rather caustic remarks about my refusal to date her while we were in high school. I took this very personally and responded, "If I wanted to write an insulting letter, I would do so. I wouldn't just try." That was the end, but thoughts of my high school days and all that they missed will always linger in my memory.

By spending three years of my life, from the age of 14 to 17, working in a restaurant operated by immigrants who spoke a different language, I learned much about life. On that September day in 1917 when I first put on a white apron to become "a hash slinger" at the New York Restaurant, I was still very much a home boy, even though I had worked in the furniture factory for three months. Life in the restaurant, however, was vastly different from life in the factory. In the restaurant I worked with people whom I had to please. I must have done a fairly good job, for many customers saw me as the boy with "a million dollar smile." When I left the restaurant at 17, I had already acquired an independence many do not develop until later in life.

My introduction to the restaurant business was dramatic, even though I took to serving people like a duck to water. One of the challenges of waiting on a number of people was removing the dishes from the tables. Before metal trays were used, waiters took pride in stacking dishes on a single plate. From the very first day I was taught to do this. Just when it appeared that I was doing well, receiving the commendation of the other waiters, a plate slipped and a great stack of dishes went crashing to the tile floor. Imagine how inadequate I felt, but my boss comforted me by passing the incident off as something that couldn't be helped. I soon learned to be more careful, and in no time I was keeping up with the best of them.

Simeon Papadopolous, or Sam Pappas for short, was a refined and gentle man. I respect him not only for the chance he gave me to continue in school but also for the confidence he placed in me. From the very beginning we got along well together. I soon learned to make out the daily menus, operating the typewriter and the cash register. At times he left me in charge when business was slow. Sam had a limp which gave his walk a peculiar twist, but this oddity only added to his congenial personality. He had many friends among both sexes, both Greek and American, and he was very fond of Uncle Clarence. His wife was a lovely person who did not speak English very well. Most of the time she spent in the living quarters. I was in their apartment only once and was impressed by her small prayer alter and the burning candles. Those who speak of the Greeks as uncouth and greasy did not know Sam Pappas and his wife.

Sam was very fond of fine foods, and he knew how to prepare them. A combination salad with olive oil and anchovies always accompanied a half spring chicken or T-bone steak broiled in butter. Special occasions and Greek holidays called for good food and drink, especially when Sam's good look-

ing American girl friend was present. I, too, welcomed those special events which brought good food and generous tipping. I shall never forget my first New Year's party with my new Greek friends. By this time they had come to know and like me and to refer to me always as "Re Boy."

In addition to my boss, Sam, there were Bill Tchurus and John Stramatiades, each an interesting personality in his own unique way. Bill's English was not very good, and he was not too sure of himself. Actually, I helped him learn English, and he helped me learn how to cuss in Greek. Why is a child always more interested in ugly words rather than good ones? No wonder Plato taught that education is the redirection of the soul. All that I remember of Greek now is the alphabet and a bundle of cuss words.

John Stramatiades was the cook. His personality was straight from a story book, one of a kind. He lived a lonely life, always to himself, isolated from others in both thought and dreams. Seldom did he go beyond his kitchen where he worked more than twelve hours each day. When he could no longer stand on his own two feet, he would retreat into the small, dark ram-shackled bedroom behind the kitchen. I can see him now, laboring over the great hot iron range, preparing numerous orders of fried eggs, steaks, chops and other food, red faced with beads of perspiration rolling down his face, wiped off with his greasy apron. The most noble thing about John Stramatiades was the pride he took in his work. In his own way he was humble, but he had spirit as well. He threw a pan of eggs at me one night when I annoyed him unmercifully about a woman I saw hanging around his bedroom door.

At the restaurant I learned more about human nature, about both good and evil people, and about life in general. There was a small Japanese photographer who came to the restaurant every afternoon for a cup of coffee and two doughnuts. Soon he knew more about me than I knew about him. For a Christmas present he made a dozen pictures of me which normally cost $25. He was a true artist, and the pictures he took were considered excellent.

The New York Restaurant was located on Biltmore Avenue, two blocks from Zebulon Baird Vance's statue. Around this area were numerous low-grade hotels harboring prostitutes, gamblers and gigolos. Soon it was easy to recognize when they were in the money and when they weren't. Tips came fast and furious when the money was high and free. One man in particular, a gambler, was very kind to me. He dressed exceptionally well and was clean-cut in every way. I felt sorry for him whenever he lost heavily.

One evening a very attractive young lady came in with the gambler. Although I was still just a lad, I was very much attracted to her. Sensing my interest, she slipped me a card with a time and hotel room number on it. That was my first real temptation, and I confess that it was only fear and immaturity that kept me from keeping the date.

Sam had lost faith in his church, and he often told a story under the influence of a few drinks which illustrated his point of view. In a hotel one night he heard a man and a woman in the room next door engaged in lively conversation. Being normally curious, Sam rearranged the furniture so he could peek through the open transom. What he saw was a man of God conversing in more ways than one with a prostitute. In the garb of nature the man crawled off the bed, fell upon his knees and prayed aloud for forgiveness. At this point in the story Sam would put his hands together in angelic fashion, raise his eyes toward heaven and meekly utter, "Iesous Christos."

Sam Pappas, a truly good man, took this sacrilegious attitude toward priests because he thought that many of them were hypocrites, not really practicing what they preached, always trying to appear to be something they weren't. Who is God? The false priest certainly had not helped Sam to discover the nature of reality but had thrown him back upon his own resources. In some respects, my Greek friend and boss reminded me of my grandfather, except Sam seemed artificial compared with that noble self-made man whom I had learned to love as a child.

I am not a prohibitionist, and I do enjoy a drink when the occasion allows. I do know, however, that liquor can wreck a life, and I learned that lesson well while working in the restaurant. Sam knew how to carry his liquor and when to stop, but the same was not true for my dear Uncle Clarence. Each time Clarence came to the restaurant he walked through the kitchen into the back room. Soon my curiosity was aroused, and I discovered that my uncle was hiding to drink hard liquor. The first night I saw him vomit destroyed much of the respect I had for him. As his drinking continued, he became a little man who had failed me in a trying time.

Since I was now more and more on my own, it was necessary for me to be strong, not weak, superior to those around me, not arrogant, but a leader. Maybe I could become President of the United States. I wrote it down on a piece of paper: "William Earle Drake, President of the United States," and hid the paper in a secret corner of my billfold. If my prediction had been fulfilled, I would have followed the presidency of Eisenhower rather than that of Nixon or Kennedy. Of such are the dreams of youth, but who can say that they were useless or frivolous, since they helped to mold me into the kind of person and teacher I have become.

No doubt much of my pessimism regarding the future of our society grew out of those adolescent years when much of my respect for people, both individually and collectively, was lost. Perhaps I am a bit too harsh, for people need to let their hair down occasionally. For this purpose, there are no better occasions than conventions, the great American pastime. When those who pretend to be leaders and constitute a vocal power in our nation become drunk and lose their pants in the middle of a restaurant, the value structure of our society needs to be questioned. All the evidence of today points to yet further degeneration. Americans worship God often, but there is serious doubt whether some truly worship a conscious God.

Racism continues to be a problem for the American people since the beginning of our history. Yet one is not born with attitudes. They are acquired. Though a native of the South and plagued with the problems of racial prejudice from my early childhood, I have never had negative attitudes toward Negroes. I grew up in a community where Negroes were considered inferior. I was constantly reminded of this bigotry in schools, churches, streetcars, rest rooms and restaurants. In the restaurant where I worked, dish washing and the cleaning were left to the Negroes, yet over the front door a sign read, "For White People Only."

The most tragic experience of my adolescence came one fall afternoon when I saw a young Negro man running down Biltmore Street followed by two uniformed policemen. Behind the policemen was a large crowd yelling, "Shoot the son of a bitch! Kill him! Lynch him!" The young Negro had been in a fight with a white man on Pack Square, and the Negro had shot his opponent. Running to the door, I heard the two policemen yelling for the Negro man to stop. When he continued to run, the police shot him through the heart. As he fell to the street, blood gushed from his heart like water from an open pipe. He was stripped to the waist, looking more like a piece of raw meat than a human body. No other incident in my adolescence affected me as deeply as that tragic waste of human life, but given the circumstances, what other result was possible?

On another occasion, three brash young men came into the restaurant and sat down at the counter. Because of a wartime regulation, we had removed the sugar bowls from the counter. The young men demanded that I place the bowl before them, and when I refused, one started over the counter toward me. I told him that if he wanted to fight I would meet him out on the street. With this, I thought the matter would end. But later that night, when I got off the streetcar and began to walk the quarter mile down the dark street to my home, automobile lights flashed in my eyes. One of the young men who had been in the restaurant earlier came toward me brandishing a pair of brass knuckles. When I was getting the best of him, the other two jumped out of the car to support their companion. I ran like a deer until I reached home. The thugs were tried in court, fined $400 each and placed on probation for two years.

Yet, for every bad person who came into the restaurant, there were at least three good ones. My kindergarten teacher, Miss Ethel Ray, came in one afternoon. She was a dear lady whom I had not seen for nine years. Except for graying hair, she had not changed greatly, but I must have changed considerably, for she did not recognize me, and for some reason I did not reveal myself to her.

Among my best friends were those who had returned from the battlefield, now stationed at Oteen, an army camp located just beyond the Asheville city limits. Along with their usual dime tips they gave me their stick pens, cuff links and other small items. I must have appeared to be a poor but promising youth, for they gave me encouragement as well.

Throughout my three years at the restaurant I was seldom ill except for a dizziness in the head due to the lack of sleep. I was not superhuman, and during the flu epidemic in November, 1917, I became infected. For four days I lingered between life and death. As I struggled for life, people around me and all over the nation were dying like flies. Sam Pappas proved his regard for me by providing his own personal physician. Since that epidemic of 1917, medical science has made great progress in the control of influenza, but the fact that the germ continues to reappear in different forms is indication of new battles that lie ahead.

"Woodrow Wilson is coming to Asheville." That was the statement I heard in history class one Monday morning. Now I would see my President. Surely he would ride in an open car in front of the New York Restaurant. Wilson was coming to Asheville on a mission of peace--to gain the support of the American people for the League of Nations. Without the League, humanity would surely face another, more destructive world war within a generation. He did come, and I did see him riding down Biltmore Avenue. He was smiling and waving his hat, but he seemed sad as if he knew his own people would reject his noble cause and break the heart of humanity.

After two years with the New York Restaurant, just when everything was going well for me, Sam Pappas announced that he would go into partnership with Bill Tchurus and Tony Andros. Now I would have three bosses instead of only one. Bill I liked, but Tony was an arrogant man without mercy. Soon Tony proved to be all that I had feared and more. In his eyes everything I did was wrong. I decided to resign as soon as I could find another job. Within a week I found something to my liking, and with regrets I told Sam Pappas that I was quitting. To his credit, he understood why.

So, in the summer of 1919, I moved to the Athens Cafe, a new restaurant which had just opened on Pack Square. The Athens Cafe was owned and operated by two Greeks, Pete Chackales and Nick Mandros, two men who were as opposite in character and personality as night and day. Pete was a jolly, fat, likable fellow, the kind whom anyone would want for a boss. But Nick was cold, lonely and sour. Still, Nick was not a bantam rooster like Tony Andros, and in spite of his sour nature, it was possible to get along with Nick most of the time. Pete was a family man with a son, Charles, about my age, who played on the high school football team. The change was a good one for me, but the Athens Cafe did lack the colorful atmosphere which I had known at the New York Restaurant.

Who is God? The question continued to puzzle me. My high school education had failed to provide an answer, but the combination of my experiences at the restaurants and in high school taught me a lot about life. I was acquiring more of a sense of independence than most my age, but even more so I was acquiring a freedom of mind which was to set me off from the majority of my classmates.

My growing up was clearly indicated by the way a number of individuals accepted me. What I would eventually do was still in doubt, but I did know that I would go to college. K.G. Whistler from South Carolina expressed an interest in my future and offered me all of the help I needed to get an appointment to West Point. He thought I would do well in the army with my keen mathematical sense and physical vigor. West Point seemed a great opportunity for an ambitious youth, a place of honor and esteem, and, although the prospects had a strong appeal, I could not visualize myself in a military career.

Then there was my Jewish friend, the owner of a men's clothing store, who came to the restaurant every afternoon for his cup of coffee. He took a personal interest in my future and offered to finance my college studies. I was so sure that I could get through on my own that I thanked him for his generous offer but declined with regret. He was so impressed that he went to the editor of The Asheville Citizen with the story. Soon a leading editorial appeared about the young man who was working his way through high school but had turned down an offer to finance his way through college. I admit, I was somewhat proud of myself.

Through these experiences, I came to have an international perspective. My friends were not just Anglo-Americans. They came from many walks of life. There was a young Greek boy with whom I worked in the Athens Cafe. A dissatisfied customer once called him "a lousy Greek." I remember the satisfaction I felt when my Greek friend hit him in the nose for that slander. I remember, also, the Negro chef and baker who was quite able although he had very little schooling.

Increasingly my basic ideas were grounded in experience, not derived, as Plato thought, from the supernatural. I also knew that this experiential view of knowledge was somehow related to the theory of evolution, and I was determined to find out just how. Who is God? I was on my way to finding out.

College would take much more money than I had been able to save by working in a restaurant, but I was a child of fortune, or was it planned better than I knew? In 1917 my grandfather gave mother a vacant lot on Swannoa Avenue, just next door to Uncle Bill. My mother had also inherited $200 from her grandfather which would be used for the materials and labor to build a house. With a growing sense of independence, I decided to build the house myself.

My first house was not luxurious, but it was well constructed and built at a cost of $1,250. There were three good-sized rooms--a living room, a bedroom, and a kitchen--with bath, two porches and a basement. The chimney was the only part out of line. It looked as though the brick mason had lost his plumb line just before finishing the top. I believe I could have laid brick almost as well, but the chimney did stand.

For the next three years this new house was home for me and my mother. Soon I purchased the lot behind our place for $300 and also a small piece of land from my uncle because our house had been built on a part of his property. The furniture which we bought was inexpensive but substantial. These purchases were my first lessons in becoming an intelligent consumer. Everyone thought the home looked nice. In the summer of 1920, I sold it for $3,000. With this money I went to college.

The summer of 1920 marked the end of one period of my life and the beginning of another. First, there was my graduation from high school. In spite of the fact that I had associated little with my classmates, there were half dozen or more who had become my good friends. I also remember well one of my teachers, Mr. Haight, who had graduated from the University of North Carolina. To make sure that I had a good beginning at the university, he gave me a letter of introduction to Dr. Frank Porter Graham, professor of history. My grandfather also seemed truly proud of my achievements, and my father's brother, Jack, noting my success as a waiter, offered to finance my business if I would stay and work in Asheville. But no, I was on my way to college.

The day of departure soon arrived. My Greek friends were especially happy for me. There were tears in the eyes of Bill Tchurus. Even Nick smiled at me. Sam said goodbye to "Re Boy" with genuine pride in having given me my start, and John Stramatiades, the most lovable of all, said goodbye in his broken English. Only Tony was missing from the farewell, but I had no difficulty in guessing why. As the train pulled out of the station, I knew my childhood had passed. I also knew that I was still seeking the answer to my perennial question: "Who is God?" I began to suspect that the answer was in the quest and not in the knowing.

Chapter 4

THE ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING

When I left Asheville that September day, 1921, I was only 17, but like all adolescents I was sure that I knew much more than I actually did. Nevertheless, college was serious business for me, not a social detour. I was certain that I had more than enough motivation and interest to carry me through the years, and that I would succeed even though my background was deficient, particularly in foreign languages. I could reason better than I could memorize. Perhaps I had already formed a block to learning foreign languages.

From the sale of our house, $3,000 had to last through four years of college. The money was to be paid over a period of three years at five percent interest. Barring illness and a major accident, with the money I expected to make during the summers, we would do well.

During the train ride to Chapel Hill, a feeling of fascination came over me as we moved through the mountains, across the bridges and through the tunnels. The steam locomotive still had its appeal that it had for me in childhood. I was leaving the beautiful mountains, perhaps forever. University Station was the transfer point from the main line to the dinky freight and passenger train to Carboro. Waiting at University Station, for the first time I began to feel the freedom found among college students. On the short trip to Carboro, university students took over the train with yells, hoops and songs. For the first time I heard the beautiful song, "Hark, the Sound of Tar Heel Voices."

To those who have attended the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill is as much a legend as the university itself. The town and the university grew up together since the first students arrived in 1795. One-hundred and twenty-six years later, the main street, Franklin Avenue, named after Benjamin Franklin, was just being paved as I arrived. The hotel looked out over the front of the campus. I had great hopes that my new home would provide the opportunities for which I had struggled long and hard. I remembered Miss Chambliss and Mr. Hutchins and knew they would be proud of me. My first task would be to see Dr. Frank Porter Graham to whom I carried a letter of introduction.

Although Mr. Haight, my high school history teacher, had told me much about Frank Graham, I did not grasp the true greatness of the man until after I had come to know him. Gracious and humane, he was as considerate of my interests as if I had been the son of the President of the United States. He listened intently to my problems and gave the help I needed. In the years ahead, I would know Frank Graham as my professor of economic history, as a member of my doctoral committee, as college president and as my friend.

My first task was to find a place to live. The house we located through Shorty Thompson, a real estate agent, was on Columbia Avenue, next to the "Holy Roller" church. For $45 a month, it was not much of a place, especially since one of the front rooms had been reserved for another college student who arrived the next day with only 50 cents in his pocket and all of his clothes in a pillow case. Yet housing was scarce, and I was told that I was lucky to find anything at all.

Financially, the first year in college was difficult. By rooming and boarding three college students, we made ends meet, but there was nothing to spare, not even enough for a movie ticket, much less for a date with a girl. I was a model example of stern self-discipline. I knew my limitations and lived within them. How many times did I stand on the balcony of Bynum gymnasium looking down at the beautifully gowned college girls dancing with those well-heeled fellows? The sense of inadequacy only made me more determined to succeed in college, but only by living within my means.

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During my first semester I sensed the freedom that only a college freshman who had been tied down throughout his high school years could fully appreciate. The University of North Carolina provided the serious intellectual challenge I sought. Unfortunately, however, the instruction was often sterile. Most of the professors were subject-matter specialists, but they did not have a liberal education. A liberal education does not come from accumulating credit hours in the separate subjects. What most of my professors lacked was a basic philosophy of life. To a large extent, I worked out the meaning and value of my studies for myself.

Dr. Wagstaff, professor of English history, was disliked by most of his students. My roommate, Charles Hickle, passed a note in class one day referring to Wagstaff as an S.O.B. Wagstaff supposedly told him that, no matter how many times he took his course, he would never pass. Charles took that required course three times and after the third failure transferred to Ohio State where he completed the degree. In both of the courses I took from Dr. Wagstaff, I made As, and later he assured me that he would help me to find a teaching position in his home county.

My French teacher was Dr. Wilson, the son of the university registrar. He seemed to show favoritism toward members of his own fraternity, but this did not bother me half as much as his habit of yelling at his students. When he yelled at me, I yelled back at him. Although I had studied French in high school, I became a definite failure in Dr. Wilson's mind. I flunked French 2, but did not learn of my failure until after I had registered for and already passed French 3 the following semester. Even then, the university made me take French 2 again, the only course I ever failed.

"Preacher" Davis was my mathematics teacher during my first year. He was called "Preacher" because he filled a rural church pulpit every Sunday morning. He was a good teacher, though quite a contrast to Mrs. Hoffman, my high school algebra teacher. Mathematics came easily to me, and I enjoyed Preacher Davis's course. One day he had difficulty working a trigonometry problem, and, like all eager learners, I volunteered to try my hand. When he saw that I had not only solved the problem but also found his error, he was full of praise. My esteem for Dr. Davis rose considerably. Later he told the class that I was the smartest student he had ever had at the University of North Carolina, but then he didn't know about the grade in French, either.

As far back as I can remember, my biggest school problem had been with particular words rather than general ideas. Thinking through a problem presented no difficulty to me. On the other hand, I never could memorize meaningless words, the traditional way of learning a foreign language. Unfortunately, the idea of a liberal education in our universities has been, more often than not, a matter of memorizing words apart from the ideas behind them. Playing with isolated words is often considered more important than the relation of those words to the cultural pattern. As one who was almost by nature an intellectual pragmatist, I had my problems as a student.

My childhood desire to achieve and my deep-rooted intellectual curiosity, however, were not thwarted, even though I found it increasingly necessary to discipline myself to classroom routine. I labored with the prospect of becoming an engineer, but as a human being I was trying to resolve my conflict with the church. My mind was fixed on finding an answer to the problem of God that was more satisfying to me than religious miracles and church dogma. I read from a wide range of sources but mainly in the conflict between science and theology.

Two books were especially helpful, John Draper's History of the Intellectual Development of Europe and Andrew White's History of the Warfare and Theology in Christendom. In his own way, each debunked the structure of Christianity which had plagued me since childhood. The information which I researched on the priests and Popes of the Middle Ages was truly revealing. Cole's history of the lives of the Popes and Boccaccio's Decameron provided the evidence needed to clarify my thinking.

Heroes within my reading were plentiful, but the one who stands out above all others in quality of mind and a deep aesthetic sense was Leonardo de Vinci. Even now, whenever I reread Dmitiri Merejkowski's great book, The Romance of Leonardo de Vinci, I experience a thrill of genuine satisfaction. In all our American history, only one person in quality of mind, Benjamin Franklin, seems to have approached Leonardo de Vinci.

Along with my reading, I always took time to keep in good physical condition. I hoped to make the university track team, though I never really had a chance. The running was good for me, however, and every afternoon I was on the track testing my mettle. I also tried throwing the javelin and the shot putt, but I was no better than average. It was more pleasant to sit on the sidelines and watch football. North Carolina had a good team during my undergraduate years, and since football was new to me it became an interesting part of my new college life.

Late one afternoon on my way home, I encountered a hundred or more boys tussling at the ends of a long rope. This was the historic tug-o'-war that took place annually between the freshmen and the sophomores. I jumped into the struggle on the freshmen's side. As the struggle went back and forth for two hours, it became clear that the freshmen were going to win. Later, when the first snow fell in December, the battle resumed, but this time with snow balls, and again the freshmen won. But not always, though it was a good freshman class.

The most exciting event that first fall at the university was the burning of the North Carolina Inn, an old wooden building which stood on the campus for almost a century. Up to the time of World War I, it had housed many notable university visitors. Now it stood as a relic of the past. Many students had talked about turning it into a bonfire if North Carolina beat Virginia that fall. Strangely enough, that is exactly what happened that Thanksgiving evening, though no one ever seemed to know just how the building caught fire. Nothing was left of the structure except a pile of ashes. That was the best celebration in all North Carolina university football history.

Not football history, however, but a continuing tradition of liberalism has made the University of North Carolina a great institution. More than anything, this liberalism impressed me as I came to identify more and more with my alma mater. Not that my professors were particularly liberal. Only a few were truly educated. More important was the fact that the faculty had a sense of freedom that extended into open discussion of the major issues of the day. This public forum provided the give and take necessary for a free society.

Harry Woodbury Chase as president of the university epitomized this freedom of thought in both theory and practice. He may not have been the scholar that he appeared to my freshman mind to be, but he was polished and refined, more of a southern gentleman than the reactionary some liked to dub him. His silver hair lay easily on his head, while his skin was as clear as a baby's. He had sharp, penetrating eyes and a kindly wisdom. The faculty liked him for his ability to work with individuals with different opinions. The students appreciated his leadership. The university thrived during his ten years of service.

It was not difficult for me to adapt myself to my new life in Chapel Hill. For the first time in four years I had the opportunity to associate outside the classroom with people my own age. At first I took an active interest in BYPU, the Baptist Young People's Union, but this activity did not last as long as I thought it would. One Sunday afternoon I was talking to the group on "Who Is God?" My skepticism and critical approach was too unorthodox for even a group of college students who thought they were ready to learn. But when the chips were down, they did not want to learn but only to parrot what they had been told. When I said as much, they threw me out. By and large, I have stayed out of the church since that day. On one occasion when I did try to go back, my experience with the BYPU was repeated. For myself, my true goal was the advancement of learning, and the area of religious thought was not excluded.

Chapel Hill and the surrounding countryside were great places to explore. The university arboretum was a veritable botanical garden with numerous winding walks. It was quiet and restful, in truth more of a religious center than a church building could possibly be. About two miles north of the town was a wooded hill which students liked to climb to view the surrounding area. One weekend a group of boys, including myself, hiked the twelve miles back from Durham, a jaunt which left us with blistered feet for more than a week. Why did we do this? Perhaps for the same reason men climb Mount Everest: to see whether it can be done. For everyday walks, we went to the wooded paths south of the campus, the railway station at Carboro, or the hills surrounding Chapel Hill. Chapel Hill was a good place for the college boy, but he had to have enough sense to keep his shirt on if someone tried to pull it off.

There were some who failed to make the grade, and for some of these you would have shed tears had you known them. Two of my former high school classmates in particular turned out to be more unfortunate cases. Francis, for one, was immature and easily misled. He lacked a value structure and thus had no compelling goal or drive. Like many new students, Francis thought the most important things were wine, women and fraternity. Before the end of his first college year, he became a drunken sot and was expelled from the university. Clarence presented an entirely different case with an even more tragic result. He was admitted to a mental hospital where, after 30 years, he died of a serious brain disorder called paresis.

My major problem in college was the same problem which had confronted me since the day I had left my grandfather's home, economic insecurity. No one could ever say in truth that I do not know the worth of a dollar. With my sense of economic value, I could have become wealthy if I had gone into business instead of teaching. But when I weigh what I have become as a human being against the possibilities of accumulated wealth, I know that I possess experience and perspective that cannot be bought with all the money in the world.

During my first year at college, making ends meet was not easy. The fact that both mother and I were blessed with good health was important. The little cash we had was supplemented by the payments on the house which we had sold in Asheville and by providing room and board to three college students. Groceries had to be bought carefully. I had to learn how to "out capitalize" the capitalists. Nothing was left for shows, dating, clothes or frills. I did, however, win a much needed suit of clothes in a drawing which cost only ten cents.

In January of my second semester, we received a telegram saying that my grandfather was critically ill. He was not expected to live out the week. Even with my college studies at stake, there was nothing to do but take the next train back to Asheville. Grandfather's fondness of horses had been his undoing. Just before Christmas he had been kicked in the side by a beautiful black mare. At first his injuries did not appear serious, but when peritonitis sat in, he was rushed to the hospital for surgery. Mother and I arrived in Asheville too late to speak with him before the operation began, and the next morning he was dead.

My grandfather's death was a hard blow to me, for a truly great man of character, the man who had been all the father I had ever known, had gone out of my life. Unconsciously, I had acquired from him much of the value structure on which my life was built. Also, there were parallels between his early life and mine, though as a child I had him to rely on, and as a child he had no one on whom to depend. He, too, had assumed responsibility for the economic welfare of his mother at an early age, and like him I had grown up with a deep sense of independence. Even he considered me to be more like himself than any of his sons were.

The people of Asheville, rich and poor, black and white, young and old, loved my grandfather. He was buried in the Inanda church cemetery on the same land he had given to the church when he was a young man. Many tears were shed that day, mine not the least. The people paid their last respects,

the casket was sealed, carried out and lowered into the open grave. Clods of earth fell upon the casket lid, and then I knew that Grand Dad had returned to mother earth which had given him birth.

Most people cry at funerals because others cry; their responses are emotional, not rational. Yet it is only a matter of time before all living creatures return to the inanimate world, reflecting the rhythmic pattern of ocean tides. Grandfather's death was an advancement in learning for me, though the deeper meaning of death comes only through philosophic insight and consideration. In a literal sense, death is a meaningless term, not half as useful as the concept of process.

With heavy heart I headed back to Chapel Hill to continue my college studies, for something had gone out of my life which would never return, a great spirit that I would deeply miss. More than ever, I was now determined to complete my college degree.

In April our landlord, Shorty Thompson, told us that the rent would increase to $60 a month, an amount which was totally unjustified because of the poor quality of the housing, and because he had continued to rent one of the five rooms to another college student. So we decided to buy a lot just across the street and build our own house. In June we returned to Asheville with the anticipation that our new home would be completed by fall.

Pete Chackales, my former boss, welcomed me back to my job at the Athens Cafe. Without the need to study for and attend high school, the work was not as difficult, though I continued to work seven days a week, and there was little time for anything else.

It was strange to return to grandfather's house which had been my home until I was thirteen. Grandmother Ingle was very kind, but she seemed lonely and broken now that grandad was dead. I could not help but feel like an outsider. The physical objects around me were the same, but the atmosphere had changed. The sense of home was missing. Now the house was only a place to sleep for three short months.

Reynolds and Sarah were living in grandfather's house, also. Reynolds was no longer the little boy I had played with in childhood. He had grown into a young man. He had dropped out of high school and found a job with the Southern Railroad Commissary. Sarah was only a child, but it was already clear that both she and Reynolds would have to carry heavy family responsibilities with grandmother aging rapidly. I did not know any of the neighbors except one young girl, Bessie Hines. Fortunately or unfortunately, I was much too busy working and saving my pennies for college to get involved.

I enjoyed that summer, for I knew I was working toward a cherished goal. Waking up early and walking to catch the streetcar was invigorating. The air was fresh, and I was young and going places. There was no time for reading and studying, but I did think about future prospects. Even though I was living in poverty, I had good reason to be thankful. My mind could learn, and I had a genuine sense of personal worth. As long as I could take care of the present, I was willing to let the future take care of itself. Already I was a pragmatist, though I still did not know the meaning of that term.

In the restaurant, I reflected on my added freedom. Nick Mandros was as gruff as ever, but his bark was worse than his bite. He accepted me as a top-notch waiter. I also typed the menus and even did some short-order cooking.

The Athens Cafe was a clean, bright place in which to work, especially in the summer. In the afternoons, when the work was light, life was pleasant as I sat at the front counter looking out over Pack Square. When I caught the streetcar for home in the late afternoons, with the shadows of the evening gathering, I could not help but feel that there was some mystical force called God who continued to identify with this orphan boy.

That summer passed rapidly, and soon I was off to Chapel Hill once again for my second year at the University of North Carolina. Now I was a sophomore, too young to know my own weaknesses and not yet old enough to be campus wise. It was good to get back to what had become my new home, at least for a few years.

The struggles of my youth created problems difficult to master, though I am now aware that everyone faces such struggles. My philosophy of life tells me that the need to exist, to live and to grow involves a struggle not only with inanimate forces but with others and with one's self. If I had not possessed a strong sense of personal worth, I would not have finished high school, much less gone to college. Still, my superego was always a problem for me and often for others as well. Often I gave the impression of being egotistical, without consideration for the feelings of others. This much I would not admit, though I do wrestle within myself with the relationship of justice and mercy and, in turn, with their relationship to the role of power.

From my early religious teachings I possessed an acute interest in the needs and sufferings of the masses. Then, as I grew older, I could find no moral or intellectual justification for some having so much more than others. My value structure acquired a deep resentment against the "supercilious bigotry of the conceited rich and well-born." Even before I went to work in the restaurant, I had identified with the laboring classes and blamed the capitalist employers for the ills of humanity and the evils it suffers.

When I returned to the university for my sophomore year, I was still an anti-capitalist, but I was maturing intellectually. For me, there was an Advancement of Learning, not just book learning. My first advancement in learning was in religion, but I had to ground my ideas about God in something more than Jewish myth and history. Other myths in politics, economics and the social order also had to be confronted. Increasingly conscious of the role of power, I shifted my interest from engineering to law and politics. Perhaps I could help bring about some revolutionary changes in the social order. Little then did I realize the stubborn fabric into which all cultural patterns are woven, and how difficult it was to change human society.

Now I must decide on a major and a minor for my A.B. degree. With the change in my interests, the decision was not difficult. History would be my major field of study, for in the study of human history the problems of social relations are set forth and clarified. Also, English literature would become my minor, for through reading I hoped to gain insight into my cultural heritage. Much of the course work was disappointing, however, repetitious of my freshman year. Only one of my professors of history had a philosophy of history. The other professors could only present an array of facts without meaning. Convictions and value judgments seemed to belong somewhere other than the classroom.

Frank Graham was the one history professor who taught with zest and conviction. He was not a scholar in the purely academic sense, but he was superior in motivating student interest in social and economic problems. As a freshman I had taken Dr. Graham's European history course. More than anyone else he influenced my decision to major in history. While he did not have a consistent, systematic, comprehensive philosophy, he did exhibit a liberal, open-minded point of view. His value system was surely Christian, and he was definitely friendly toward labor. The students liked Graham, and he liked the students. Frank Graham also contributed to my growing interest in national and world affairs. With the election of Harding in 1920, I was still too young to be even moderately conscious of the power of political machines in determining the presidency of the United States.

Today we are prone to talk about the end products of science in terms of nuclear bombs and space missiles, but of equal significance are the instruments of mass communication which have popularized the barbaric mind of mass America at the expense of morality, art and intellect. When the radio first came to Chapel Hill, it fascinated the college students. Out of a small box came voices from

all over America, and later we all heard, coming from the same box, the ravings of the mad man of Nazi Germany.

We returned to Chapel Hill for the beginning of my second year at the University of North Carolina only to find that nothing had been accomplished toward building our new home. The contractor gave explanations and apologies, and then guaranteed the completion of the house within the next two months. In the meantime, we had to find a place to live. Fortunately, the man who rented the house we had lived in was gracious enough to rent two rooms to us. He was M.P. Young, who would later become principal in Princeton, North Carolina, where he offered my future wife a teaching position.

The new house was nicer than the one we had rented the year before. It had three bedrooms, a living room-dining room combination, kitchen and bath, all for $2,000. Income was meager, so we took in four roomers who helped us make the payments on the our new house. At times there was only sow belly (or fat back) and flour gravy for breakfast, and turnip greens, white beans and cornbread for dinner. Landscaping the new house was enjoyable, and the following spring we planted a garden to supplement our diet.

Mother was always very much a woman of the house. She never knew what it was to make a living in the business world. A woman's place was in the home. This was one of her greatest virtues, but in the 20th century industrial society this virtue is no longer sufficient to provide economic security. What mother could have become if she had not had her father, and later myself, as economic security, no one can tell.

Mother's will was as strong and active at 80 as at 50. In many ways she must have been a lonely woman, for my father had left her when I was only two years old. She could have joined him in Oklahoma, but her father persuaded her not to, which was probably the right decision. She never sought a divorce, thinking that my father would someday return.

In many ways mother exerted a very positive influence on my life. As an only child without a father, I found my basic refuge in my mother. She built into me much of the will and independence that was hers. She, of course, was very much like her father. In one respect she was quite unusual; she was a woman of wide intellectual interests. She read widely until her eyesight began to fail in her eighties. She never grew beyond her narrow religious perspective, but she had a solid foundation of understanding, even without a college education. She was a good teacher for me and had great influence on my early intellectual interests.

During my sophomore year, one experience more than any other stands out. In Shirley Graves' English literature course, I discovered the writings of Sir Francis Bacon. Graves was not an exciting professor, but he was an able scholar, and in his quiet manner he had a strong, positive influence on his students. Dr. Graves had a genuine interest in Bacon's writings, and when I suggested that I write a term paper on Bacon, he encouraged me. Novum Organon and The Advancement of Learning were powerful influences on my intellectual wanderings. Here was a method for a new world order, free from superstition and religious bigotry that had plagued the human race throughout its history. It was wholly false to assume that humanity had become religious through ignorance and dogmatism, for these two companions had held us in darkness. Now we could be free of ignorance and religious dogmatism through the "Advancement of Learning." Graves gave me an "A" on my paper on Bacon. The following year another student also got an "A" on the same paper in another course. I should not have loaned him the paper, I know, but he was in a tight, and I weakened enough to help him out. More of my pragmatism?

During my second college year, I found time to take an active interest in one of the debating societies on campus. Coming from the western part of the state, I was required to join the Dialectical Society. We met in a room in Old West where hung portraits of the great who had achieved eminence

in state political life. I could learn as they had learned. Public speaking was important, and I needed to know more about it.

I was prone to stage fright, a tendency I have never fully overcome, especially when in competition. My efforts brought some recognition, and I became more sensitive to social and political issues. On one occasion I had opportunity to comment on Diogenes, the Greek scholar who wandered the streets of Athens in daylight with a lighted lantern searching for a single honest man. Needless to say, Diogenes never succeeded in his search. Now, our debating societies have lost their century-old significance, a loss for all of us.

Life was barren, at least economically, at Christmas, 1922. The hardworking, lower middle class neighbors, however, provided gifts of food. These were good people with a genuine interest in my welfare. One said she enjoyed watching me leave for class each morning full of life. Another neighbor invited us for a lavish Christmas dinner. These good neighbors had not yet been corrupted by the harshness and brutality of urban life.

By spring I was progressing toward becoming a lawyer and eventually going into politics. In the political field I could contribute to the reconstruction of our culture, so that there would be less hunger and violence and greater economic opportunity and justice. This aspiration identified closely with my own personal needs, not a desire to exploit the people but a maximum use of my abilities.

When I returned to Asheville for the summer of 1922, mother remained in Chapel Hill to take care of the house and garden. Because of this arrangement the whole course of my life changed. While I was away that summer, mother took in renters for the summer session, the family of David Briggs, his wife and son John. Briggs was working toward his doctor's degree in history and philosophy of education under the direction of Edgar W. Knight.

That summer I stayed with Uncle Vernon and his family. They were as considerate of me as if I had been a member of their family. Uncle Vernon, mother's brother, worked as a motor man for the streetcar company in Asheville. He was a kind man who, in his youth, had started drinking heavily. Following the death of his son, Lee, he had become a teetotaler. A deeply religious man, he was convinced that God was punishing him for his heavy drinking. Uncle Vernon also had three beautiful and intelligent daughters who looked on me as a brother. His wife, Lottie, was kind and quiet but positive and stable. Their home was comfortable and clean but without finery.

My second summer at the Athens Cafe changed little, except I had a greater sense of security and independence. I appreciated the kindness of my Greek friends. On such simple foundations, Americanism and international understanding are built. While my salary did not amount to more than $100 a month, it was enough to provide my minimum needs to continue college. That my Greek friends were willing to provide summer employment indicated their esteem for me.

When I returned to Chapel Hill, David Briggs asked why I did not consider becoming a teacher. I told him about my decision to become a lawyer. He expressed genuine interest in my future, and suggested that I might want to teach a few years to establish myself financially before entering law school. Never before had I given teaching a serious thought, but the idea had merit. David Briggs said that if I wanted to pursue the matter, I should make an appointment with Edgar Wallace Knight. After thinking about the matter for a couple of days, I went to see Dr. Knight.

Next to my grandfather, Edgar Wallace Knight was to exercise the greatest influence of any man on my life. He would become my intellectual godfather. In the eyes of many of his colleagues and students, he was blunt and aggressive, lacking sensitivity to others; but this was true only for those who did not truly know and understand him.

Knight was an epitome of Peter Abelard, a brilliant man who worked energetically and expected others to do the same. Later, when I was his graduate assistant, he asked his class one day how many had read the assignment. Only two or three had, so Knight told them to leave and not return until they were prepared. From that time on, his students complied with his wishes. He was equally blunt with his administrators and associates when he thought they were not living up to high standards of scholarship and genuine effort. He would not tolerate "butterfly suggestions" or "soft pedagogy" and was exceptionally critical of "trade training" in teacher education. The cultural, political and economic deficiencies of the South were a deep concern to him, and toward these inadequacies he projected his major educational efforts. Determined to arouse the people from their lethargy and complacency, he stirred the wrath of those who protected the status quo. To this end he labored through his teaching, public lectures and writings.

Why Edgar Wallace Knight took a liking to me I honestly do not know. He had struggled for his education as I was struggling for mine. He had two daughters, but no son; perhaps he saw me as filling that gap in his life. Also, it is possible that he saw in me the aggressive spirit he wanted for the South. In later years when asked by a college president of a midwestern university what kind of a person he thought I was, Knight remarked, "At least Bill Drake won't burn down your buildings."

In discussing my plans with Knight, I did not deviate from my determination to go into law and politics. In his presence I always felt inadequate. He was strong where I was weak. He always seemed to react toward me differently. With me, Knight was never blunt or abrupt but always gave me confidence. While some of his associates, even at Columbia University, saw him as dogmatic, at no time did he ever attempt in the least to dictate my thoughts on any issue. At our first meeting he indicated the education courses required for teacher certification at the secondary level.

That fall I registered for my first education course. It had no significance for me other than as a means toward teacher certification. However, Edgar Wallace Knight changed this view for me by the intellectual challenge he presented. He was personally and intellectually involved in the welfare of the South, and saw education as the only way to bring the culture and economy of the South up to the standards of the rest of the nation. Upgrading the educational standards of the South was Knight's central interest, and I became a part of it.

My determination to acquire a teaching position by the fall of 1924 led me to attend the twelve-week summer session of 1924. This decision was to affect my life more than I anticipated. One Sunday morning at the beginning of that summer session, I saw the girl who would later become my wife and companion for the years ahead. I was sitting high in the choir of the Chapel Hill Baptist Church when she walked in with her girl friend. Out of all the church audience, I picked out a girl I had never seen and almost persuaded myself then and there that she was the girl I would marry. The very next day, when summer school began, she appeared in two of my classes. Quickly I learned that her name was Zelma Mae Paxton. She was from Charlotte, North Carolina, and a student at Queen's College. I asked for a date and was on my way to getting caught in the eternal marriage trap.

That summer I also took my first course in educational psychology, though I had taken two previous courses in general psychology with Bashiels, an objective psychologist. The teacher of educational psychology, A.M. Jordan was a good teacher with peculiar mannerisms which students imitated. He was strictly a behaviorist of the Thorndike school and consistently held that the individual was determined 60 percent by heredity and 40 percent by environment. This position bothered be, for it left no room for individual choice or effort. I felt proud of the "A" I made in Jordan's course, and especially of my 165 score on the Army Alpha I.Q. test. In that course I met William H. Kilpatrick, the wellknow progressive educator from Columbia University around whom much controversy would soon arise.

At this time I also met R.A. Davis. Both of us were working part-time in the Education Library reading room. David had an old Ford roadster and a girl friend in Greensboro. Since he had a

sister who needed a date, he invited me to go with them to Greensboro. On the way back, the tires kept going flat. After repairing 17 punctures, we finally took the tires off the wheels and drove into Chapel Hill on the rims at four o'clock in the morning.

As soon as summer school was over, I began to look for my first teaching assignment. Murphy School, a consolidated elementary and junior high school at University Station twelve miles from the university campus, needed a principal teacher. Since Knight was a friend of the superintendent, his approval was not difficult to acquire.

Superintendent Clayton was a typical county school superintendent of that time. He had been a fireman on the Southern Railroad until he lost a leg. He campaigned for the county school superintendency and won the election. Two university education courses were the only professional preparation he had for the position. He was an honorable person, however, and succeeded as well as could be expected.

With Superintendent Clayton's recommendation, I was interviewed by the Murphy School Board in the neighborhood church building. The board members were typical farmers of Orange County, salt of the earth, not well educated, but sincere and devoted to their responsibilities. The first question they asked was whether I intended to remain in the teaching profession. Little did I know that the little white lie I told them would turn out to be the Gospel truth.

I accepted the position as principal to teach all of the eighth and ninth grades, though the school board had some reservations about my youthfulness. I was only 20, and the previous principal, older than myself, had been run out of the school by the older boys. Soon I would begin a new epoch in my life, one far more deterministic than I could have predicted.

As immature as I was, I was now prepared to do something. Still the young idealist, I looked forward to a life of law and politics. I had profited much from my university studies but knew little of the difficulties in the advancement of human culture. It would take many years both in and out of school to learn the nature of the problems of education.

Chapter 5

ROOTS OF A LIBERAL

The end of the 1924 summer session at the University of North Carolina marked the end of another period of my life and the beginning of a new one. While I had no intention of following teaching as a career, the challenge of my new assignment was not to be ignored. I was only 20, without any teaching experience, but I had never been a failure. There was no doubt in my mind that I would succeed as principal of Murphy School.

Each stage of my life thus far had been marked by some dominant theme. Before I was twelve years old, my greatest concern had been my emotional insecurity which for years continued as a deep undercurrent in my life. This same insecurity drove me into an avid search for a sense of reality. Is emotional insecurity as bad as some psychiatrists claim? Some insecurity may be necessary to human growth; the issue is how one deals with that insecurity.

Equally critical was the third major drive of my life, economic insecurity. To inherit wealth might well be one of the worst things to happen to anyone. Most of those who inherit wealth apply this principle to working people but not to themselves. On the other hand, the poverty that breeds disease and malnutrition, illiteracy and despair, proffers no good to any individual or culture. Today our society and world suffer from this disease in such gross proportions that it threatens to destroy the foundations of whatever freedoms we do enjoy.

When I accepted the position at Murphy School in 1924, I would have more economic well-being than I had ever known, but little economic security, a plight from which teachers have suffered throughout the centuries.

This economic insecurity increasingly spawned the fourth major force in my life, the search for the meaning and significance of freedom. Freedom is a concept glibly used by those with vested interests and sources of power in our society. In a philosophical sense, Americans are hardly free, for no totalitarian state ever subjected its people to mass propaganda more than the American people are subjected to today. Speaking in economic terms, we certainly are not a free people, for we live under a greater sense of economic insecurity than has ever been known in any period of American history. What is the meaning and significance of freedom? This question loomed larger and larger as I took on the role of a country school teacher.

I was very curious about the environment in which I would spend the next two years. Murphy School was about four miles west of Durham on the highway to Hillsboro. When mother and I moved to the teacherage, the road was not yet paved, and the community was distinctly rural. Two miles away was the University Railway Station where I was to pick up my mail during the school year. Nearby was the little wooden Baptist church where I was to teach a Sunday school class. There were no buildings near the schoolhouse except the teacherage. The nearest home was more than a mile away.

The teacherage was maintained by a caretaker who also served as the school custodian and one of the school bus drivers. The teacherage was a two-story house sitting under the shade of the trees. It was quite adequate to shelter all of us teachers. A gasoline-powered generator with a battery system provided electricity to the teacherage and the school. The brick school building had six classrooms, three on each side of a large hall running through the center. The center walls on one side were sliding doors to make one large auditorium. Two chemical toilets were on either end of the building. The building was much better equipped than might have been expected for a rural school of that time, though the library facilities and the playground equipment were meager. Here, at least, was a place where I could begin to build.

My initial task was to take the school census. I moved into the teacherage two weeks before school started and began to get acquainted with the children and their parents. Visiting the families, I found the usual mixture of poverty and wealth, but mostly there was poverty.

My visit to one of the families I will never forget. Since I did not have a car, Mr. Winston Strayhorn, the custodian, drove me to a home of eleven children, none of whom had attended school regularly the previous year. To get to their house it was necessary to cross over logs, gullies and branch water, but we finally made it. What I saw was an amazing sight. Kids dressed in the garb of nature came from nowhere, running toward the house to crawl under the bed, hide behind the kitchen stove, or disappear in a closet. The mother was plowing in the field, her bare feet trudging along behind an old broken down mule. When I questioned her about the children not being in school, she apologized profusely, saying there was no money to buy shoes and clothes for the winter, so the children just stayed indoors. I warned her that the compulsory state school law protected the children against growing up illiterate. That was the law, all right, but I knew quite well that there was something higher than the state law--justice.

School opened the day after Labor Day, and I soon realized that having worked with people in the restaurant would be extremely valuable. There were five female teachers, all mature and experienced, certainly more than myself. Laura Joyner, niece of a former State Superintendent of Schools, was a devoted and able first-grade teacher. The second-grade teacher was Sudie Mae Baker, an attractive young lady who liked children. Two sisters, Ophelia and Gladys Warren were to teach two grades each, the third and fourth, and the fifth and sixth grades, respectively. When I first saw Ophelia, I was convinced she would give me a barrel of trouble, for with more than 20 years of teaching experience she looked upon me as little more than a child. I was completely wrong, however, for Ophelia became one of my best supporters. Her sister Gladys was the best teacher of the group. She possessed beauty of character, something the male often ignores. The seventh-grade teacher turned out to be my most difficult problem. She was not a bad teacher, but she was a jealous gossip.

To finance many of our incidental school needs, it was necessary to earn money by performing school plays, selling cakes and pies, and charging admission to athletic events. A careful record of collections and expenditures was kept in my office, but the second grade teacher told some of her pupils that the money was being misspent. I called the whole school together and gave everyone full details. The teacher apologized for her unprofessional conduct and from then on cooperated in every way.

The Murphy School was an interesting place in which to work. My two years there were the most constructive years of my life. I learned far more than the pupils. I had the opportunity to accept people for what they were, and in return they responded with love and confidence. I came to know the children well, especially those in my own eighth- and ninth-grade classes. In general the children came from a low economic group, and while they were not highly intelligent, they were anxious to learn and easy to teach. Mary Ann walked two miles every morning to school, but she was always on time. Edgar and Albert found it difficult to stay up with the class, but they were serious about their work, probably too much so for their young age. John was as old as I, high spirited and well meaning. The interesting thing about Wallace was that, although 24 years old and unable to pass a general science test, he could take an automobile engine apart and put it back together as well as any expert mechanic. All of these students enjoyed Sir Walter Scott's Lady of the Lake, but not until I translated it into everyday language for them.

One of the reasons I got along well with the students was because the classroom was serious but outside on the playground I enjoyed their games as much as they did. The games they liked best were basketball and baseball. The students played other teams in Orange County. Even fifth- and sixth-grade students played on our teams, and the quality of their performance was amazing. The school plays were equally good. The debating team won two levels in the state contests. The students had faith in me, and I in them, which is probably the reason we worked well together.

As the days passed into weeks and the weeks into months, I was writing Zelma Paxton in Charlotte. She accepted my invitation to go to the football game in Chapel Hill on Thanksgiving Day. We met just outside the stadium gate before the opening of the game. After the game, I went to Charlotte with Zelma, her brother and sister-in-law. Our summer romance began to flower that fall.

Social life in the teacherage began to take on a lively tone also as several of the young teachers found boyfriends. Occasionally we rode to Durham in one of the boy's car to see a movie. My interest in Zelma kept me from mixing business with pleasure, a deadly poison in a small school.

Mother and I decided to go back to Asheville to visit grandmother during Christmas vacation. Slayden had acquired a Ford coupe but he couldn't meet the payments. When he asked me if I would like to buy his car, I was certainly interested, but I didn't know how to drive. Slayden said I had five days to learn how and he would teach me so I could take the car back to Murphy School. And so he did, and so I did.

Now that I had a car, I decided to go through Charlotte to see Zelma on my way back home. With only five days of driving experience, I had quite a journey driving across mountains and through city streets. The only thing that saved me in the mountains was the reverse gear. Whenever things seemed to be getting out of hand, all I had to do was jump on top of it.

As the winter months settled in, I had time to think about the meaning of my new experiences. I knew that I was succeeding as a teacher and school administrator. This is the kind of thing you know by the feel of it. Yet, I cannot say that I was happy. I seemed to be getting nowhere, and a mood of despair swept over me. Standing at my second-floor window looking out into the darkness of the night, I sensed a meaning in the wind as it swept mournfully through the trees. Just when it seemed that there was nothing to be gained by struggling, something within would rise up to meet the challenge. So I would go on; I would help to reform my part of the world and make it a better place in which to live. "Oh, when the winters o'er me wane, I know that spring will come again." This I wrote on a cold winter's moonlit night in the wee hours of the morning when all around me was silent as a tomb and outside the snow fell in white petals to cleanse the earth.

My first school commencement went very well. My uncle, E.J. Ingle, was invited to give the commencement address, and I even sang a solo, "Pal of My Cradle Days." It was the custom of the people to come from many miles around for the entire day which included a community dinner spread out on a long line of tables. The school played a baseball game against the power plant employees, and as usual I played short stop. The people went home to wait for school to open again next fall. Apparently the teachers had done a good job that year, for we were all invited back for the next school year.

With students, parents and teachers gone, I stood for a moment in the schoolyard and looked back over the past year. Just what had been accomplished? I must not waste any part of my life; every moment must count. I was a more mature person than I had been the first day I taught. I now had some small insight into the meaning of freedom and into the inadequacy of our educational efforts. I had come to appreciate the genuine worth of those who lived close to the earth, free from arrogance and conceit and the superficialities often found among urbanites. I had also learned something about the insecurities of teachers, even when they have a full-time position. Books were still as much a part of my life as ever, but my reading had turned more and more toward philosophy and social theory. To further my professional growth, I had enrolled in a correspondence law course. I had learned something about politicians and had entered into an argument with a state politician over the inadequate support of public education.

When school reports had been turned in and the other teachers had left, mother and I headed for Asheville. Just as we reached the outskirts of Salisbury, the differential on the Ford fell apart. It took a mechanic three hours to put in a new set of gears, so we did not arrive in Asheville until late

that night. The old home place looked just about the same as when I was just a boy, but everything else had changed, especially my grandmother. She had contracted tuberculosis and had gone to bed, never to rise again.

The job at the restaurant was no longer available, so I decided to try my hand in the real estate business. One of my high school classmates whose father owned the Bledsoe Real Estate Agency provided the opportunity. It took only a week, however, to discover that I was not made for that kind of work. I gave up the idea of selling real estate and decided to go to Dayton, Tennessee, to attend the Scopes trial.

The Scopes case, also know as the "Monkey Trial", was a great interest to me not only because Scopes was a teacher, but also because the issue lay at the very heart of the advancement of learning. As Socrates had said, man must know himself before he can rise above the muck which always surrounded him. William Jennings Bryan, the prosecutor, represented the theological position of the dogmatic Protestants of the old South. On the other hand, Clarence Darrow, the great defender of the defenseless, spoke not only in defense of Scopes but also for the more enlightened age of humanity.

As I drove to Dayton, signs along the highway approaching the city warned Clarence Darrow of the errors of his ways. "Darrow, prepare to meet thy God," "God will strike Darrow dead," they read. The small courthouse proved too small for the crowd, and the trial, conducted in the courtyard, turned out to be a show for most who attended.

I heard only a small fraction of that historic trial, but I did see and hear enough to gain a keener realization of the nature of human nature. It seemed incredible that a so-called free people would tolerate a law deliberately designed to keep themselves in ignorance. How could those who called themselves Christians support a law deliberately designed to keep humanity in intellectual bondage? I did not have sufficient insight into the relationship of belief to understanding to answer that question satisfactorily, but I did find support for my own belief that people can do almost anything in the name of God. When I talked with Mr. Darrow I was proud to tell him that efforts to pass a similar law in North Carolina had been defeated.

Of greatest interest to me was the struggle between Bryan and Darrow. The people supported Bryan, and he loved being their hero. It was equally evident that the people were angry with Darrow because of his "godlessness" and the way he surpassed Bryan. All around me people were saying that Darrow was crazy because he thought they "came from a monkey." Darrow baited Bryan with "the big fish that swallowed Jonah" and "the walls of Jericho falling down." Bryan roared back, "I believe the Bible, don't you?" The people looked upon Darrow as a very evil man.

The two most revealing incidents came at the end of the fiasco. After the testimony had been given, Darrow picked up a book which he had brought with him that morning and stood before Bryan. In his caustic manner, Darrow stated that he wanted to give Mr. Bryan a present to remember him by . He handed Bryan a copy of Charles Darwin's <u>On the Origin of Species</u>. Bryan, caught unawares as he had been so often during the trial, could only mumble an incoherent reply.

The second incident related to the outcome of the trial. Mr. Scopes had been found guilty of teaching the theory of evolution, and the people were celebrating their victory with a feast in honor of Bryan. A great lover of food, Bryan had partaken heavily of chicken and gravy and biscuits and potatoes. After glutting himself, he laid down on a couch in a friend's house and died. What a shock to the people of that community and throughout the South! Maybe God had made a mistake and struck Mr. Bryan dead instead of Mr. Darrow.

The Dayton trial brought into clearer focus the problem of freedom. Freedom could not exist in a vacuum; there must be some foundation of belief in everyone. But belief without understanding enslaves the human mind. If humanity is to be free, we must be intellectually free. The tragedy of

Christianity as a historical movement lies in the fact that it enslaved the minds of its believers instead of setting them free.

At the end of the trial I returned to the simple life of my mother's sister home in Chattanooga. Just as I had changed since I lived there as a child, her home and family had also changed. Aunt Ella's hair had turned silver gray, and many lines wrinkled her face from years of toil and grief. Yet she still knew how to laugh and to please others. She still prepared homemade chili for me.

On our way back to Murphy School, mother and I left Chattanooga in time to visit my cousin in South Carolina and Zelma in Charlotte. Jumping around over the mountains and secondary roads was quite frightening at times. At one time I rounded a steep curve and landed on a railroad track with a train coming toward us. The rear of the Ford just cleared the tracks before the train roared past. In contrast, when I had finished changing a tire, a kind lady invited mother and me into her home. That probably wouldn't happen now, but it did then. Driving at night can be lonely and dangerous, I have done much of it since that time, but I have never had a driving experience affect me more than that trip from Chattanooga to Greenville, South Carolina, that night.

Family life in America has been undergoing major changes as a result of the transition from an agrarian to an urbanized industrial society. My cousin Robert, his wife and their child were a part of that change, though fortunately for the better. Robert's wife was a refined woman who had inherited a reasonable amount of wealth which made it possible for them to live in a well furnished, modern home. They provided hot baths, good food and an evening of rest. They were a happy family. The news of Robert's death from drowning the following summer came as a great shock. With one swift blow his family had been split asunder.

Arriving in Charlotte, we learned that Zelma's mother had died suddenly at the age of 62 complaining of heart pain. With her death, this family was also shattered. My last letter to Zelma had taken a whole month to get from Asheville to Charlotte, but her mother had died in full confidence that there was good reason why Zelma had not heard from me. She was a lovable, hard working mother. My deepest regret was that she died before I knew her better.

Soon my second year at the Murphy School was underway. I was now more at home because of a greater knowledge of my responsibilities, though I was no less challenged than at the beginning of my teaching career. All of the teachers of the previous year returned, and all were in fine spirits. Parents and students turned out well for the opening of school, bringing food and listening attentively. No principal could have wished for better community support.

The fall is beautiful in central Carolina, not only because of the gold and red leaves, but also because of the brisk, dry air and the feeling that life is full and abundant. I was now making tax-free $175 a month plus free housing. I was coming up in the world. So I traded the Ford for a four-door blue Dodge sedan which I knew would capture Zelma's eye the first time she saw it. Little did I realize what a good buy that car was until someone tried to run me off the highway late one Sunday night coming back from Charlotte. I took off at full speed, and for more than 20 miles the race was a hot pursuit. But I was able to stay ahead, and they gave up the chase. Because of this one incident, that Dodge stands out in my memory. I can still hear the hum of the chain-driven camshaft.

Christmas of 1925 was a very pleasant experience. Instead of traveling back to Asheville or Chattanooga, I stayed at the Murphy School teacherage. It was a time of leisure, used as Aristotle would have leisure used, reading good books, working on my correspondence law course, writing, and wandering through the woods. I did make two trips to the university library in Chapel Hill to borrow books for my correspondence course, but otherwise I did not leave the neighborhood. I ate Christmas dinner with the Strayhorn family whose married son took care of the teacherage and served as custodian and bus driver for the school. Their single son, Wallace, who was 24, drove the other school bus and was in the eighth grade. The dinner was just the kind you would expect on the table of a pros-

perous rural family, delicious home-cooked food, roast chicken and turkey, dressing, sweet potatoes, green beans, spiced peaches, apple and mincemeat pies, hot biscuits, and black coffee. There is always a restfulness and maturity about a home like this as if the spirits of yesteryear were standing guard over their loved ones. This peace and tranquility is deserting American life and culture as we become more and more urbanized.

We plowed through the winter months. The weather was bad, the school bus broke down, and mud filled the roads. Yet the average daily attendance at the school remained fairly high. The bad weather only seemed to bring the teachers closer to their students. A little first grader proudly gave me a picture of herself standing before her father's whiskey still. Many of these boys and girls looked upon me as one who could provide answers to all of their problems. How could I disappoint them? One of teaching's big problems is how to penetrate the outer shell of human beings and truly see what is inside. As Shakespeare aptly said, "Clothes do not the man make."

As I watched these rural children on the playground, I often debated with myself just how competent we were in teaching them. The teachers were as good as anyone had a right to expect them to be if judged by what they were being paid. But the quality of mind has always been far too meager to accomplish the democratic tasks assigned to the teacher. Nor would the politicians and those with economic power permit the teacher to so operate if he or she had the maturity to do so. The age old problem of humanity is to pull oneself up by the slow process of overcoming greed, ignorance, hate and power. No, there was not a single teacher at Murphy School whose basic interests extended beyond the affairs of the moment--beyond sensate knowledge as John Locke called it. National and world affairs had little interest for them, and never was there any serious discussion of the problems of justice, freedom, authority or world peace. On the other hand, the door was always open for a spicy bit of gossip. Still, they were good teachers in some ways.

With spring I began to think seriously about what I should do when school was out. Law was now less and less on my mind as I began to look forward to a teaching career. I had decided to return to the university to begin work on a master's degree in history and philosophy of education under Dr. Edgar Wallace Knight. Also, a new position as head of the schools in Columbia, North Carolina, had become available. Columbia was the county seat of Tyrrell County on the Albemarle Sound where the first white American child, Virginia Dare, was born. At Easter I drove to Columbia to look at the situation carefully.

Of all the places I have lived, Columbia is the most unique and colorful. As I drove past Plymouth and Rocky Mount, I seemed to be entering a new world. Several miles outside of town I came upon the small local train that ran between Creswell and Columbia. It was chugging along at a speed not over ten miles an hour and presented a quaint picture against the background of moss-covered cypress tress and the swamp land. I crossed the Scuppernong River on a curved wooden bridge which led straight into the heart of town.

The origin of Columbia can be traced back to the early colonial period, but the town remained small because of its geographic isolation. Because of poor harbor facilities, the surrounding country was inaccessible from the east, and to the north was dismal swamp land. Much of the area was hardly above sea level and therefore subject to inundation with high tides. The Scuppernong River provided the town with glamour and color, especially in the late evening when the reflected moonlight sparkled on the water. Running through the center of town was one main street on which were located the bank, grocery store, drug store, county court house and, at the far end, the school building. The single hotel, two church buildings and a movie theater were located on the adjacent side streets. The county school superintendent's office was in the court house.

There I found W.W. Cox, a very pleasant man who had come from the well-known Cumstuck family on the other side of the Albemarle Sound. He had studied law, but not finding the law to his liking, he turned to school administration. Mr. Cox was anxious for me to take the position as head of

the Columbia schools, for he had made up his mind about me even before I arrived in town. I was so struck by the challenge of the new opportunity that I decided then and there to make the change. What interested me in particular was the school consolidation program and the new addition to the school building.

I visited the school building and met the school board. The building was a two-story brick, in fair condition, but grossly inadequate to accommodate the proposed school population. The building inside indicated poor school administration, incomplete records, a chaotic library, and a poorly equipped science laboratory. A set of rules and regulations was posted on the wall which I immediately tore down.

Members of the school board were friendly and helpful. They were interested in cooperating with me to the best interests of the pupils and the school. They asked me whether I was married. I told them I was single, but that I hoped to be married during the summer, and that my new wife would need a teaching position if we were to make ends meet. Mrs. McLean did not react favorably to the prospects of the principal's wife teaching, but she did not openly oppose the idea. I knew I would like these people, and that I would be starting life all over again in a new environment, among different people, and possibly as a married man.

The following Monday I informed my employers that I would not be returning to the Murphy School in the fall. The appreciation of these people for my teaching efforts was a part of my reward. After many years of teaching, my efforts have never been more deeply appreciated than they were by these simple rural folk, both children and parents. When they told me I would be missed, I knew that they meant what they said, for many said it with tears as well as with words. The students were most kind in their farewell remarks, and I believe this was to a large extent because I had given them a new sense of pride in themselves as well as in their school. I also knew how to play with them on the school grounds as well as to work with them in the classroom. Thus, in my first two years of teaching, I had learned my lessons well. The principal who had preceded me and the one who followed me were both run out of the school for trying to discipline some of these students, whereas I had always been welcome in their homes. When I left the Murphy School, it was with deep regret.

It was not long before I was back in Charlotte to tell Zelma of my plans for the fall, and to see whether she cared enough about me to consider marriage. She was reluctant to give me an answer. Her health had not been too good, she said, and she would only be a burden to me. When I persisted, she relented, and we became engaged to be married sometime during the summer. I returned to Murphy School with a new song in my heart.

For the remainder of that school year, I was busy closing out my work at the Murphy School, making plans for the fall in Columbia, and getting ready to return to the university in the summer and to get married. My new position required a provisional superintendent's certificate, and to acquire that I needed to take additional courses at the university. I could take these courses while also studying for my master's degree. Edgar Wallace Knight advised me that it would be possible to earn the graduate degree in three twelve-week summer sessions. I prepared to work hard, for I had now determined to make this my next milestone of progress.

Many small incidents form the pattern of our lives. During two years of teaching I had been able to save a small amount of money, but most of what I had earned had been eaten up by living expenses and trips to Charlotte. Apparently I inherited my grandfather's love for horse trading into car trading. The Dodge sedan had been a good bargain, but in trading it for a sleek Nash coupe I got a lemon. I had made this deal before my last summer trip to Charlotte, trying to act like a sport without the money to be one. Also, before seeing Zelma, I needed to purchase engagement and wedding rings. I bought the rings from Loftis Bros. in Durham for $87.50. I was proud of them, and Zelma seemed equally proud when I put the engagement ring on her finger one night in front of her house.

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Mother and I moved back to Chapel Hill. We lived in the little house on Columbia Avenue which was built when I was a freshman. Only four years had passed, but it seemed much longer. Then I received a letter from Zelma saying she no longer wanted to get married. The engagement was off.

Because of such experiences I became more and more of a kind of institution unto myself. What had been built up in my early childhood now came to my aid. I had developed the conviction that an experience made one either stronger or weaker, depending on one's reaction to it. I answered Zelma's letter, saying that there was nothing for me to do but to accept her decision. I would go my way. She would go hers. We would part as friends. Again I turned to my studies with greater determination than ever. I made no effort to inform the school authorities in Columbia about Zelma's decision.

There are no answers to the mysteries of life except as we find them in each experience. Reality is not found in chasing the end of a rainbow but in enhancing the quality of our insights into the nature of human experience by any and every means, intuitively, rationally and scientifically. The meaning of life is surely bound up in our aesthetic sense, in our feelings as well as in our reason. Humanity is still but a child. To our great sorrow, this child now has nuclear power in hand without the intelligence and sensitivity to use it for human good.

Though Zelma had passed out of my life, my work at the university was progressing well, and I was learning much about the nature of human nature. For example, one person with an exaggerated sense of self led me to wonder about the reason for such distorted value patterns in so many people. I concluded that this was a part of organic nature, necessary for individual survival. Sadly, more often than not the individual does not have the humility and intelligence necessary to balance the ego.

Imagine my surprise when one day I received another letter from Zelma saying that she had changed her mind and wanted to go ahead with our marriage. She had visited her father in Roanoke and had done a lot of thinking. This was good news to me in more ways than one. Her letter helped me to reestablish confidence in myself. The sun was shining brighter than it had for some time.

Zelma and I were married on August 20, 1926. The simple wedding ceremony was held in her home with only a few guests present. The evening before we had indulged in a bit of hot loving but had mutually agreed that it would be best not to go all the way until after the wedding. Arrangements had been made to spend our wedding night in a Greensboro hotel. The first boner I pulled was to lock the keys in the car.

The suite of rooms reserved for us by no means pleased us. They were elaborate enough, even too elaborate in cost. But our most serious objection was to the two twin beds. What would we want with twin beds on our wedding night? We complained to the hotel, and they made a change. But the new accommodations also had twin beds. We gave up. One twin bed was all we needed anyway.

The next day we traveled from Greensboro to Rocky Mount. We stopped in Chapel Hill for Sunday dinner with mother and then headed east. We discussed our future, our first home in Columbia, and our teaching responsibilities. I had rented a large two-story weather-board house from Mrs. Carrie Sykes. In turn, I had sublet the upper floor to the high school football coach and his wife. I had not seen the house, but Zelma and I looked forward with great hopes to our first home together.

East of Rocky Mount the countryside grew more open, flat and sandy with greater evidence of poverty and less of industry. This was tobacco road with all of its illiteracy and human destitution. Such an experience supported my already well developed liberalism, grounded in my sensitivity to human need and in the social reality around me. Poverty exists in the hearts and minds of people, not in God's just order. Society could eradicate these conditions if people willed to do so, and this could come about only if people gained the social intelligence prerequisite to human freedom.

Although Zelma's background had been quite different from mine, she too was sickened by what she saw. She had seen poverty and tragedy in the southern textile mill villages, for her father and two of her brothers were textile chemists. When the mills closed, real hunger appeared. Getting a public education was difficult, and few young people went to college. They entered the mill as young as twelve years of age and seldom came out of it. The mothers worked at night while the fathers worked the day shift. The children by and large took care of themselves. The only solution to their problem was through unionization, but even then the road would continue to be a rough one.

Mile after mile through the swamp land there was not a single dwelling, only the great cypress trees full of moss that was as beautiful as the snow on white-capped mountains. Zelma was impressed by the two-car freight and passenger train with its smoke hovering over the swamp land like a fog coming in from the sea. We crossed the Scuppernong River and pulled up in front of the town's boarding house hotel, first to see Mr. Cox, our county school superintendent, and then to settle ourselves into our new home.

It was nothing to brag about, just an ordinary two-story weather-board house without bath, running water or basement, but it was livable. An open pit served as toilet facilities where chemicals were used to promote decomposition, keep down the odor, and avoid the spread of disease. Water was available from a surface pump on the back porch. It tasted like a mixture of iron and sulfur and was not fit to drink. For drinking water we depended on a charcoal cistern. We had four rooms on the ground floor--kitchen, two bedrooms and a living room. The McKinneys, the football coach and his wife, had three rooms upstairs.

It was not long before I was fairly well integrated with the life of this small town. Except for a well-to-do group which ran Columbia, North Carolina, both socially and politically, the people lived at a very low economic level. At times the farmers had hardly any money. Sometimes their potato crops hit the market early enough to get a good price. But when the weather broke against them, the cost of shipping the crops was larger than the market price for potatoes. The commission merchant who loaned the money and provided the fertilizer got his profit before the farmer got anything. The return was so small one year that many farmers turned to distilling alcohol in the swamps only to be caught by the federal revenue agents. At Christmas time there was not enough money to buy the children even a small doll or wagon.

The cultural backwardness of the farm families was reflected in many ways. For instance, some refused to use an iron plow, believing that the metal would poison the soil. Crops were planted by the moon, and there was little evidence of respect for the breeding of cattle or hogs. Also, there was the tendency to follow the line of least resistance, resulting in a narrow, restricted diet, especially in winter. Many families lived month after month with little more than a pork diet, which had a definite effect on the school program.

To improve the educational program in Tyrrell County, it was necessary to consolidate the schools. W.D. Cox with the support of the county board of education worked out a plan to consolidate all of the county schools into two systems, one in the southern part of the county and the other in the city of Columbia. All of the students were to be bused into these two systems. As might have been expected, the rural people strongly opposed the consolidation plan, though their children had much to gain. Attached as they were to "the little red school house," the people threatened to shoot anyone moving equipment out of it. In the early hours of one morning, W.D. Cox and myself took a truck and moved the needed equipment out of these schools into the Columbia school building.

School opened as planned on the first day after Labor Day, and I was proud of a good beginning. The building and grounds had been given a good cleaning, and a new furnace was installed to heat the enlarged area. I painted the school library and cataloged and rearranged the books. The science laboratory equipment and the school supplies were straightened out. The old three-story brick building was now supported by a new brick building, the second floor providing an auditorium with

stage and dressing rooms. The lower floor of the new building held the home economics room, an office, a shop for the agriculture teacher, and two classrooms.

Each of the five elementary school teachers had many years of experience in the public schools. All except one of them had grown up and lived in or around Columbia. In fact, only one of them had ever taught elsewhere. Yet I could not have asked for greater loyalty and devotion. The two teachers of the third through the sixth grades were spinsters. Mrs. Sykes, a very mature and kind widow, taught first grade. Mrs. McKenna taught second grade, and Mr. White, a pleasant, handsome, middle-aged man, taught seventh grade.

The high school consisted of grades eight through eleven. Zelma was teaching some of the English courses and both of the science courses offered. I taught all of the mathematics. Miss Laurine Haynes, a quiet, modest girl whom I had known at the university, taught the other English courses and two years of French. Mr. McKenna, who rented the floor above us, taught history and social studies along with his coaching responsibilities. Miss Kaufman was the home economics teacher, and Mr. Polson had been hired to develop studies in agriculture.

The largest administrative tasks were to build up the morale of the students and to increase public interest in the schools. We published a school newspaper, developed good baseball, football and basketball teams, produced plays and school programs, and worked with the Parent-Teacher Association. The monthly school newspaper was called MUF, meaning "Move Up Forward." And move up we did. The students worked hard soliciting ads, writing articles, and gathering news. They learned more this way about life in the school and city, about business practices, and about producing a newspaper.

Large numbers turned out to see the football games. These games gave the students opportunities to visit neighboring towns and cities. On one occasion the team crossed the Albemarle Sound on an old fishing boat known as the "Mammie G." During the trip back, with a full moon shining across the bow of the boat and a slight ripple of the water, we sang songs and told ghost stories. Half way across the Sound, the large oil engine which powered the boat broke down, but this only added to our sense of satisfaction and peace with the world. Not until early Sunday morning did we dock in Columbia, and no one had any difficulty going to sleep.

In the athletic program my role was to coach the girls' basketball team and the boys' baseball team. The baseball team was only average, but the girl's basketball team was a real winner. They almost won the state championship in my second year as coach, and the next year, after I had returned to the university, the girls' team came out on top. They played a clean game, but they played to win. They proved what could be done with only a moderate amount of equipment and an outdoor clay court. More than ever, I became aware of how good school leadership affects student performance. The town's people commented on the new life in the students and their interest in school. Occasionally a discordant note was sounded about how we did nothing but "dance and play ball," but these voices were overpowered with the full support of the Parent-Teacher Association.

The most bitter attack on the school came from the Baptist minister who arrived in Columbia toward the end of my first school year there. When we first arrived in Columbia, the Baptist minister, Mr. Johnston, was a well-educated man from Tennessee who had come there for his health. He and I got along exceptionally well. I even joined his church and preached two sermons for him. With the return of his health, Mr. Johnston went back to Tennessee and was replaced by a dyed-in-the-wool hard-shelled, "window-washing" Baptist minister. From his first Sunday in Columbia he began to attack the school, preaching against teachers who bobbed their hair, painted their cheeks, wore short skirts, and smoked cigarettes. For the first and second Sundays I ignored him, but when he kept up this tirade, I had to accept his challenge. It was heartening to see the people back up their school. Though the minister Pritchett lasted through the summer, our victory was won by the end of the year. He later left the ministry and became a life insurance salesman.

The school board provided no funds to carry on school activities, so we had to make our own money through athletic games and two plays each year. The teachers contributed their part along with the students. I ended up making the stage scenery. While I never took a course in theater, nevertheless my teachers had commended me for my drawing when I was a student. By combining my drawing talents with hammer and paintbrush, I managed to produce the necessary scenery. None of the teachers would have won an Oscar, but they did put on a good show.

In many ways life outside the school was far more turbulent and often less satisfying than life in the classroom. There seemed to be no end to problems. I marvel at the complacency with which many people cope with everyday situations, but I have always been cursed with a deep aversion to disorder. First our landlady refused to do anything to improve our living conditions. The McNairs moved out, leaving us with all the rent to pay on the entire house. Then Zelma became pregnant. We had not planned for a child this soon, but now that one was on the way we speculated a great deal about what he or she would be like. Zelma began playing the piano in the movie theater for which she earned the grand sum of $5 a week.

One of our most exciting weekends was spent on a trip up the Scuppernong River on a sleek cabin cruiser operated by a government agent who enforced the fishing laws. We made the trip with Mr. and Mrs. Cox and two other friends. Going up the river we got close to nature and away from the push and pull of civilization. The quiet silence was broken only by the chug-chug of the boat and by the fish jumping in the water. For the entire ten-mile trip there was not a single house or road or break in the forest. The river ran deep dark and silent as if brooding over our intrusion. At the end of the first leg of our trip we pulled over to the bank and spread a well-packed lunch. The heavy vines which hung from the trees were covered with Scuppernong grapes, too green to eat. We returned to Columbia in the late afternoon, rested from an experience that lives on in fruitful memory.

Our first baby was to be born sometime during the latter part of May, and since I would be in Chapel Hill for the summer session, we decided to move to Durham for a month until the baby was born. When school closed, we headed west for Durham, but not before the school board had agreed that Zelma could continue to teach the next year if she desired.

We located a small apartment near Watts Hospital, and through the owner, Mrs. Louge, we found a reliable physician. The month in Durham was a pleasant interlude which comes from time to time in the life of an individual. One night, in the wee hours of the morning, Zelma began labor, and we rushed to the hospital. We had called Dr. Felts, and he had arrived at the hospital before we did. The hours passed with all the usual doubts and mute meanderings of the mind before the child arrived, a strong, impressive eight-pound baby boy. We were so proud of him that then and there we named him William Earle Drake, Jr.

Now we needed to get reestablished in Chapel Hill in preparation for the summer session, for I was determined to continue my work toward the master's degree. We located an apartment with Mrs. Sparrow, whose husband had recently died and who, therefore, needed a source of income. She was a pleasant lady, and the rooms she had available were suited to our pocketbook and needs. The 19th century house was small but shaded by large beautiful oak trees to make the summer days cool. These conditions were especially suited to our young son who was a healthy, vigorous child.

What does it feel like to become a father for the first time? Since this has been happening millions of years, there should be no mystery, but every time it happens there is something new for the father. I had no difficulty in realizing that I had new responsibilities, but my life had made me very sensitive to human need, and a young child, my child, had become a frightening responsibility. If anything, we did too much to help nature rather than too little. Our basic responsibility to humanity is the development of the soul (feeling) and the mind (intellect). Nature will take care of the body if the physical conditions are suitable for normal development. We worried about Bill's physical growth and development, but our anxiety was not good for him, though our intentions were good.

By the end of the summer we were back in Columbia with a new housing problem. We had rented what seemed to be the only house available in town and had paid three month's rent in advance. But when we arrived the owner informed us that the rent had been increased. With the first heavy rain the roof leaked, but the owner refused to do anything about that. We wanted to move immediately. But where to go? We explored every possible channel, until finally a young lawyer friend offered a small house on the river front. It was not what we wanted, but it was better than what we had.

To live on the water front of the Scuppernong River is an experience that would live in anyone's memory. One night, with the tide coming in, a storm arose. In two or three hours the water had risen all around us. Just as we thought we would have to take to a boat, the water began to recede. As a grim reminder of the terror of the sea, an iron relic of an old ship which had sunk decades earlier stuck up out of the water in front of us. I remember best those nights when the rays of moonlight reflected their beauty upon the deep black water of the river. Once a traveling salesman went over the curved bridge into 70 feet of channel water. All night the lights of the boat trying to grapple the car played up and down the water front. When the car was finally pulled out, the driver was missing, and to my knowledge he was never found.

Our second year with the Columbia schools turned out to be much more satisfying than the first. Now that we had come to know the people better, and they us, there was greater mutual understanding and appreciation. There were, of course, the usual ups and downs both in the home and in the school, but nothing serious. The earlier opposition of the rural people turned into full support. Still, there were some like the father of eleven children in school and another child on the way who voted against an increase in the school tax. The irony of the whole thing was that he was a tenant farmer who paid no taxes anyway. It will take a long time for the people of the world to grow up.

Our young son was such a source of joy and satisfaction that he became the talk of the town and the mascot of the school. Everyone loved him, especially the Negro maid, Addie, and Ellen, and eighth-grade student. Bill's chubby face, his bright eyes, and his good nature made him a joy to behold. When we were at a meeting or playing bridge, he would sleep in the back seat of the car with never a troubled moment. When Zelma was playing the piano at the movie house on Saturday evenings, he took her absence in stride as he did everything else.

In March, 1928, I received a letter from Edgar Wallace Knight which was to change the whole course of my life. A Peabody Fellowship was available for me at the university if I would return and begin work toward the Ph.D. degree. I had known all along that I would not stay in Columbia for long, though there was great temptation to do so. Here once again was the opportunity for me to continue the search for my God and for the freedom which I had more and more come to realize was the root of all true liberalism. It was an eternal craving in my soul and a desire to render greater service to humanity that had led me to the university in the first place. Now it was calling me back. I wrote Dr. Knight immediately to say how glad I was to have the opportunity to return to the university which had helped to nurture my liberalism. Now it was to help me take the next step in my search for a more meaningful world in which to live.

In May, 1928, Zelma and I said farewell to Columbia, to our friends, to the boys and girls we had taught, and to public school teaching. We had arranged to live in the house which mother and I had owned since I was a sophomore. Zelma had secured a teaching position with the public school in Princeton, North Carolina. Mother would return to take care of Bill Jr. What furniture and belongings we had not shipped by train, we piled on top of the car. Driving out of Columbia we looked like gypsies taking to the road. It was a good thing we did not know what lay head for us, otherwise we might not have had enough courage to make the change. One thing helped me here as it had helped me as a child. I had no fear, for my guardian angel would see me through to my cherished goal.

Chapter 6

AN UNRECONSTRUCTED REBEL

1928 - 1939

Returning to the University of North Carolina, I began a new period in my life more mature than I had been as an undergraduate because of the four years of public school experience, but also because the die had now been cast to spend the rest of my career as a college teacher. Higher education would mean opportunities to wrestle with ideas and to provide intellectual leadership in a democratic society. Little did I realize how anti-intellectual the American people are, and how rugged the road would be in trying to uplift those who did not want to be uplifted. The respect for the college professor has disintegrated with the decline of our culture during the past 30 years.

During the summer of 1928, I completed the Master of Arts degree and was ready to begin doctoral studies in the fall semester. My main field of study would be history and philosophy of education, with supporting work in history, educational psychology and school administration. Two languages, French and German, would also be studied, and a dissertation would be written. These tasks were pleasant, even the languages which earlier had been difficult for me. Without a university course in German, I passed the examination after only ten private lessons and individual study. I now regret having been in too much of a hurry to complete the degree and return to teaching. In the short period of nine years I had earned three college degrees, served as a public school teacher and administrator for four, and assisted Dr. Edgar W. Knight for two years as a teaching fellow.

The teaching fellowship was no burden. For ten cents each, I graded papers. Dr. Knight was never at odds with me. He had a formality which caused one to stand back from him, but his actions always indicated that he supported me completely. During the summer of 1929, I taught my first university class, and Dr. Knight thought my effort was more than satisfactory.

Writing my doctoral dissertation was very satisfying. The development of "Higher Education in North Carolina Before 1860" was my topic. The basic ideas behind the founding of the University of North Carolina and the ways in which those ideas were implemented were thrilling. The minutes of the faculty and board of trust meetings over a 70-year period were fascinating. Professors and students seemed to come alive on every page. Reading about students throwing brickbats at faculty until the early hours of the morning was a new insight into college life for me. The dissertation was awarded the Alphonso Smith Research Prize, an award of the graduate school of the University of North Carolina.

Zelma was teaching at Princeton, and I visited her on weekends. This arrangement was not too much of a hardship, since my mother was taking care of "Billie Boy," as I called our son. Our greatest fear was that Zelma might become pregnant again.

Bill Jr. was a healthy baby, but at times he frightened us out of our wits. One morning he complained, "Billy can't see." In desperation we took him to an eye specialist in Durham. All of our fears soon turned to tears of joy when we learned that Billy just had a cinder in his eye. [Nevertheless, the event later proved to be prophetic.]

During the summer of 1919, Zelma took Billy to visit her relatives in both Charlotte and Columbia, South Carolina. Grandpa Paxton reminded me very much of my own grandfather, salt of the earth, Scot-Irish, large, raw boned, kind and free-hearted. I drove Zelma and Billy to Charlotte, and mother came along for a brief visit. We also visited relatives in Asheville.

Dark clouds were on the horizon, clouds that were to affect many lives drastically. Aware of the approaching economic crisis and fearful that the small bank in Chapel Hill would fail, we deposited our meager savings in two banks in Charlotte, the First Federal and the American National. The one we thought was the stronger, the First Federal, was the one which eventually failed. We lost half of our savings, and the prospects of a position after completing my doctorate seemed darker and darker. The fifth major factor in my life was upon us: the failure of capitalism.

When measured in terms of the American dream, the economy is a failure. Our continued efforts to maintain the economy by sticking our heads in the sand and yelling out, "The communists will get you," marks the end of the "Democratic Aspiration." Our prosperity, which is only apparent, must be measured against the massive poverty on one hand and extreme wealth in the hands of a few on the other. False prosperity must also be measured against our loss of a sense of a better world and against increasing crime and our lack of concern for moral values.

There was time for little else but study. I was being increasingly accepted by the faculty in both history and education. Consistently I made the honor roll and was beginning to speak out as a scholar on my own. In the field of educational psychology, my minor, I again studied with A.M. Jordan, who had been one of my undergraduate professors. As a pupil of Thorndike, Jordan's faith in education rested in inherited nature, especially the I.Q. Environment for him was secondary, but to my way of thinking the human individual does not develop simply by adding heredity to environment, for the quality of the organism's relationship to the culture must be taken into consideration.

In the area of school administration, I studied with M.R. Trabue, who had also been one of my undergraduate professors. He was always smiling, a good-natured man, but never too consistent in dealing with the scholarship of his students. At times he seemed to give an "A" for little or nothing, and at other times he graded so severely that one could not tell what the problem was. As a pupil of Strayer and Englehardt, Trabue expressed the point of view of Columbia University which was too narrowly mechanistic in its conception of public school administration.

With the history professors, I was very much at ease. They were individualists, as varied in character as the colors of the rainbow. J.G. deRouliac Hamily, a gentleman of the old South from South Carolina, had one persistent argument, the futility of the War Between the States. He was sure that, given more time, the slaves would have been freed. The big question, of course, was when. Fletcher Greene, a middle-class bourgeoisie and a fine historian, had no sense of the future or the value of studying history. The only history professor who had a dynamic sense of the future was Frank Porter Graham. For him the study of history was a means of throwing light upon the present. I was elated that he became president of the university when Harry Woodbury Chase resigned.

The evening of my final oral examination is memorable because of the fine spirit in which I was received. Earlier that afternoon I had taken a nap and then had a light evening meal. The examination took place in the library with about 15 members of the faculty present. Dr. Billy Noble asked me what the people of North Carolina thought about the university where the morals and manners of the students seemed inexcusable. I replied that my responsibility as a scholar was to present the evidence and not cover up the truth. The final examination behind me, I could now look forward to a college teaching position and the beginning of a new adventure.

President Graham offered his hand and welcomed me into the life of scholarship at the 1930 University of North Carolina commencement. As the blue and white hood fell across my shoulders, I knew it would be difficult to secure a teaching position. Zelma's salary had provided most of the family income, and I would teach during the summer session, but what of the fall--and the future? I had spoken with the president of a Virginia girls' college, but he had such a negative attitude toward the theory of evolution that I knew I would not be happy at his institution. The possibility of last resort was gathering and organizing primary sources for Howard W. Odum on "Education in the South."

Just when the prospects seemed most hopeless, a letter from a teachers' agency in Chicago announced an available position at Pennsylvania State College. I made application immediately. This was the position for which I had been hoping. Once again my guardian angel had come to my rescue. Now it was up to me.

Will Grant Chambers' response to my letter of application to the Pennsylvania State College was encouraging. He invited me for an interview that week. The trip to Pennsylvania was a vacation for the family as well as business for me. Zelma had traveled as far north as Washington, D.C., but I had never been out of North Carolina except for one trip to Chattanooga which brought me back through Georgia and South Carolina. Confident in the future, we traded the old Nash coupe for a new Dodge sedan and left one August morning for points north. In spite of the onset of the depression, like many other neophytes of cultural development, I labored under the illusion that people in the northeast were prosperous, free and well educated compared with the people of the south. Just how much of a false notion this was I would soon discover.

The journey to Pennsylvania State College revived that intuitive sense of the meaning and significance of the open road. On the way we stopped in Washington. That night we drove into the hills of Maryland, and when sleep began to overtake us, I pulled to the side of the road for a three-hour nap. The world and all that was in it was very beautiful when I awoke the next morning just as the sun was rising over the roll of that beautiful countryside. Though I had slept but a few hours, I was as refreshed as if I had come out of a pool of cool, clear water. With confidence and assurance I drove into State College in ample time for the interview with A.S. Hurrell, Director of Teacher Training Extension, and Will Grand Chambers, Dean of the College of Education.

These two gentlemen were the kind of men I wanted to work with as professional colleagues. Their qualities of leadership were not necessarily unique, but they were mature, prudent and kind men. Chambers asked whether I thought I could teach the teachers of Pennsylvania who were much my senior. At 27 years of age, I told him that I was sure that I could and would do a good job. They said they would let me know their decision within a week. When the position was offered, I was already mentally prepared for the move. But what of the family?

The final arrangement was to go to Pennsylvania for one year by myself. Mother and Billy would remain in Columbia. Zelma had secured a teaching position in Orange County and would be able to visit her family home on weekends. When the day of my departure arrived, there was some sadness, but not one of us had any doubt that we would soon be together again, and that in due time a new world would open up for all of us.

In my conversation with Dr. Hurrell, I learned much about my teaching assignment for the coming year. I was to teach extension classes in various cities in western Pennsylvania as the need arose. My headquarters would be in Pittsburgh where the college had a teaching center administered by Ella Lobingier, who was to become a very dear friend. Dr. Ellsworth Lowry, who lived near New Kensington, Pennsylvania, established and organized the extension courses. While I was speaking with Hurrell, a man who was to be one of my colleagues came in for his teaching assignment. William E. Vaughan had also been assigned to the Pittsburgh area, and since he had no car, I invited him to ride with me.

Driving across Pennsylvania to Pittsburgh, I became increasingly aware that most of what I had heard about the prosperity, progress and freedom of the northeast was more myth than reality. Two matters in particular made a deep and lasting impression on me: the utter hopelessness and poverty of the Pennsylvania coal mining villages and the immense slums of Pittsburgh. Vaughn, who was much older, and who had seen much more of the world and become less sensitive than I, did not seem particularly bothered by the manifest misery in which the people in the slums lived. He said that I would live and learn. Yes, I did live and learn, but not in the way he thought I would.

Vaughan and I went directly to the office of the college to meet the lady who administered the program in the Pittsburgh area. She was the most unusual woman it has been my privilege to meet, or even to read about. She was heavy on her feet, not so much as a matter of being fat as an abnormal functioning of the glands. Her heaviness, however, in no way interfered with her mind or her efficiency. She had been a teacher in the Pittsburgh public schools, and late in life she had married a lawyer by the name of Lobingier, whose first wife had died in childbirth, leaving two young sons to be raised. Throughout the years Ella Lobingier had proved her worth, not only in raising the two boys and in presiding over her household, but also as an outstanding teacher of teachers and supervisor of instruction. On first meeting her, I knew that, although as a rule I did not care to work with a woman as my administrative superior, with Ella Lobingier it would be different. In the nine years I worked with her, there was not even a single incident of discord or misunderstanding. At all times she gave me the support I needed, and when I resigned in 1939, it was with a sense of real loss for both of us.

Since I would be without my family for a year, I decided to locate in the residential area of the University of Pittsburgh. I found a suitable room in a house occupied by a number of instructors and graduate students. They were cordial and congenial, in fact too much so, for they often carried their joviality to disturbing rowdiness. While there were occasional moments of solid intellectual discussion, more often than not the talk turned to sex and good bourbon. By and large, modern man is not as far removed from his primitive ancestors as we would like to think.

From Dr. Lowry I received a clear picture of my work for the coming year. On Saturday mornings I would teach a class in the Pittsburgh teacher center, and during the week I would travel from town to town in western Pennsylvania wherever an extension class was desired by twelve or more teachers. The program was self-financed, each credit hour costing the teacher seven dollars. A teacher was allowed to take as many as six credit hours each semester toward a degree or certification.

In the college world much controversy had been generated over the relative value of extension instruction. Viewed narrowly in comparison with courses offered on college campuses, extension courses are not potentially equal in quality to the campus courses. In actuality, however, the true value of a course is related more to the quality of the teaching. Viewed from the need to upgrade the quality of public school teaching, extension teaching served and continues to serve valid purposes.

To say that I learned much about the American way of life during my first year of extension teaching would be a gross understatement. More and more I came to understand that I would remain an unreconstructed rebel--though neither the defender of the racially prejudiced agrarian Bible Belt nor blind to the limitations and failures of the industrial northeast. I had come to Pennsylvania in the first year of the Great Depression, and would see the effects of this depression on the bodies and spirits of thousands of people, young and old alike.

The courses which I taught were much the same as those I had studied at the University of North Carolina, though there was considerable difference between being a student and being a teacher. Also, extension teaching is more difficult than teaching on a campus, for at least twice as many different courses must be taught during any one semester. During that first semester I taught two different courses in history, one in educational psychology, one in abnormal psychology, one in curriculum construction, and two in history and philosophy of education. In addition to teaching in the Pittsburgh center on Saturdays, I also taught in the towns of Altoona, Clearfield, DuBois and Warren during week days.

Early every Monday morning I left Pittsburgh, driving as much as 600 miles each week before returning. Teachers took one course from four o'clock to six-thirty in the afternoon and another from seven-thirty to ten in the evening. After spending the night in a hotel, I would be on my way early the next morning to another class in another town. To improve the quality of my work, it was necessary to take along a library for each course. By reading definite assignments, the students received different points of view other than that of the textbook.

I would not want to travel 600 miles a week throughout my career. Nevertheless, I am grateful for the early experience, for it provided a good balance with my love for books. Traveling alone hour after hour, I had time for reflection. In the fall there was nothing more drab than the denuded hills of the coal mines around Johnstown, Pennsylvania. Then, with winter, all the dirt and drab were covered with clean, white snow. With the coming of spring, the scene changed to a budding green, and there was a feeling in the air that life once again had returned to the barren earth. Throughout it all I could not help but think and feel that much of the natural beauty that existed in America when the white man first came to the new world had been destroyed through blindness and greed.

What of the people with whom I came in contact? They were a typical cross section of the American population, as good a sample as found anywhere. First, there were the teachers, good people, but not the intellectuals I had been led to believe they might be. Surely, they responded well to my efforts, but they definitely lacked a positive interest in theories of education. By and large they looked upon me (a teacher in Altoona once complained) as "radically democratic."

Secondly, there were the administrators, men who were no more advanced in educational theory than the teachers, and therefore almost without exception men who served as puppets of the economic and political forces in their communities. They discussed the profession of teaching, but such talk was little more than a shibboleth of honeyed words. One superintendent of a large school system used a select group of teachers as stooges for the administration, paying them bonuses justified on the grounds that they were superior teachers. Another superintendent controlled the teaching function in "his" school system so well that he knew on what page in what book and at what time each elementary teacher was instructing on any given day. Another protested against teachers having any voice in the state teachers organization on the grounds of their incompetency. Many other such disappointing incidents could be related, and yet these administrators had assumed roles of leadership in American education. In one sense, however, they were not to be blamed; they were only a part of an American cultural pattern. On the other hand, their failures added up to the failures of education in America.

Other than the teachers and school administrators, my contacts were largely with hotel employees and guests, gasoline station attendants and automobile mechanics. At this time in 1930, there was much fear of the future. Factories and coal mines were closing, unemployment was rising, and hunger was increasingly evident on the streets of Pittsburgh. Politics were coming more and more to the front, and both President Hoover and the Congress were severely condemned for their failure to turn the economic tide. One heard much talk about a march on Washington if action was not taken soon. The dominant characteristic of the people was that they knew what they wanted, not much to be sure, but they did not know how to go about getting it.

For the Christmas holidays I drove back to Chapel Hill. Since leaving my family in the fall, I had determined much of my future, at least for several years. While I had written to Zelma about my new experiences, it was better to have the opportunity to talk them over with her. We decided that she would come to Pittsburgh as soon as her school was out, and that we would consider the possibility of building a new home in Bradford Woods where Mrs. Lobingier lived. Bradford Woods was a small, pleasant village just 20 miles north of Pittsburgh, the kind of place in which we thought we would like to live. Like all Christmas vacations, the time was much too short, and before I had found time to rest from the 570-mile trip south, I was back on the road to Pittsburgh.

By spring, 1931, I was getting into the true spirit of my job, though the continuing threats of a deepening economic depression were all around. Conditions in the mining villages were growing worse, and more steel mills closed. More and more people were walking the streets of Pittsburgh, more and more crowded around the Salvation Army headquarters, and more and more newspaper headlines shouted business failures and personal disasters.

In the nation's capitol, matters did not seem any better. Both the President and the Congress were living more in the 19th century than in a 20th-century crisis. All the President seemed interested in was appointing commissions to study the deteriorating situation. In some ways all of this added up to the challenge of my new position. As an unreconstructed rebel at the age of 28, I thought I had something to contribute to the alleviation of poverty and human misery. I strove valiantly to make that contribution through my teaching.

My own personal problem was what to do about my family in the fall of the next school year. As a part of our plan, Zelma came to Pittsburgh as soon as her school was out to look for a house or a lot on which to build one. After much speculation we decided to buy a piece of ground, covered with tall oaks, sloping to the road. The one-and-a-half acre plot was located in Bradford Woods directly across the road from the home of my supervisor, Mrs. Lobingier.

We secured a reputable contractor who agreed to complete our new home by the end of August. We had decided on a one-and-a-half story "Old English" structure with full basement. Having completed that semester's work, I returned to Chapel Hill to pack everything for the move to our new home.

Also, a great deal of repair work had to be done on the house in Chapel Hill. The bathroom was to be relocated, and a breakfast room was needed on the back of the kitchen. I have always found much satisfaction in working and building with my hands, even putting up a single board and driving but one nail.

There seems to be a definite relationship between the origin of ideas and remaining in close contact with the natural environment. Contrary to Plato, I do not believe that ideas are derived from some supernatural realm, or that concepts are separate and apart from life around us. In the creative act one finds the true God, not in the barbaric forms of worship and idolatry. In remodeling a small weather-board house I found true communion with the essence of being. For this reason I have made it a part of my life to enjoy my work, literally to habituate myself to this outlook toward my work.

When one is busy working at a job, the days pass rapidly, and so it did not seem long before we were once again on our way north, this time to a new home. Zelma had bought a small Ford car to meet her responsibilities as principal of an Orange County school and to drive back and forth to Columbia on weekends. We decided to take both cars north, Zelma and mother in the Ford, Bill, Jr. and I in the Dodge. By taking both cars, we were able to carry all of our clothing and most of our household items.

The trip through the Shenandoah Valley was the kind of aesthetic joy that quickly embeds itself in one's eternal soul and consciousness, which makes one wonder whether there is more truth than fiction to Rousseau's well-known "back-to-nature" theme. The American frontiersman must have suffered much from hunger and cold, but surely his life in the great outdoors brought much nobility to his soul.

Our house in Bradford Woods was everything we had hoped it would be. It was a beautiful place in spite of much needed landscaping. As the driveway curved up the hill through the tall oaks, it gave the place a sense of natural restfulness. When we saw the house, we knew that no mistake had been made in the location or in the selection of building materials. I thought about the landscaping--a vineyard here, an orchard there, shrubs all the way up the driveway and around the house, and a lawn in both front and back. The Tudor English structure of brownish red brick on the first level and plaster and board on the second blended well with the surrounding area. Inside, the house was as pleasing as it was outside. With a full basement and space on the second floor for additional rooms, we had all the necessary space. To make things as right as they could be, our furniture arrived that afternoon. By nightfall everything was in order for a much needed and deserved rest.

What was life like in our new home and in the community of Bradford Woods? Most of the people living in the village were business people who worked in Pittsburgh. There were a few skilled laborers, and only Mrs. Lobingier and ourselves were educators. Our next door neighbors were devout Catholics, and during the nine years we lived side by side we became the best of friends. No one ever had better neighbors in sickness or in health. Many years later, we were still receiving Christmas cards and letters about their growing grandchildren.

Wishing to become an integral part of the community and to work for its betterment, we tried to participate in the community non-denominational church. As previously indicated, I had long since ceased to find any satisfaction or hope for the future in church creed or doctrine, and so had made the choice of going my own way. Nevertheless, I was ready to try again; maybe circumstances would be different. I should have known better, for once again, and for the last time, I was to be disillusioned.

It came about in this fashion. The teacher of the men's Sunday school class was a dyed-in-the-wool Republican lawyer. He insisted on a literal interpretation of Scripture without any application to the every-day problems of life. I was of the opposite persuasion and began to question what the Bible had to say about the prevailing poverty in Pittsburgh and the needs of working people. These questions frustrated the teacher so much that he threatened to leave the class if I did not. As you might have guessed, I left the class, and for good. What a travesty on both the teachings of Jesus the carpenter and the democratic process.

Problems, problems, problems--it seemed we had more than our share in those days. First, the deepening of the depression had brought such a reduction in the finances of the college that my salary was cut 25%, down to $3,200 a year. Since I had obligated myself to pay $150 a month on the house, I was caught in a financial straitjacket. The only escape was to refinance the house, but such was not immediately possible. In time I did find a ray of light in the forthcoming national election.

Demands grew that Washington take drastic action increased. Each day the steel mills in and around Pittsburgh grew more and more silent as the smoke itself dried up in the smokestacks. Daily the number who came to beg for lunch at the home for the poor grew larger and larger. Out in the city dump, little dog houses were springing up, but to house poor and impoverished human beings rather than dogs. The harsh Pennsylvania winters made these hovels, without sanitation or heat, unbearable. Before long these people, many of whom were veterans of World War I, were lining up behind a priest named Cox to march on Washington, D.C., seeking relief from their government, only to be met by army tanks and guns under the command of the popular American general, Douglas MacArthur.

For those of us who had jobs, life seemed safer, but this false sense of security was but shadow rather than substance. True, whole pork loins sold in the marketplaces of Pittsburgh for less than five cents a pound, and even legs of lamb for a song, but how could one enjoy such delicacies with the lingering thought of children with empty stomachs and pallid faces, their parents jumping off bridges for fear of a future without employment. This deep-rooted religious sense forced me out of the church to be called a communist by the reactionaries. I was not only a protesting Protestant but an "unreconstructed rebel" as well.

The deepening of the depression increasingly called for action on the part of the federal government. The election of Franklin D. Roosevelt seemed a gift from heaven to a people in great need. Roosevelt was far more sincere and honest than most Americans realized. His was an authentic sense of social justice, a pragmatic sense of how to make things work. He was a man of action who truly cared about others on the other side of the tracks. When Roosevelt entered office, many who had supported him, failing to appreciate his genuine liberal spirit, turned against him because of the legislation he sponsored. For instance, in order to put the country back on a sound financial basis, Roosevelt closed all the banks. At the time, I was preparing to leave Pittsburgh on one of my teaching tours when the order came, and I did not have enough money to take with me. This financial mess played havoc with the lives of millions, especially the elderly. Nevertheless, now, thank God, someth-

ing was being done to correct the failures of capitalism. Still, I wonder whether we really learned anything after all.

As the summer of 1932 approached, it became evident that Zelma was again pregnant. Zelma wanted to return to Durham where Dr. Felts, who had delivered our first child, could now deliver our second. In the early part of September, at the beginning of Zelma's eighth month of pregnancy, we drove to Durham and rented an apartment across the street from the hospital. I returned to Pennsylvania to continue teaching. On October 9, 1932, our second son, Dennis Clemens Drake, was born, a strong, healthy and perfect child in every possible respect. During the Thanksgiving holiday I drove Zelma, mother, and our new son to Pittsburgh.

In the following summer of 1933, we came very close to a major disaster and the loss of our older son. On an August afternoon Bill Jr. had gone to a swimming party with other children under the supervision of a trained nurse. Suddenly a cold storm blew up, and before the children could change into their clothes many of them, including Bill Jr., had gotten chilled. We did all we knew to avoid a serious illness but to no avail.

Bill Jr. developed pleurisy and then pneumonia. His illness lingered day after day. After four weeks, with his temperature down to 92, we called a specialist. The recommended treatment included an immediate blood transfusion. With right sleeve rolled up, I stood by the side of Bill Jr.'s bed and watched the doctor pump blood out of my arm into the boy's veins just above his heart.

Within a few hours there was a miraculous change in Bill Jr.'s condition, and within a few days he was back on his feet. However, it became clear that if Bill Jr. was to recover completely, he needed the warmer climate of the south. Since mother's sister, Aunt Ella, was moving to Florida, we decided that mother would accompany Bill Jr. to St. Petersburg. One Saturday morning we drove to Lexington, Kentucky, where they caught the train for Chattanooga, Tennessee. From there they went by car to the Pelican State. It would be almost a year before I would see mother and Bill Jr. again back in Chapel Hill.

Following Bill Jr.'s recovery, matters seemed to be going well despite the depression and the 25% salary reduction. Dennis was a fine healthy boy, so healthy in fact that he was able to push over a cabinet filled with china and glassware. Aside from the financial loss, there was nothing to be upset about. I was now better adjusted to my work, and as the weeks went rapidly by I gained new perspectives on the ways public schools, impoverished as they were both financially and intellectually, were operated. How could the schools possibly contribute to the upgrading of the quality of the American mind? It was not the fault of the teachers but rather of the American people who had little or no perspective on the full potentiality of the educational process.

Bill Jr. improved so quickly in Florida that it was possible for him to return to Chapel Hill in May of 1934. Zelma, Denny and I met him and mother in Raleigh, North Carolina, and drove to Durham for Bill Jr.'s thorough physical examination at Watts Hospital. We were overjoyed when the doctor pronounced Bill Jr. a well and healthy boy. With a feeling that we had entered into a new world, we drove to Chapel Hill where the family would stay during my summer session in Altoona.

I had been subjected to the fear of Bill Jr.'s death in the summer of 1933, and in the summer of 1934 I had no sooner returned to Chapel Hill than Dennis contracted a severe case of amoebic dysentery. Again, it was a case of fighting a bitter battle for a child's life and finally winning out, but not before a series of blood transfusions, a month's lingering on the edge of life, a struggle to maintain nourishment, and then finally victory over death. This time Zelma furnished the blood and sat up night after night with Denny until he began to improve. Great credit must also go to the medical profession and to two able young physicians. The fact that both of our boys became medical doctors is due in part to an outgrowth of these critical childhood illnesses.

By the fall of 1934, Roosevelt had put a number of programs into operation, including the Home Owners Loan Corporation to which I immediately made application for a loan on our house. When my application was rejected, I requested a hearing which was scheduled within a week. The second request was granted, and the monthly payments were reduced to $50.00 which I was able to manage without serious difficulty. Now it was even possible to invest small amounts in the stock market.

My curiosity about the stock market was long-standing. From the standpoint of economic justice, I felt that this way of making money was neither morally right nor scientifically sound. Yet, until it could be made evident to the American people that such a system should be replaced by one that put a premium on labor, intellectual as well as physical, rather than on power control and the gambling spirit, operationally speaking I was on sound ground.

During the breaks between my travel and teaching schedule, I became acquainted with the stock exchange personnel at the Hemphill-Noyes Company in Pittsburgh. It was interesting to watch them, though with some disgust, warming their chairs while examining the big board which indicated price changes on the New York Stock Exchange. Though I made no fortune on the stocks which I bought during this period, I did make a reasonable profit.

In no way is the American economy free, unless freedom be defined in terms of privilege, power and chance rather than intelligence and moral justice. This perspective is verified by the fact that the ministry and teaching are the lowest paid professions in the United States.

During the depression, most of the large corporations went into the red, but with the approach of World War II, their debt shifted to the federal government. Those who owned stocks in these corporations became fabulously wealthy overnight, not by virtue of their own acts or intelligence, but by virtue of war. And who carried the federal debt? Not the stock holders, but rather the American people as a whole, particularly those with income in the $5,000 to $15,000 range. No, this was not justice, and sooner or later it will prove to be the Achilles' heel of the American democracy. There are various kinds of slavery and, as Horace Greeley once said, economic slavery is the worst of all.

My best opportunity for leadership during the period from 1930 to 1939 was in the teachers union, though there were also the League for Independent Action and New America. At a meeting of the League in Cleveland, Ohio, I met John Dewey, for my first and only opportunity to speak with him.

In Pittsburgh I became acquainted with a number of public school teachers and members of the faculty of the University of Pittsburgh and the Carnegie Institute of Technology. Soon we discovered that there was a sufficient nucleus to organize a teachers union. Not long after we made application in the spring of 1935 a charter was granted. True, there were a few communists in the group, but they never had sufficient power to control the union.

First as president of the Pittsburgh Teachers Union and then as president of the Pennsylvania Federation of Teachers, I struggled as a member of a minority group to upgrade the quality of education in the state by enhancing the status of the profession of teaching. Despite all the arguments raised against teachers unions, from a realistic appraisal of the situation, unionization seemed to be the best available means to solve the teacher status dilemma. In an economy based on the profit system, with no collective bargaining power, teaching, like the ministry, could only occupy the lowest rung on the professional ladder. Without the power of collective bargaining, which even Hollywood and Broadway actors had, teachers fail to develop a sense of pride and personal worth. With the disintegration of the teaching profession comes the disintegration of a free society. Men are driven from the classroom and teaching tends to become feminized.

The attempt to organize teachers into a union was aggressively opposed by school administrators across the state. It was assumed that the power of school administrators was executive in nature,

thereby separating the administrator in action from the teacher and associating the administrator with the school board.

On one occasion I learned that the Superintendent of the Pittsburgh Public Schools had called me a communist. At the next school board meeting, I challenged his allegation. If he had not vehemently denied ever making such a remark, I was prepared to sue him in the courts for defamation of character. It is not possible to assess how much good I did as president of the teachers unions, but I tried to provide the teachers with able leadership.

The summer of 1935 brought a new opportunity to teach on the campus of Pennsylvania State College. It would have been a delightful opportunity had it not been plagued by one more family tragedy. Bill Jr. was shot in the eye by the child next door. I rushed home with anxious feelings, wondering just what I had done to bring this tragedy down upon the head of my son. Would the bullet affect his brain? Would he be blind in one eye? Once again I walked up to the shadow of death but was spared. With a powerful electromagnet, after charting the path of the bullet, the skilled physician pulled the lead pellet out of Bill Jr.'s eye. Once again the marvels of medical science stood in striking contrast to our failures in the field of human relations.

The election of Earle as Governor of Pennsylvania made it possible to secure the passage of a tenure law for teachers. The necessity for such a law had already been demonstrated in many ways. Teachers across the state had been denied their annual salary increases by firing them at the close of school in the spring and rehiring them in the fall. Also, teachers were losing their positions constantly without just cause or reason, especially those teachers with qualities of individuality and leadership.

The proposed tenure law was sponsored by the teachers union and backed by the labor organizations and the Democratic Party. According to the law, no teacher could be removed from his or her position unless found guilty of 1) knowingly violating the state school laws, 2) adultery, 3) insanity, or 4) incompetency. Those who objected to the law argued that it would protect the incompetent, for it would be difficult if not impossible to prove incompetency. This argument proved an interesting turnabout, for on the grounds of alleged incompetency school boards in previous years had been firing teachers. Now that they had to prove incompetency, school board members were admitting that they had been dealing in mere words rather than in realities. Experience with the tenure law since 1935 has tended to support the position of the teachers union, although practice has resulted in some modifications.

By the fall of 1935, having been in Pennsylvania for five years, I wondered what I had accomplished and what future lay ahead. Extension teaching promised an uncertain future at best, and no one could continue on the road without losing the time for research and writing necessary for professional growth. The possibility of joining the Pennsylvania State College faculty was remote, for that faculty was already overstaffed in my area. The difficulty was increased by conditions of the deepening depression, for few colleges in the nation were adding new faculty.

During my depressed mood over such thoughts, Dean Edmundson of the College of Education at the University of Michigan called to inquire of my interest in an assistant professorship. Of course, I was genuinely interested in a position with such an institution which offered real promise. Dean Edmundson followed his initial inquiry with an invitation to visit his campus. I was convinced that I would soon be moving into a new life. But such was not to be the case, for I did not convince several members of the Michigan faculty of my potentiality. With great disappointment I received the letter informing me that no action would be taken to fill the position at that time. It was not the first of my disappointments, and I knew it would not be the last. Again I determined to profit from my failures as well as from my successes, so I turned to my work with renewed determination to grow more in the next five years than I had in the past five.

While traveling the highways of Pennsylvania during the summer of 1935, I became increasingly aware of the threat which the rise of Adolph Hitler posed to the world. For sometime I had been convinced that the industrial leaders of Germany had placed Hitler in power to block the Soviet Union. This move seemed to be a last resort, for extensive sabotage efforts against the U.S.S.R. had all resulted in failure. Here was tragic evidence to this "unreconstructed rebel" that capitalism had failed at the moral level and in doing so had also made the world vulnerable to both communism and fascism (Nazism).

Now, traveling through the mountains listening to the car radio, I heard the voice of Adolph Hitler, the voice of a man inspired to do evil to his fellow man, riding roughshod over all who dared to oppose him, crushing his opponents when necessary with his iron military heel. Cold logic and human intuition assured me that Hitler's actions pointed to another, more tragic war. This I anticipated, but hardly the extermination of millions of Jews. My racial innocence hardly prepared me for the intensity of Nazi brutality.

In the spring of 1936 I received a letter from Dr. Edgar W. Knight inquiring of the possibility of my returning to the University of North Carolina the following summer. He would be traveling abroad for the next two years and wondered whether I could get a leave of absence for that period. It was impossible to get a leave for two years, but I could return to Chapel Hill for the summer. After mother had returned from Florida with Bill Jr., we thought it best for them to stay in Chapel Hill for another year so that Bill Jr. could recover fully from his illness. Thus, Bill Jr. had returned to Chapel Hill for his second year in school, and he and mother were there when Zelma and I arrived for the summer session at the University of North Carolina.

The twelve-week session was an interesting interlude in my life as an "unreconstructed rebel." Six years in Pennsylvania had provided deeper insights into the problems and limitations of American education. I taught my students with the sincere interest of a learner who is concerned for his students learning with him.

In all my years of teaching I have found that students respond positively to the extent that the teacher motivates them. If the teacher values what he is teaching, the students are apt to do likewise. Education in the American culture was of great importance to me, and it became so for my students also.

Chapel Hill was as beautiful that summer of 1936 as it had been when I first arrived 16 years earlier. Reflecting back on the passing years, I could see myself first as a struggling freshman, then as a college senior soon to launch a new career, then in 1928 as a young married doctoral student, and finally in 1930 the proud recipient of the Ph.D. degree and the Alphonso Smith Research Award. Six years had passed since Frank Porter Graham placed the doctoral hood over my shoulders, and now I knew the experience of successful college teaching. I also felt that one man, Edgar W. Knight, had implicit confidence in me, and that sooner or later a real opportunity would come my way. And come it did, but not for another three years.

The 1936-37 school year passed in the routine pattern which had been established in previous years, but with one significant change. I received a special three-week supervisory survey assignment in the New Castle Public Schools. The specific assignment was to observe the two junior and one senior high schools and to write a detailed assessment with recommendations for the superintendent. What I discovered was not to my liking.

The senior high school carried the same face that many high schools carry today, with no interest except athletics. The coach was the dominant authority figure. Without central authority, each department in the school went its own separate way. Morale was better in the junior high school located in the town's lower-income section. The superintendent brought his most severe criticism against this junior high school, largely because the teachers gave their first loyalty to their principal.

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Also, these teachers preferred a salary cut rather than lose vocational courses which the school board and superintendent threatened to remove from the curriculum.

In my report I warned the superintendent that if he cut the vocational curriculum with the hope of saving the teachers' salaries that year, the board would cut them the next year. That is exactly what happened. Today American public education is in a bad way, but it has been that way for many years.

The winter of 1936-37 in Pennsylvania was harsh. Snow fell the week before Thanksgiving until May. Outside Spangler, Pennsylvania, I was delayed for 24 hours because a hearse was stuck in 17 feet of snow. Later I traveled over the mountains near Altoona behind a snow plow to get to a school only to find it closed because of the bad weather. Vivid experiences on the highways and in the towns still remain in my memory.

One night near Higginsville a child plunged across the highway like a rabbit blinded by the lights. His head plowed into my left door window. I rushed him to the hospital where he remained unconscious for 48 hours. Later I learned that the poor boy had not progressed beyond the first grade, and interestingly enough he was on his way home from a church meeting with a group of children when he ran into my car.

On another occasion a small boy at the railroad station in Johnstown asked to carry my bags to the hotel two blocks away. He took the lighter bag, and we began talking along the way. In the course of the conversation, the young boy stopped and, looking down at his feet, said in the frankest way, "You see these shoes on my feet. Well, I hooked them. Do you think I did wrong?" Having mentioned his family's poverty, his mother's illness and the death of his father, the boy reminded me of Jean Val Jean in Victor Hugo's great novel, Les Miserables. Did he do wrong? It was not for me to judge, and that is what I told him.

Then there is the remembrance of the face of a child pressed against the window pane of a shabby one-room hut near Clearfield, looking out on a cold, bleak winter's day. Was she hungry and cold, lacking love and affection? I knew not, but I do know that this face has continued with me through these many years as a symbol of the superficiality and lack of sincerity within our civilization.

With the coming of spring and the melting of ice and snow, the rivers began to rise along with the threat of flood and devastation. First, Johnstown went under 15 feet of water, though the loss of life was not as great as the town had suffered earlier. Then the Golden Triangle of the City of Pittsburgh and our teaching center on Duquesne Way went under water. It took several days to clear sewage and debris from the bank vaults and theaters, but the real loss was the meager possessions of the poor people who lived along the river front.

More and more I realized that if I was to progress with any writing and research, I needed to be on a college campus. Just when it appeared that my chances for such an opportunity were nil, I received two letters, one of which eventually provided the chance of a lifetime.

The first letter came from Dr. Harcourt A. Morgan, President of the University of Tennessee, who was searching for an assistant to help carry on the duties of his office. While I met Dr. Morgan in Washington, D.C., and enjoyed a most pleasant visit with him, that prospect did not materialize. The second letter arrived in January, 1938, from Theo W.H. Irion, Dean of the College of Education at the University of Missouri. In due time I arranged a meeting with him in Atlantic City, New Jersey. When I fist met him I knew that he was a man with whom I could work successfully. After returning home from the interview, I received a second letter from Irion inviting me to teach at the Columbia, Missouri, campus during the 1938 summer session. This prospect, however, was impossible because of previous commitments, but the invitation was extended to the summer of 1939, and this invitation I gladly accepted.

Earlier I had received an invitation to consider serving as an administrator at Arthurdale, West Virginia. Arthurdale was an experiment in community living carried on under the auspices of the U.S. government, an experiment in which Eleanor Roosevelt and Rexford Tidwell were deeply interested. I traveled to Arthurdale partly for personal reasons and partly because I was committed to the concept of social engineering. Here was a genuine experiment in social engineering, and had it been given the full financial support which it deserved, it would have succeeded.

Arthurdale had been built into a beautiful community by retired miners and their families. Around the central neighborhood house, the men had built attractive two-story Dutch Colonial homes on four-acre plots. During the two years prior to my visit, the school children had developed and matured as well or better than those in any normal American community. The largest problem was providing an economic foundation for a cooperative community. Because of this problem, the community failed, sabotaged by outsiders who considered Arthurdale an experiment in socialism. Also, conflicting religious denominations and blind self-interests contributed to the downfall of an experiment which showed immense potentiality for the American society.

Before leaving for the University of Missouri, I engaged in a battle of letters with the executive secretary of the Pennsylvania State Education Association. The secretary represented the interest of business and industrial wealth rather than students, parents, teachers or the general public. The control which the money interests were able to exercise over the schools in Pennsylvania was centered in the school administrators who, in turn, controlled the teachers association.

This situation led to the organization of additional teachers unions. Classroom teachers began to participate in their association affairs. The letter controversy centered around these developments. The association secretary affirmed that he would not associate with hod-carriers, to which I retorted that the great founder of his religious faith had been a carpenter. One positive result emerged from the controversy: classroom teachers gained equal status on the executive board of the state teachers association.

In the summer of 1938 I took a month's vacation on the Little Pelican in the beautiful lake country of Minnesota. An invitation was extended by Dr. Verne Wright of the University of Pittsburgh and his wife Jean. A relative had been gracious enough to give them free access to a cottage. Since Zelma had left for Charlotte, it was a golden opportunity for me to get away from the routine of family and extension responsibilities. Life on the lake was deeply satisfying, for it offered numerous opportunities to be alone. In the mornings I would rise at a very early hour and walk down to the water's edge where I sat on a huge rock and with feet dangling in the water, engaged in solemn meditation. What had I made of my life? Where was I going? How well had I lived up to that oath which I had made to myself as a young boy working in a restaurant on Biltmore Avenue in Asheville?

Within me there was an internal gnawing, a feeling of frustration, a conviction that I should be achieving more than was humanly possible. At that time I was less realistic than I later became about my ability and the possibility of changing the world for the better. This religious conviction had led me into teaching, and it continued to burn in my soul. Sleeping, resting and playing tennis helped to revive my spirits, and when I started back home I was a cleaner, fresher man.

On the way home, Verne wanted to visit a relative in Iowa, and I wanted to go through Columbia, Missouri, to see what my possible future home might be like. What I saw of Columbia I liked, but Irion was out of town, and so I did not get to see him. Verne warned me that there was a kind of midwestern conservatism and stodginess about Missouri to which I would find difficult to adjust, but I was already in the spirit of Missouri and insisted the he "show me." Verne said I would have to find out for myself.

The most somber note of the whole pattern of the times for me was a compelling conviction that war was inevitable, and not too far off. My prediction went so far as to guess the time of the beginning of the new world tragedy within a period of six months. Hitler's madness had reached fever pitch while he and Mussolini with their legions ground the masses of Spain into blood and chaos. The fact that we Americans and the British permitted this debacle is another tragic failure of the capitalist world. Is it any wonder, then, that when I left to teach the 1939 summer session at the University of Missouri I was more an "unreconstructed rebel" than ever before?

Chapter 7

"*YES* AND *NO*"

I was on my way to Missouri, again in the pattern which had become a large part of my life during the past nine years, driving hour after hour, day and night, rain and shine, alone with my thoughts. There was no hurry that June morning in 1939 as I headed the car toward Indianapolis and points west.

As I drove through industrial slums and the open countryside, from the beautiful hills of western Pennsylvania to the wide, treeless plains of the Midwest, I thought of settling myself for the summer session. I had to succeed that summer, for my entire future was hanging in the balance. Of my ability in the classroom I had no doubts, but how would members of the Missouri faculty react toward me? In the new cultural environment, there would be no room for teachers unions. I had not changed my philosophy, but Columbia was not a union town.

At the Tiger Hotel in Columbia I learned that most of the visiting summer school faculty would be staying there during the eight-week period. The hotel was only three blocks from the university, so I wandered over to the campus. The campus, with its contrasting white and red brick buildings, was attractive. The red brick buildings were on the older part of the campus which included all divisions of the university except the sciences and the College of Agriculture. The striking contrast between the two divisions of the campus was due to the fact that the state legislature was dominated by farmers, and since it was not difficult to get money for the white campus, the red campus was continually short changed both in faculty and in buildings.

The office of the Dean of the College of Education was in the Laboratory School Building, for no money had been allocated by the State Legislature for an education building. Dean Irion was as gracious as he had been at our first meeting in Atlantic City. He gave me a pleasant welcome to Columbia and asked about my family. My office would be in Jesse Hall, a combination administration, auditorium and classroom building. Irion arranged a luncheon with several members of the faculty and a meeting with President Middlebush. I left Irion with an even stronger intuition that I would be staying at the University of Missouri in the fall.

The next morning at the hotel I met Dr. Francis Cornell from Columbia University. He was like no one I had ever met. Tall and lanky, he spoke with a modified New York brogue. He appeared well grounded in his field, statistics. Both of us were interested in reducing our living expenses, so we arranged to share a double room at the hotel. Cornell, finding the Missouri heat intolerable, took his mattress to the hotel roof in order to sleep.

Through Cornell came inside information about the faculty with whom I would be teaching. He suspected that I was being considered for the permanent position which had been vacant for the past two years at the University of Missouri. Cornell warned against taking sides in the long-standing feud between Carpenter and Rufi. Together they had written a book and gotten into a dispute over its revision. Both Carpenter and Rufi were later to become two of my very best friends, but in personality they were completely opposite, Rufi being blunt and straight-forward, Carpenter sensitive and idealistic.

An eight-weeks summer session always passes rapidly, and this was especially true for the summer of 1939. I knew the eyes of Missouri were upon me, and I put forth my best efforts in the course on philosophy of education. I was well received by the education faculty, especially by both Dr. Carpenter and Dr. Rufi. Both were Kansans by birth, and in spite of their personal differences they

provided outstanding leadership to school administrators throughout the state. Carpenter provided an idealistic fervor for public education, while Rufi added a high note of scholarship and administrative efficiency.

My interest in Irion continued to grow, not only because of his administrative position, but also because of his philosophical approach to educational problems which we discussed quite frequently, particularly in relation to the future of the democratic way of life. Irion expressed a deep understanding of the significance of freedom of knowledge to the democratic process. He was of German ancestry, which only added to his antipathy toward Hitler and all that he represented. Also, Irion carried the earmarks of a scholar and a gentleman in appearance as well as in disposition.

About the middle of the summer Irion asked me to stop by his office. The hour of decision had arrived. Irion did offer me the position of Associate Professor of History and Philosophy of Education at a salary of $3,900 with the possibility of promotion to full professor in three years. I expressed my keen interest in joining the University of Missouri faculty and in having the opportunity to work with him and other members of the college of education toward the improvement of public education in Missouri. In order to make the move, many things would first have to be done.

That night I wrote Dean M.R. Trabue of the Pennsylvania State College. Trabue had been a member of my doctoral committee at the University of North Carolina and had gone to Pennsylvania in 1937 upon the retirement of Dean Chambers. In my letter to Trabue, I expressed my regrets for leaving Pennsylvania and especially for the loss of the opportunity to continue working with him. The future possibilities at Missouri, however, were so commanding that I could not reject them.

Whatever my regrets in leaving Pennsylvania, it was absolutely necessary to get out of extension teaching. There were no problems with any of my administrative superiors--the President, Dean, Extension Director, or the Director of the Pittsburgh Teaching Center. All of these fine professionals had been considerate, and none had ever failed to give the support and cooperation needed. Also, I had enjoyed teaching the teachers of Pennsylvania, for they never failed to express their appreciation of my efforts in behalf of their professional growth. While Pennsylvania had not turned out to be the land of milk and honey for me, I did learn much during the nine years there, and I have only strong positive feelings toward the people and their culture.

The major problem was to find a house to rent, at least until I could sell our house in Pennsylvania and purchase one in Columbia. Renting a house was not easy, for very little construction had been done in Columbia during the depression. After searching for several days, I located a house about one-half mile from the campus which seemed to be satisfactory in size at $55 a month. The well-built two-story house had a large sleeping porch on the second floor. At least we would have a place to live in the fall at the beginning of a new venture in living.

Before I could leave Columbia for Bradford Woods, several master's degree students in my philosophy of education course had to take final examinations one week early. Of that group two failed and complained that there had been too much noise around the building to concentrate during the examination. I agreed to their retaking the examination on the condition that, since they would be taking the same examination, in order to pass they would have to attain the class average. They both agreed to this condition and expressed their appreciation, at least until the papers were graded. One passed with ease, but the other failed miserably. The next morning he came to my office and bluntly stated that he had not received a square deal. You can imagine my consternation. Without saying a word, I walked to the door and gave the fellow the high sign. He went his way without uttering another word.

You can hear it said that experimentalists do not stand for anything. If you think this is true, test one of them on the question of integrity. I patterned my teaching on the basic principle that I will bend over backwards to help any student, but I will refuse to fall down. This is a living example of how

one experimentalist learned to apply the Christian principle of mercy with the rational principle of justice.

In a period of just eight weeks, I had begun to become a part of a new world in Columbia, though more in action than in thought. I was much more a part of the Pennsylvania mind. In the past nine years, we had even become strangers to the North Carolina climate. Just how much time must pass before one loses conscious contact with the past? With a sense of genuine joy I crossed Ohio back into Pennsylvania. Even the weather was with me on that August day. In the late afternoon I arrived home, glad to be alive and safe.

The problem of selling our house was more difficult than I had anticipated. Despite the efforts of a number of real estate agencies, the house had still not sold by the time we had to leave. We did, however, rent the house to a good family. It was difficult to bid farewell to our friends and neighbors, especially for the boys. There is nothing more heart-rending than breaking up childhood friendships.

Our last evening in Bradford Woods was spent with Mrs. Lobingier, who prepared dinner for us. Despite her physical handicap, she possessed a quality of mind which enabled her to accomplish with ease and quiet confidence all that she undertook. She earned the praise of all who knew her. As we sat in her library talking about the future of Pennsylvania education, I marveled at her depth of understanding and insight into the nature of our problems. She was fully conscious of the fact that without a strong and able teaching profession little could be accomplished by way of upgrading the quality of American education. While she never said so, inwardly she had only praise for my efforts in organizing teachers. She did not express a sense of great loss at my leaving Pennsylvania, for she was confident that the move to the University of Missouri would be in the best interest of my future. After that evening I never saw her again, but until the end of her life she remained a true and lasting friend.

As we drove down the long curving driveway on that September morning in 1939, we took a last look at the beautiful home we had entered in the fall of 1930 with great hopes for the future. It was much more than a house filled with memories of nine years of human struggle and endeavor, for it had contributed to the molding of my life and the lives of my wife, our boys and my mother. I would miss the place on which I had poured much physical energy, and I wondered then if moving from place to place did not contribute to the uprooted nature of American life. Soon we had taken our last backward glance at the last vestige of our Pennsylvania home as it faded into the distance, but only physically, for the place continues to live in the recesses of my mind.

Now once again I was traveling the road to Missouri, but this time with my family. The questions which Bill Jr. and Dennis were asking indicated their sense of adventure and yet their insecurity as well. When we entered Missouri, it had never looked better to anyone than to its new citizens from Pennsylvania.

Our first major problem was to settle into our new home at 410 Stewart Road, but our furniture was not scheduled to arrive until the following morning. We decided to look around the town where we would live for the next 18 years. Columbia presented a welcome picture in contrast to Pittsburgh. With a population of 30,000, the town was clean and fresh like the morning air, although there was also the typical "town and gown" split between academic interests and social perspectives. Because of its three colleges, Columbia had been unwittingly dubbed the "Athens of the West." Even with all its college life, however, there was little of the love of wisdom which characterized Socrates, Plato and Aristotle. There was a lack of freedom of spirit which would continue to plague me and blight the atmosphere during my 18 years at the University of Missouri.

The main thoroughfare through the center of town, Broadway, held most of the businesses, though there were many other establishments on several side streets. The three hotels, along with several motels located on the outskirts of town, were more than adequate to care for visitors except on

football weekends when the whole town was crammed with drinking alumni. Movie houses and beer taverns were the most frequented places, retreats for the non-intellectual college students. The best residential areas were in the southeastern and southwestern sections of town. Columbia also had its Negro slum district as well as homes for low income families.

My first year at the University of Missouri was a year of orientation to campus life, even though I had been a teaching fellow at the University of North Carolina for two years and a member of the Pennsylvania State College faculty for nine. Close contact with campus life pointed up the great contrast between the words which affirm the meaning and value of higher education and the paltry, petty actions of so-called educated people. I do not mean to denigrate or to speak despairingly of my associates, for many of the faculty became close personal friends. Also, there were faculty members whose qualities of character and wisdom were as high as any comparable group in the nation. What sickened me most was that in matters of status, salary and promotion, self-interests and power politics were the most dominant notes.

Adjustment to faculty life and responsibilities was made simple through the monthly faculty club meetings, the meetings of the local chapter of the American Association of University Professors, and discussions held in faculty homes. Judging from their reactions, I seemed to gain respect both as a scholar and as an individual, particularly from the faculty of history and philosophy as well as from the faculty of education.

Compared with my work in Pennsylvania, my teaching load was not heavy, though in a one-man department, it was necessary for me to teach a wide range of courses. Teaching history of education, philosophy of education, comparative education and social foundations of education was difficult from the standpoint of specialization and research, but good for my general education. Also, Irion sent me on a two-week visit to the schools of St. Louis County. Since these were considered the best schools in the state, the experience did prove to be well worthwhile.

One of the greatest differences between teaching in Missouri that first year and my experiences in Pennsylvania was in the students. Missouri students were younger and less socially conscious. Their deportment was good but their interests in college were not academic. I proceeded to test their seriousness about the teaching profession. Some 30% were truly interested in their intellectual and professional growth, 60% were indifferent, and the remaining 10% could not have cared less. An average of 10% failed my courses, but I never felt that in principle I was doing anyone an injustice. The facts that 90% or more were women, and that the men were from the physical education department, may have contributed something to the lack of genuine intellectual interests, but I feel rather that the outlook reflected the typical perspective of a small Midwest town. The highly acclaimed football players were far more often than not very poor students.

Since I had taken the place of Dr. Crusoe, I also assumed his office which he had shared with Dr. A.G. Capps on the first floor of Jesse Hall. Townsend, the associate dean, spent much of his time in that office talking with Capps. Later I realized that Townsend was suspicious of my good relationship with Irion and was soliciting support for the deanship at a later date.

Hitler's ravings and madness finally led to open war in Europe, a war to which America had undoubtedly but unwittingly contributed. Tyranny had come to Germany by more than the will of a single man, so war came to the western world by more than the will of a single nation. The British and American policy following the defeat of the Spanish Republic contributed greatly to the beginning of war in 1939. By openly permitting Hitler and Mussolini to provide the support Franco needed to destroy the Republic of Spain, both the United States and the British Empire gave evidence of moral bankruptcy. This was all that Hitler needed to initiate hostilities in Europe. Underlying these conditions was our fear of communism, and what has happened since has only contributed to our further moral disintegration.

Love of country has been an integral part of my life and should be considered the sixth major factor in my life. I have always been more or less a realist, but I have never been guilty of identifying love of country with the political and economic power forces which tend to rule our nation. The ideals set forth in the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights should never be confused with the political, economic and military vested interests expressed by power groups. The ideals of our country are one thing; those who exploit those ideals, yet quite another. Deeply disturbing is the ignorance of those who questioned my deep loyalty to the land of my birth. As Emerson said, a true patriot does not carry his heart on his sleeve, for those who yell the loudest are either shallow minded or have an axe to grind.

Now that Hitler and his madness were turned lose in Europe, he had to be stopped, even if America must go to war. I am positively opposed to militarism of any sort, believing that it can never solve any problem; however, I do not advocate pacifism which, in the long run, is yet another social disease and, like war, can never solve any human problems. Wars and revolutions are a continuing part of our social reality. They will continue until a solution is found to the basic problems of human relations within, not outside, the quality of our actions.

Hitler presented a formidable problem to the western world. When I suggested that we go to war to stop him, many of my students thought I was mad. Yes and No was the crux of the entire matter; it was not a clear-cut issue as most would liked. The question was settled for us by the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. Hitler's declaration of war which followed sealed the issue for sure.

The effect of war on higher education at the University of Missouri was as drastic as anticipated. At Pennsylvania State I was a victim of the Great Depression. Now at Missouri, I would become one of the first casualties of World War II. The loss of regular students was made up by a continuing education program for draftees. The slack in my normal duties was taken up by an assignment to teach history in the Army Specialized Training Program. I especially enjoyed this assignment because of the fine spirit of the young men. I also resumed my earlier role in extension teaching, an assignment which proved to be strenuous, but it kept me busy.

Given the circumstances of war, it appeared desirable that our relations with the U.S.S.R. be improved. Several faculty members sponsored programs to encourage this goal, but extreme conservatives questioned our democratic purpose. Nevertheless, on the whole our efforts were very well received.

One of the organizers of the Communist Party suggested that I join. My answer then was just what it had been in Pennsylvania and what it has always been: I have never been a communist, and I never expect to become one. I thanked the organizer and told him that I could best serve my country and humanity as a free and independent individual.

The problem of communism continues to be a danger to the American people largely because of their fear. But, as President Roosevelt said, "There is nothing to fear but fear itself." Our largest problem is facing up to the social realities of our time.

In one regard the communist issue effected my teaching, especially in comparative education which included a study of education in the U.S.S.R. All of the evidence I could muster, and the conclusions which seemed logical after plowing through a mass of propaganda, pointed to the growing power of the Soviet Union and the build-up of that educational system. If the U.S.S.R. were as great a failure as most of our propaganda claimed, why were we afraid? Even when Hitler's army was defeated at Stalingrad, most Americans could still not believe that the communists had won a great victory. No, it was American equipment that had won the battle. Eyes are now beginning to open, but from an educational point of view we are still blind.

We had placed our two boys in the University Laboratory School, being under the impression that the laboratory school was a better school than the public schools. Also, this arrangement seemed politically wise. Actually there was no truth in either assumption.

In theory the concept of the "Laboratory School" is potentially one of the more significant educational ideas of modern times. It could accomplish for the educative process what the science laboratory had accomplished for the advancement of our knowledge of chemistry. The tragedy of the laboratory school has been its lack of support, and in no laboratory school has this been better demonstrated than at the University of Missouri.

The single purpose of the University of Missouri Laboratory School had been reduced to enable future teachers to practice teaching. Instead of staffing the school with the most competent and able teachers available who could conduct educational experiments comparable to those of John Dewey at the University of Chicago, the school was staffed largely by student teachers who needed financial aid. The average pay was that of an instructor in the college of education, considerably less than that of a public school teacher in St. Louis. Consequently, not only was there a compete loss of the genuine historical purpose of the laboratory school, but the children became its victims.

In June, 1940, at the close of my first year at the University of Missouri, we returned to Asheville to visit my childhood home. Time takes its toll and memories fade. I fully realized what Tom Wolfe meant when he wrote, "You can't go home again." The mountains were as glorious as they had ever been, but even they did not seem as warm and inspiring as they were in my childhood. I drove down East Street to my grandfather's home, but it had burned down. Miss Janie Boone's house was still standing, but it was in decay, without paint, looking ever so small. I left hurriedly and drove to West Asheville to visit Aunt Bessie's family.

Time works havoc on all of us, and so it had for Aunt Bessie's family. The children I had known in childhood were now grown, and their mother who had given birth to thirteen children was now broken in body. Grandmother, who was living with her daughter Sara, was racked with tuberculosis, and her body had withered.

On the weekend we drove to Inanda to visit Uncle Eugene and to see the little Inanda church where grandfather was buried. Uncle Eugene had remarried a younger woman. He still had pride in the little church and saw that the building and the cemetery were always in good condition. We stayed only one night. Within the year Uncle Eugene fell dead in his backyard, the victim of a heart attack.

The house in Chapel Hill had been sold, and it now appeared desirable to buy a home for mother in Asheville. This prospect also promised to be a good investment, for real estate was at a low point that year. We found a two-story wooden house in fair condition, but it needed painting. Since the occupants were not moving out for two weeks, we visited Zelma's family in Charlotte, North Carolina.

Charlotte seemed even more strange than Asheville, primarily because of the changes that had taken place in Zelma's family. Her father had retired. He was kind and considerate. This was to be my last visit to Charlotte.

Back in Asheville, we finalized the purchase of the house for mother and made short visits to other relatives. Uncle Bill, though still active on the Asheville police force, was in poor health. He helped me select a new Smith and Wesson .38 caliber pistol at wholesale price, believing I needed protection on the highway. I did get a thrill from my mountain "Rat," for it alone seemed not to have changed for the worse. Having settled mother into her new Asheville home, Zelma, the boys and I headed back toward Missouri, moving through the passes of the Great Smoky Mountains which recalled their uplifting power I had known as a child.

During the winter of 1940, problems with our rent house on Steward Road in Columbia increased to the point where it was necessary to relocate. The situation was complicated because mother had found it untenable to stay in Asheville, because of the high altitude she said. The sale of our home in Pennsylvania had netted some $4,500 which could be used as a down payment on a new house. Lumber was at rock bottom prices, and a number of new two-story colonial houses had been built in the southwestern part of the city about a mile from the campus. Slow business and reduced university enrollment contributed to lower costs. With a down payment of $4,500, we purchased one of the houses for $7,300. Payments on the 17-year mortgage were $35 a month. After landscaping, painting and completing a few odds and ends, we moved into the new home in April of 1941.

War having begun in Europe in 1939 spread into a major holocaust. The social insanity of our century was demonstrated daily in the madness of Adolph Hitler and his German legions. Nihilism, the complete absence of any positive human values, had become the marked characteristic of modern warfare. Surely the bombing of cities filled with helpless victims must be characterized as nothing less than lust for power, murderous madness, and violent irresponsibility toward the welfare of humanity. Having failed to conquer the British, Hitler turned against the U.S.S.R. to conquer the heartland of Eurasia. But like all mad men, Hitler went too far. Much dying and devastation, however, would transpire before the man of violence would be brought to his knees.

The fall semester of 1941 at the University of Missouri began with a diminishing enrollment; however the deficit was overcome by the Army Specialized Training Program. More and more I was plagued with the question of whether there was ever any justification for war, though there is a difference between starting a war and defending one's nation against aggression. Surely we could not allow Hitler to conquer the whole of Europe and Africa, for, if so, it would not be long before he would ravage the Americas. On the other hand, what of the lives of people destroyed because they chose to resist? Would it not be best to let the evolution of humanity take its natural course, for Hitler would not live forever? But, then, were not the actions of men also determining factors in the course of evolution in nature? Truly, we faced a Yes and No issue, but I put myself on the side of those who claimed America had a moral responsibility to act. Now, with the present power of nuclear bombs to destroy our world, the moral pendulum may well have swung to the other side, for one must question whether we have the right to destroy all life on our planet.

An examination of all possible details of the attack on Pearl Harbor cannot completely absolve the American people for their part in helping to create the conditions which brought about this violent act. Yet, people must be responsible for their own actions, and in this sense the Japanese were surely responsible. The efforts of those who claimed Roosevelt was responsible never made sense to me, for F.D.R. was not morally insane. Regardless, Hitler's declaration of war against the U.S. terminated the practical issue. The war was on for America and, barring a future war with the U.S.S.R., the western nations would be forced toward greater social justice by the challenge of communism.

In early 1942, it became evident that Zelma was pregnant again. I was eager for another child, particularly a girl, believing that three children constitute an ideal family. If a girl, we decided to name our third child Caroline Imogene. Romantically I thought it would be nice to have a daughter in the family, though Zelma warned that girls were more difficult to raise than boys. On September 15, 1942, our third child was born, a daughter with long black hair, weighing six pounds and nine ounces. She was a joy and satisfaction in many ways. She was a happy child with good health. In the evenings, sitting in the living room, she insisted that I play with her. She liked to run back and forth across the room while I called out, "Here she comes, here she comes. There she goes, there she goes." She laughed as she wobbled along until she tired of the game and crawled into my lap to fall asleep.

Though the teaching load at Missouri was heavy, I had the gnawing feeling that I must publish in order to move ahead in the college world. I also felt that I had something to say about the improvement of democracy in American life through public education. I was eager to return to the writing project begun in Bradford Woods. One day a representative of a publishing company visited my office

and asked whether I was doing any writing. I spoke with him about the project, and he suggested that his vice-president might be interested. Soon I was signing a contract with Prentice-Hall, Inc. This arrangement increased my incentive, and after another year of intensive research my manuscript numbered 1400 double-spaced pages.

My first obstacle was the editor of the History and Philosophy of Education Series, E. George Paine, Professor of Educational Sociology at New York University. In response to my manuscript, on June 6, 1942, the series editor sent a copy of his report to the publisher:

> The author has done well what no other author has done in dealing with the history of education, namely, he has presented adequately all the social forces basic to present day [American] civilization....
>
> ...this book would fulfill a vital need....it is the sort of presentation we are going to need during this world conflict and the post-war world....
>
> Professor Drake is a liberal....the leaders in the National Manufacturers Association would become wild-eyed if they should ever happen to see this volume. They would accuse Professor Drake of being a Communist and everything else that is subversive. Imagine what some of our conservative ministers and others would think of his placing Jesus, Emerson and Lenin in the same category!
>
> ...I recommend heartily that this manuscript be accepted and published. I should feel honored to have it in my Series.

The manuscript was organized around the most crucial issues in American life: our credulity, our philosophic confusion, and the indifference to fundamental intellectual controversies. In addition, there were the problems centering around our religious immaturity, the trend toward Jingoistic nationalism, our exploitation--even the rape--of science, our crude concept of freedom, blindness to economic poverty, our propensity toward war and violence, our racisms and educational deficiencies. These issues and more were discussed in terms of our total cultural development and the trend toward a decaying democratic consciousness.

My promotion to full professor came in 1943 without any premonition of the storm brewing on the horizon. I sensed, however, that anyone who would work for the improvement of humanity would always be caught between his conscience and what convention would allow, even in a university. Vested interest in any direction is an unrelenting force, and when it is challenged it will always fight back.

The developing storm centered around the issue of segregation and the rights of Negroes to attend the University of Missouri. At first the issue was raised by the Victory Forum, an organization established on the pattern of the Town Meeting of the Air. On one Sunday afternoon I was scheduled to discuss the feasibility of several southern states establishing two or three outstanding Negro universities. Unfortunately I became ill on Friday before the program on Sunday and did not participate. Nevertheless, the Business Manager and the Vice President of the university called me about the discussion that very Sunday evening.

On the following Tuesday a three-page letter from Irion arrived stating that the President of the university would not tolerate my interference in the university policy disallowing the admission of Negroes. I had in no way interfered with university policy, and besides, that policy was determined by the Constitution of the State of Missouri. If the controversy had arisen prior to my promotion to full professor, it would surely have been used against me. As it was, I was harassed in a number of ways, even denied access to a university telephone.

No sooner had the Forum issue quieted down than I was confronted again with the issue of segregation. My first doctoral candidate, Robert I. Brigham, was writing his dissertation on "The Education of the Negro in Missouri." Bob and I discussed a chapter on the politics of Negro education. I feared it would block his successful oral examination, and indeed it did. At first Brigham chose not to remove the chapter, but after a month's delay he bowed to the wishes of those members of the committee who opposed him.

During 1942, 1943 and 1944, I had established good relations with the university faculty and the business men of Columbia. In 1943, I served as president of the local chapter of the American Association of University Professors. I also became an active member of the Central Missouri Philosophy Club and served as secretary of the Kiwanis Club. Within the next ten years I filled every office in the Kiwanis except treasurer.

My greatest challenge however came as a public panel member of the National War Labor Board, Region IX. Through mid-1945, I helped settle numerous disputes between labor and management in many of the largest corporations in Missouri. The last case, involving all of the steel companies in the Kansas City area, centered on wage scales amounting to $1,000,000. My efforts were well received by both sides in the disputes. At times one party or the other would have preferred to burn down the factory rather than compromise the issue. Others, however, as in the Emerson Electric case, handled themselves commendably and accepted the decisions of the arbitration panel in good grace.

One day Irion, who was ill, asked me to come to his home. In spite of the controversy over segregation, I knew Irion was my friend and that he thought very much as I did. Irion indicated that he had decided to retire from the deanship in the next year or so, and that there were only two members of the faculty whom he could recommend as replacement--Townsend and myself. Knowing the conservative nature of the university and its deliberate policy of inbreeding in the selection of deans, I predicted what appeared to be the inevitable outcome.

In the wake of Irion's illness came the death of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. I may have been prejudiced in favor of this man; history will decide his verdict. Regardless, it was indeed fortunate for our nation that Roosevelt was elected President in 1932. In spite of his critics and his own limitations, he did well by our nation. A comparison of his leadership with those who followed demonstrates his true genius. Surely, there would have been a great difference for the better in our relations with the U.S.S.R. if Roosevelt had lived longer. He had the wisdom to gain the cooperation of the communist leadership, an inclination at which others failed. When his death was reported, tears came to my eyes and to the eyes of many others throughout the nation. A great leader had passed, the likes of whom would not arise again for some time to come.

During the 1945 summer session, I received a call from Professor James Umstattd at the University of Texas. Edgar Wallace Knight had recommended me to help develop an army university program in Europe for soldiers waiting possible transfer to the Pacific theater. Immediately I knew that I wanted to go. Here was the chance of a lifetime, an opportunity to travel to Europe. I had long dreamed of just such an opportunity, for no education is complete without foreign travel. I lost no time in conveying the news to my family and to Irion. In each case there was expressed desire to accept my wishes, but Zelma was disappointed that she could not accompany me.

Professor Albrecht of the College of Agriculture was assigned to the same mission. We made plans together. Irion, who was enthusiastic about my new opportunity, cleared my responsibilities for summer school. I applied for a passport, made two trips to the Sedalia airport for processing, and purchased the necessary clothes and supplies. The physical examinations presented no problems, though there was little time for all of the required immunizations. I received five shots at one time, three in one arm, two in the other--typhoid, typhus, cholera, tetanus and small pox.

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In farewell I kissed mother on the cheek, hugged Denny Boy and told him he must now be the man of the house since his brother Bill was in basic training at a naval station on the Great Lakes, hugged my little daughter Carole Jean, who at the age of three did not understand, and kissed Zelma goodbye after telling her to keep her head up, that it would not be long before I returned, for a year passes faster than we realize. Pulling out of the Sedalia base, I took one long last look at my family, waving their hands until I was out of sight.

Just how horrible and tragic war can be I was to learn in my year abroad. In a number of ways the trip had a lasting effect on my life. There is a tragic Yes and No about war, and the only way to resolve the problem is for humanity to grow up in its capacity and willingness to resolve social differences through intelligence and consideration for others.

Chapter 8

RETREAT FROM REALITY

1946 - 1957

The decade after World War II left me, not with feelings of regret, but with a sense of intense struggle against forces which would have destroyed me except for a deep reservoir of internal strength. During this period there were many joys and satisfactions as well as professional development and individual growth. In a more pervasive sense, however, I was not a happy man. I was confronted with a dean who appeared to create trouble for me whenever he could. As I rode out of Pennsylvania Station toward Columbia, Missouri, that night in May, 1946, I had an intuitive sense of the approaching doom.

Sleep did not come to me that night. Again and again I reviewed the past year; many of the events now seemed strange, as did even the idea of returning home. Surely there must be a way of silencing the madness and confusion, a way of starting fresh once again. Yes, I was determined that matters would not turn sour. Still, I was not God, and I would realize this truth again and again in the years to come.

The year in England and Germany had been personally satisfying and maturing. Nevertheless, I was returning a sadder but hopefully wiser man. I was determined to be the master of my soul and a stronger person, whatever problems confronted me. With that mood I returned to resume my tasks at the University of Missouri.

In studying the situation that summer and winter, I thought the best solution would be to purchase a small farm for Mother just on the outskirts of the city. Mother liked the idea; she would have a place of her own where she could raise chickens and tend a garden. The idea also appealed to the boys, for they were interested in hunting. Here was a good opportunity for Carole Jean to have a horse--she loved horses. Zelma, too, liked the idea.

In the spring of 1947, a small farm and house were advertised in the newspaper for sale, just three miles north of the city. The price for the 36.7 acres was $3,600. It seemed to be what we needed and what our pocketbook could afford. The $2,700 which I had saved from my salary while overseas, along with $1,400 which remained from the sale of Mother's house in Asheville, would be enough to buy the place with a little extra left over to furnished the house and have some repairs done.

One Sunday afternoon we drove out to the farm when everything was plush and green. This may have been one reason why all members of the family, including Mother Drake, had no difficulty in deciding to purchase the farm. About 20 acres was still covered by native trees which we appreciated most of all. In front of the small house, just to the right, was a grand old white oak which had weathered more than 100 years, a beautiful tree with its many spreading branches reaching out like the ribs of an umbrella. Around the house, however, many other trees had been cut down to make way for the highway. The people selling the house had little or no appreciation for natural beauty.

Before agreeing to purchase I wanted to make certain that every member of our family was genuinely interested enough in the place to contribute his or her efforts toward the necessary improvements. Each one said by all means, make the deal. Each vowed to contribute his or her effort, even baby Carole Jean. With all the family agreed, the deal was closed, and we immediately began improvements on the grounds and the house so Mother could again have a home of her own.

For several years, I raised, bred and milked goats, but the final outcome was much the same as it had been with the chickens and the calves. True enough, I sold a reasonable share of the milk at 50 cents a quart, and the family had plenty for ourselves, but if you want to count the labor costs, even at 50 cents an hour, I was always in the red. On the whole, the goats were healthy, for loses were few, but I was plagued with false teats in the sales, and toward the end all of the does were afflicted with bloody milk. We did get a good supply of milk from the little creatures, but the boys turned against the project because so many of their friends teased them about eating goat meat. We did like our "goat friends", as we called them, for at times they seemed almost human. We even trained two of the bucks to pull a cart, and that was lots of fun.

I even tried raising ducks and hogs, but these ventures I gave up in a hurry. The ducks ate too much, and the hogs were forever boring under the fence. I had paid a high price for one registered sow, and she gave birth to a litter of 15 pigs, 14 of which I was able to raise. In that venture I came out all right. What I discovered, however, was that I just couldn't do all this farm work and at the same time do what was expected of me at the university. There just wasn't enough time, and, besides, I didn't have that much energy. The farm did serve the purpose of relieving me of my disillusionment with the university administration, but enough was enough.

Somewhere and somehow along the path of my childhood and youth I had acquired a soul, a moral sensitivity, a sense of mercy and of felt need for the whole of humanity. Over a period of years, this moral sensitivity had placed me in a position of opposition to "all forms of tyranny over the mind of man"--racial bigotry, religious dogmatism, political corruption, unequal educational opportunity, and economic tyranny. I knew morally, empirically and rationally that the American people had much less freedom than was verbally affirmed by the media, and that my deep-rooted moral awareness had placed me in direct conflict with those who, in one way or another, were identified with the status quo. This has been pointed out in my childhood relations to the church, and in my teaching and professional relations in Pennsylvania. It was to prove increasingly true of my relations with the University of Missouri administration, especially with the new dean, L.G. Townsend.

While overseas I had learned of Irion's retirement and Townsend's appointment as Dean of the College of Education. I had some foreboding intuition of what lay ahead, but no real insight into the bitterness that the situation was to bring. During the years in which I had known Townsend, I had thought of him as an honest, conservative realist, and I predicted no real difficulties in working with him. However, I was soon to discover otherwise.

My basic conflict with Townsend was due to his lack of respect for history and philosophy of education. He was unfamiliar with the significance of the field. Townsend thought of the teacher's function always and only in terms of subject matter and method. The responsibility of a college of arts and sciences was to teach subject matter, and that of a college of education to teach method. Education as a social process had no conceptual meaning.

Townsend's orientation was that of a small town school administrator. He carried this point of view into university life. Administration was a matter of political opportunism. Power he respected over and above scholarship, and he knew enough not to use power unless he held all of the aces. Such administrators affirm a belief in democracy, but their "actions speak louder than words."

My disillusionment with Townsend began in the first summer session after I returned from overseas. I had returned home two months earlier than my original commitment to the U.S. government in order to resume duties with the university at the beginning of the summer session. Although I resumed my full teaching duties and chair of the department on June 3, 1946, my base salary from the university was not restored until September 1, 1946. Townsend's failure to correct this situation was an affront to my pride and self-respect.

Townsend's attitude toward me and the department which I represented became progressively worse. Nevertheless, he never expressed any basic criticism of my work. On the one hand, he acted as if he did not think the study of history and philosophy of education was important for the teacher and, on the other, when orally examining graduate students, he would always ask philosophical questions. My salary was not increased in any significant amount between 1946 and 1955. My depressed salary created problems in my family life as well as in my self. I was a determined cuss with a great deal of iron flowing in my blood. I knew the day would surely come when I could and would call the cards. Yes, I could have slept better and achieved more had there not been such turmoil in my soul, but the turmoil within was hardly greater than the turmoil without. As I dug holes in the ground at the farm and filled them up again, I felt that I was trying to escape social reality, and that I was losing my personal sense of worth and value.

There were some outstanding faculty members in the College of Education at Missouri whom*, Townsend had not brought there. John Rufi in secondary education, Westin Carpenter in educational administration, Ralph Watkins in curriculum, and Hoyt London in industrial education were all able professors with national reputations. The national reputation which that College of Education enjoyed around 1940 all but disintegrated by 1960.

Throughout my life I had tried to develop a pragmatic sense of human service, a sense of patience with others, especially my administrative superiors. By 1955, however, I had learned that my attempts to work with Townsend on the basis of mutual respect and consideration were taken as a sign of my weakness. Also, in 1955 President Middlebush resigned, and Elmer Ellis, my friend of long standing, replaced him. Finally, when I was fed up. The opportunity to act presented itself at an unusual occasion.

Doctor oral examinations are for the purpose of testing the candidate's knowledge and understanding of an intellectual specialization, but sometimes they can become a battleground for the professors. At one particular examination, I was prodding the student to react to ideas such as those expressed by Locke and Rousseau. Suddenly Townsend turned to me and said, "Drake, you don't stand for anything, do you?" Without batting an eyelash, and looking Townsend straight in the eye, I retorted, "I may not stand for anything, but one thing I do know is that I am not God." My reply marked the first step in my new relationship with Townsend.

A week later a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Faculty was held to allocate college funds for the coming year. Townsend had recently indicated that available funds not already budgeted amounted to only about $4,500,000, not enough for faculty salary raises. He wanted advice on allocating the funds not budgeted. L.T. Capps, the dean's advisor, turned to us saying, "Not one of you dares to speak out and tell the dean what you really think." This was my opening wedge, so I quickly resounded, "I am ready to speak out and tell the dean what I think. I think the Department of History and Philosophy of Education is the most discriminated against department in the College of Education." You could have heard a pin drop. The next morning, Townsend retorted, "A. Ross Hill [former president of the university] used to say that no college professor was competent to say what his salary should be." My reply was immediate, "Yes, and that raises the question as to who is competent."

That afternoon Townsend called me into his office and said that he was going to raise my salary to a level comparable to that of the other professors, that he could not fully accomplish this increase in one year, but it could surely be done in two or three. Why did Townsend change his treatment of me? Was it because Elmer Ellis was now president, and Townsend sensed a new undertow in my position?

When my opportunity came to move to The University of Texas in 1957, I made the decision, not on the basis of salary, but to prove that not every person has a price. Once again I had a genuine sense of being able to return to reality, but what a price I had paid during those ten years at Missouri.

In spite of my bitter experience with Prentice-Hall over the publication of my book, I was cheered by what E. George Paine had said about my writing. His statement was confirmed by the ready acceptance of the editor and publisher of a chapter I had written for The Sociological Foundations of Education [Crowell Publishing Company, 1941]. Also, there was some understanding between Prentice-Hall and myself that, if I would delete some of the historical material from the larger study, they would be interested in publishing it. To this task I now set myself after 1947.

Writing a history of American education is no easy task. It entails not only a general knowledge of American history but an insight into the total educational process as well. In both of these respects I was sufficiently grounded in the material. Also I had developed a good sense of the structure of such a writing through many years of teaching. Still, I had my teaching responsibilities as well as problems at home and on the farm. These responsibilities and problems slowed my writing. At times, burning midnight oil and working weekends continuously, I had no energy left, but an internal drive forced me on. By 1952, the first draft of the book was completed and sent to the publisher.

The reactions of the five readers selected to evaluate the manuscript were varied and contradictory. One claimed that the material was too factual, while another said that it was not factual enough. The most conclusive report was written by Professor Archibald Anderson of the University of Illinois. His reactions to the study were similar to E. George Paine's response to the previous manuscript. This time the publisher agreed to publish.

Prentice-Hall was not yet fully convinced, however, of the worth of certain aspects of the manuscript. A tug of war ensued between myself and the editor who expressed a fear of my liberalism. Was I not too harsh in my criticisms of the Colonial churches? The limitations of Negro education in the South could hardly have been as bad as I described them. I should remove from the Preface the statement of my philosophical position which might antagonize some readers. What about my use of the phrase, "underprivileged children"? There was more, much more controversy, but in the end I was able to convince the editor of the validity of my position on most points.

I am not unmindful of the problems of a publishing house, and I certainly wanted the book to sell, but I could not compromise the truth as I understood it. In the end, some text was omitted from the manuscript which I would much preferred to have remained, but what did stay in the publication I was ready to back up. In 1955 The American School in Transition came off the press, and with the receipt of the first copy I was certain that my efforts had been justified.

Regarding the national Philosophy of Education Society, I joined that organization in 1947, when it was but an infant. The first meeting I attended was held in Philadelphia. Only a handful attended, not more than a dozen or so. The PES had been established in 1940, but it had been dormant throughout the war. In 1949, at a meeting in New York City, William O. Stanley of the University of Illinois resigned from the position of Executive Secretary and Treasurer, and in my absence I was elected to that position.

I served the Philosophy of Education Society as Executive Secretary for eleven years. When I accepted the position, the PES was virtually a southeastern organization, small and practically bankrupt. No one had wanted the Secretary's office when I accepted it in 1949, but by 1960, some sought a change in the Constitution of the society which would make that position elective every two years. This proposal I opposed, but not until after resigning the position. I opposed the change on the ground that every organization needed continuity, and such continuity could best be maintained through the office of the Executive Secretary. On the other hand, the election of the Secretary would be more democratic.

Somewhere during my education I had been impregnated with the thought that it was not in holding office that made one great but rather the quality of the service one was able to render. My esteem for Thomas Jefferson is definitely related to this principle more than any other. Inscribed on

his monument at his request is no reference to any office he ever held; rather there is the notation of his authorship of the Declaration of Independence, the statute for religious freedom in Virginia, and the establishment of the University of Virginia. His was a shining example of ideas come to life in human institutions.

During that decade, the truly bright side of my life lay in the achievements of our two sons. Upon his return from overseas in 1946, Bill entered the University of Missouri with the determination to become a medical doctor, and in 1950, Dennis, having graduated from the university high school, followed in his older brother's steps. We were indeed proud that Dennis was not only the valedictorian of his graduating class, but he was also chosen by his classmates as the most outstanding student.

The records of both Bill and Dennis in the College of Arts and Science at Missouri were quite remarkable. Both were junior-five Phi Beta Kappa initiates; out of a class of more than 3,000, they were in the top five in scholastic achievement. At times I deeply regretted that there were not more financial resources to share with them. I was able to finance six years of Bill's studies, and fortunately his veteran's benefits carried him through the last two years. I paid the same six years for Dennis, but since he had no military service, he had to discover other means of seeing himself through to completion.

In the normal course of events, as with most men, the boys turned their eyes toward marriage. The news of Bill's engagement came as a bit of a surprise. The young lady, Phyllis Stickner, was the daughter of a physician in Kirksville, Missouri. She was everything anyone had a right to expect in a daughter-in-law. She had been cited in The American Magazine as a Gibson Girl of the month. After living in a sorority house for some time, she decided that life as an independent would be more democratic. There was nothing superficial about her. We were most happy when the engagement was announced and an early wedding date set.

Phyllis' parents had many of the characteristics of a traditional American family. Their background was distinctly Missouri farming. Her father, through hard work and business ingenuity, had accumulated a small fortune. He loved fine show horses, and this interest influenced his children, especially Phyllis, who was so skilled in the saddle that she won numerous ribbons in various state and regional competitions.

In the first four years of Bill and Phyllis' marriage, the Stickler family fulfilled every consideration that a young married couple could expect. Immediately after their marriage, Bill and Phil went to Northwestern University, Bill to complete the last two years of his M.D. degree, and Phil to finish her B.A. degree. After he completed medical school, Bill served two years in the Jewish Hospital at St. Louis as intern and resident physician. In June, 1956, Bill and Phil moved to San Francisco where Bill began specialized study in neuro-pathology at the University of California Medical School.

Dennis was also to become a medical doctor of genuine worth and value. As in Bill's case, it was Dennis' association with a Presbyterian student group that brought him into contact with the girl he was to marry. Betty Armstrong was the daughter of a Presbyterian minister and missionary who taught religion at Stephens College. She reflected some of the staid orthodoxy of her parents. Betty was a fine, stable girl of enduring moral qualities. Denny and Betty were married secretly by a Justice of the Peace in Jefferson City, Missouri. They eloped in the old army truck, and when the announcement of their marriage was made, it was indeed a surprise to all of us.

In the meantime, the Kiwanis International provided me with opportunities for community service. I had joined the Kiwanis Club in 1942, and had shortly thereafter been appointed secretary of the local organization. I held this position until I left for Europe in 1945. Returning to Columbia, Missouri, in 1946, I resumed my work in the club and, by 1952, I had served in every office except that of treasurer. Following my year as president in 1952, I was encouraged to run for the position of Lieutenant Governor of Division VII of the Missouri-Kansas-Arkansas District. Election was by the

representatives of the various Kiwanis Clubs in the Division. As in everything else I undertook, I did try to serve well as Lieutenant Governor and, in fact, was commended for that service. The Kiwanis Club of Columbia meant much to me. The Club did more for my development than I was able to do for it. Social service clubs have their limitations, but their real essence is not in their once-a-week noon luncheons. They have a genuine human purpose and constantly render outstanding community service. The number of large and small accomplishments across the nation do add up to a monument of vital social services.

Equally significant, and yet quite different in purpose, was my association in Free Masonry. In researching the history of the University of North Carolina and American education in general, I became aware of the intellectual and social contributions of the revolutionary leaders of the Free Masons, men such as Benjamin Franklin, the first Grand Master Mason in the new world, Thomas Jefferson, and many others who made up the backbone of the national liberal spirit of the 18th century. Also, I had become familiar with the origins of the movement in England and of the contributions of Robert Burns.

In becoming a Free Mason I was not unmindful of the limitations of the contributions of the membership, but I did rightly believe that in a crisis in the United States the Masons would stand loyal to their grand heritage. Little of the original Masonic purpose was left in their almost exclusive attention to ritual. Nevertheless, in that ritual itself lay a commitment to the universal principle of brotherhood, to a code of rationality and liberal education, and to a basic sense of moral responsibility. My real interest in becoming a Mason was to identify with the Blue Lodge, for I cared nothing for the brass buttons of the Shriners.

In joining a Masonic Lodge, I was immediately introduced to the ancient classical method of learning. Going through the stages of Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft and Master Mason required a considerable amount of memorization, a skill at which I had never been too strong. The pattern is the same as that of the catechism in which one memorizes both the questions and the answers. Practically all who applied met the requirements. Even with the limitations of memorization, there was something to be gained by going through the process. It was not long before I was in line to become the Grand Master of Acacia Lodge 602, but the move from Columbia in 1957 stopped my advance at Junior Warden. Masonry gave and continues to give a sense of personal and professional security. I continued to pay my annual dues, even though I never attended another meeting of the Masons after leaving Columbia, Missouri.

One aspect of university life which consumes a large portion of a professor's time is committee work. While every professor deplores the amount of committee work required, no university can manage without it unless all operations are declared by edicts from on high. Whatever the merits or demerits of the committee process, each committee activity provides a learning situation. Of the committees on which I served at the University of Missouri, none consumed more of my time and none brought me into closer contact with the students than the Conduct Committee.

During my tenure of more than a decade on the Conduct Committee, it became clear to me what kinds of problems were most likely to get students into difficulties with the administration. These problems centered around cheating, theft and sex. Cheating has long been a serious problem on the university campus, and no one has yet been able to resolve it. In general, the only cases which reached the Conduct Committee were those which some professor found necessary to transmit. The number of students involved in all conduct charges was never more than five per cent of the student body, that is, not until we were confronted with the novel phenomenon of the "panty raid."

We tried to operate our Conduct Committee on democratic lines, never passing judgment on a student unless he had opportunity to present his side of the case. The dean of students always chaired the committee and performed all the secretarial details. In one particular occasion involving a panty raid, so many students were involved that the administrative machinery broke down. The students had

turned out in mass to raid the girls' dormitories and sorority houses at the University of Missouri as well as those at Christian and Stephens Colleges. Our committee was concerned only with those cases in which the students had broken into buildings, destroyed or stolen property, or endangered the lives of others. In all, we accumulated about 150 cases.

The panty raid created deep concern throughout the State of Missouri. Telephone calls and telegrams poured into the president's office with charges of communist infiltration, the breakdown of the university administration, and student lust and violence. It was demanded that the university act swiftly to expel all who were responsible for the despicable acts. President Middlebush called the Conduct Committee together and pleaded for immediate action to save the good name of the university. In turn, we pledged our best efforts to live up to our responsibilities. What happened after all of the steam subsided points up the fickleness and irrationality of human nature.

For two weeks the committee labored diligently to deal effectively and justly with the situation, working at least 16 hours every day. To speed up the process, we divided into two groups, myself chairing one. In all, both groups heard about 160 students and leveled penalties from stern reprimands to expulsion from the university. We thought we had done an excellent job for which we would be commended. Such was not to be the case. No sooner had we completed our task than letters, telegrams and telephone calls came pouring in again, this time complaining that the university had been too harsh on its students. Surely the committee had shown partiality. Unless something was done, the university's appropriations would be cut by the State Legislature.

Another major problem which challenged the Conduct Committee dealt with homosexuality. This issue exploded with the discovery of a group led by one of the professors in the School of Journalism. Since state law provided for two years of imprisonment for conviction of homosexual behavior, the committee had no choice but to become involved. In cases involving faculty, the Conduct Committee, of course, had no jurisdiction; thus it was the administration's policy to ask for the resignation of those faculty who had been involved. In student matters, we had no alternative other than to expel those who were involved, as the University Board of Trustees had decreed. Also, there was no possibility of reinstatement to the university without medical clearance.

In dealing with this issue, I learned that many homosexuals were harmless people who needed help, but we were helpless to give it to them in any way. One young man who cooperated with us was nevertheless expelled from the university. Once the university was cleared of homosexuals, it was necessary to turn to the hotels downtown.

Why have we throughout human history ignored the reality of our times and substituted realities either of physical things or of spiritual entities, when daily we are confronted with the evidence that only time is eternal? Undoubtedly human insight began with the things we see around us. Historically speaking, there was little knowledge of the origin of ideas. Also, we are fundamentally creatures of habit, that is, creatures of tradition. Why, then, are some people the exceptions, those who think about the nature of the universe, of humanity and of society, consistently rejecting the accepted traditions in religion and knowledge, economics and politics, education and social policy? The only answer I know to give, and not a very satisfactory one at that, is that of a peculiar quality of mind. For this reason I had no difficulty in accepting the basic concept in the theory of evolution. The challenge of the "concept of process" is at the heart of the satisfaction which has come through my teaching over a period of more than thirty years. Education is life.

Teaching at the University of Illinois in the summer of 1953 turned out to be more genuinely worthwhile than I had expected, although there were two incidents which deserve recording. Because the University of Illinois was only a short distance from Columbia, I took the bus for ease and economy. I rented an apartment for $150 for the nine-week summer session. The apartment was pleasant and quiet, and it provided the environment I needed for my work. The library proved very useful in finalizing the bibliography for my book, but working with the professors in the Department of History

and Philosophy of Education enabled me to realize how much I was sacrificing by working alone at the University of Missouri. I needed greater opportunity to communicate with those who were working in the field and with whom I could plan and study.

One afternoon that summer I received a letter which marked the end of a professional association which had begun when I was but a young student at the University of North Carolina. Edgar Wallace Knight was dead of a heart attack at the age of 63. A strange feeling came over me at the realization that the man who had been my intellectual godfather was now dead. Just a few days earlier I had received a letter from him encouraging me to continue my writing. Now that he was dead, I knew that in some way I had to give public evidence of his contribution to my life. The finest thing I could do was to dedicate my book to him, and so I did. When The American School in Transition appeared in 1955, it carried the dedication, "To EWK, master teacher and friend." Later in The Educational Forum the article, "Edgar Wallace Knight as I Knew Him," appeared. The remainder of that summer at the University of Illinois was not the same for me as it had been before the death of Edgar W. Knight.

Another incident that summer drastically contributed to the change in the intellectual climate at Illinois. One morning a note invited me, along with other guests, to a Friday evening dinner at President George W. Stoddard's house. The invitation was of special interest to me because it was the first time in my entire career that I had been invited to dine at the home of a university president. While at Shrivenham American University in England in 1945, I had often eaten at General Thiele's dinner table because of my position as Assistant Chief of my section, but this invitation was in an entirely different category.

Dinner at the Stoddard's was most enjoyable. It was an outdoor affair, prepared entirely by Dr. and Mrs. Stoddard, a good indication of the kind of people they were. Everything had been prepared except the steaks by the time the 25 or 30 guests arrived. With good wine, a delicious salad and a large steak broiled to perfection on an open grill, we ate to our hearts' content, and everyone left in good spirits.

Imagine the shock when I heard on the following Wednesday morning that Dr. Stoddard had been coldly and brutally fired without notice by the Board of Trustees of the University of Illinois. When I heard this news, I had no idea what was behind the firing, but I soon learned. One member of the Board, the president of the Illinois Central Railroad, said he would not treat a laborer in his employ in the way in which Dr. Stoddard had been treated. The irony of it all lay in the fact that the worker would have been a member of a labor union.

Stoddard was framed by interests outside the university, by those who were fearful of his influence and did not want a free, open-minded university president. The factions included right-wing Republicans, Catholic church leaders, narrow-minded and naive Protestants, and a variety of small vested-interest groups. The firing had been planned over a period of time. Again, how little true freedom of mind actually exists in American life!

One more opportunity to escape the straight jacket at Missouri came in the summer of 1955. In February of that year Dr. Frank Wegener of The University of Texas called to ask if I would be interested in filling in for him during the coming summer while he was on a teaching assignment at the University of New York. I gladly and quickly accepted the opportunity, not only because of the considerable increase in salary, but because of the new experiences and opportunities to climb once again out of an intellectual rut. Wegener suggested the possibility that I care for his house while his family was away, an entire house for the mere sum of $50 a month plus utilities.

My experience at The University of Texas at Austin during the summer of 1955 was most rewarding. In fact it turned out to be one of the most significant mile posts in the history of my life. The Wegener's house was just the right kind of place I needed, a quiet retreat far enough from the

university to make a good walk both morning and afternoon. In addition to Wegener's well selected library of philosophical materials, there was an air conditioner and a television. With matters of personal comfort well provided, I was in a good situation to conduct my work at The University of Texas.

What changes emerged from my summer teaching at Texas? Regarding classroom teaching, there were no significant differences between my work at Texas and that at Missouri. I did give one of the weekly convocation lectures on "The Professionalization of Teaching." The lecture was well received and, along with my classroom teaching, it put me in the good graces of the students. While alone with my thoughts, I developed an almost complete form for the article on "Anti-Intellectualism in America," later published in the Bulletin of the American Association of University Professors. Finally, of even greater significance, was the friendship which developed between George I. Sanchez and myself. I had known of George through his publications, especially those regarding education in Mexico, but I did not know him for the great man he proved to be. Strangely enough, one day after class a student asked me whether I had decided to accept the offer to join the faculty at The University of Texas. I told the student that no such offer had been made. But the question turned out to be more than prophetic only two years later.

The most significant happening for me at this time was the publication of my book. With its publication, I had become a recognized national leader in my field of teaching and research.

Many argue that a nation expresses its true moral character through its political life. Their point of view is supported by Aristotle, who believed that humans are political animals, and by John Dewey, who conceived of reality as a social process. Now how is this point of view to be applied to our national life in the period from 1946 to 1957? How are we to interpret the conduct of our nation and its leadership?

Some insight arises through the Truman-Eisenhower policy. I say "policy" because we are not talking about the personalities of the two men, but about the total national complexion of that historical period. Politically, both Truman and Eisenhower received strong national support from the cultural forces of power. How can we define the nature of those cultural forces?

When we look at the total picture of our national life during that period, we can be clear regarding only one factor--the American people, after World War II, no longer had a sense of national purpose. Up to the time of World War I, the American dream of making the world a better place in which to live was a positive force in our political life. This same spirit had been revived in the era of Franklin D. Roosevelt, only to die in the period following World War II. God is dead, wrote Nietzsche at the close of the 19th century, but God did not finally die in America until the close of World War II. The atom bomb sealed his fate. This was the eighth dominant and pervasive factor in my life.

If this interpretation is indefensible, then how else are we to explain the terror of McCarthyism, a movement which has continued to grow and flourish even through its one-time proponent is now long dead? In a sense the McCarthy movement has proved to be grossly ineffective in securing any lasting unity among divergent forces. In essence, however, it was an appeal to unity through hysteria and the fear of communism, a negative rather than a positive affirmation, not standing for something so much as opposing something. In simple terms, anyone who was against communism could be considered a good person. Does this mean that because Adolf Hitler was opposed to communism, he must therefore have been a good man? This, of course, is the essence of social insanity.

My deepest concern, however, was the effect McCarthyism was to have on educational policy. Even without the overt attack upon the educator, teachers could have little influence on the thought pattern of the average citizen. Teachers are a timid, non-thinking lot; they have little understanding of the power and significance of social organization. Thus, when a teacher is charged with being a "pinko" or a "fellow traveler" or a "commy red," other teachers scatter like bird shot. Only on a higher

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moral and intellectual level, and even there only with great loss in professional status and personal security, have educators any aggressive counter-response to tyranny such as McCarthyism. Since most public school teachers are females, willing to teach for a small financial return, correcting this situation is a discouraging and almost hopeless task.

As the academic year of 1956-1957 drew to an end in the first week of June, I received a telephone call from L.D. Haskew of The University of Texas. His call marked the end of 18 years at the University of Missouri and the beginning of a new life in Austin, Texas. I had not sought the position at Texas, but when the call came I remembered what the student had asked me in the summer of 1955. In straightforward language, Haskew asked me what it would take to interest me in coming to The University of Texas. I told him I would think about the matter carefully before giving him a definite answer.

Chapter 9

THE MAKING OF A MAN

1957 - 1962

Dean L.D. Haskew's call from The University of Texas did not come as a complete surprise. Since 1955, I had believed that I might move to The University of Texas. For a rational person to hold such a belief seems more than fantastic, for how was it possible to intuit such a prospect? Along with the student at The University of Texas who had seemed to know that I would make that move, my daughter Jean had also made the same prediction even before that summer appointment. At any rate, the opportunity was now available, and I had a decision to make.

My first discussion with Haskew was pleasant but inconclusive. I told him I might be interested if terms could be worked out which were agreeable to both parties. He first suggested a salary of approximately $8,500, but I told him that my salary at the University of Missouri the coming year would be $8,700. He then asked me what I would be willing to consider, and I told him nothing less than $10,000. We also discussed other matters of a general nature, such as the possibility of a one-year leave of absence, and closed the conference with an understanding that he would write me in detail about the prospect.

Should I make the change? At the lunch table I broke the news to my family. Carole Jean was ready to go immediately. In her adolescence she hated Columbia and was fascinated by the tall Texas tales of cowboys and longhorns. Zelma was interested, but she felt as I did that we needed to know much more about the situation before making a decision. Mother Drake was disturbed, for she knew that she would no longer have her farm and might again be confronted with the problems of living with the rest of the family.

To make the change would involve considerable uprooting, but we had moved several times before and could do it again. Sally Grant, a friend and the Assistant Registrar at the University of Missouri, said she would not think of throwing away 18 years of tenure at my age. I responded that when I got too old to move, I would really be old, but I was not yet ready to admit that. My largest problem would be to sell the farm and our house in a brief period of three months. Nevertheless, the more I thought about moving to Texas, the more attractive the possibility appeared.

The letter came from Haskew as he had promised. Including $600 per month for retirement, the salary offered was roughly what I had specified. Also, Haskew offered to pay all moving expenses up to $1,000 and our expenses of a trip to Austin for Zelma and myself to study the situation. Having discussed the offer with my family, we agreed that Zelma, Jean, and myself would make the trip. It was simple enough to get away from the University of Missouri at that time by having someone else give my final examinations.

The trip to and from Austin was crowded with many decisions which were to make a major influence on the rest of our lives. We left Columbia early Monday morning of the second week in June, 1957, with the anticipation of arriving in Austin at noon the following day. In Austin I called Dr. George Sanchez to let him know that we had arrived safely.

The schedule of my activities included conferences with Dean Haskew, the Vice President of the University and President Logan Wilson. Wilson exemplified all of the characterizations of a stodgy, cold, but in some respects an able person. Later I learned that the only thing he found wrong with me was the pink shirt I was wearing.

That first evening we ate dinner with the Frank Weggeners. Weggener pointed out his reasons for leaving The University of Texas: 1) he preferred to teach in a liberal arts college rather than a college of education, 2) he could not get along with Dr. Arthur Moehlman in the Department of History and Philosophy of Education, 3) he and his family much preferred the climate of California to that of Austin, and 4) he was deeply concerned about the health of his family and wanted to spend more of his time with them. The openness of Frank's response was gratifying.

The following day my most important activity was a luncheon in the faculty dining hall with an ad hoc committee composed of several university faculty representatives. The discussions were congenial, for I had learned to face up to reality as a good stoic, and on this occasion I demonstrated that.

While I was conversing with university officials, Zelma and Jean were looking at available houses in Austin. They located one in the northwestern part of the city in a new section called Highland Hills. Though the house was still under construction, it was sufficiently completed that one could get a fairly clear notion of what it would look like when finished. When I saw the house, I also knew that it was just what we wanted. The place offered grand possibilities for landscaping and creative effort on my part. We signed an agreement to purchase the house if we decided to move to Austin.

Our final contact before leaving Austin was with Dr. Sanchez and his wife, Louisa. These two people were the key to my serious consideration of moving to Austin. George and I held the same basic philosophy. We had worked very well together in the summer of 1955, and it would be necessary to continue to do so if I came to Texas. There could be no conflict on course assignments because of the nature of George's specialization. As for the departmental chair, Dr. Sanchez was eager for me to assume that responsibility, even though I had no particular desire to do so. In the summer of 1955, Louisa had also demonstrated her many fine personal qualities, and she assured us that we would find Austin a pleasant place in which to live. On the way back to Missouri, we talked of nothing but the pros and cons of moving to Texas.

But on what grounds should a decision to resign from the University of Missouri and accept the offer at The University of Texas be made? There was no way to fit the difficult decision into a mathematical equation. Surely a rational person would assess the prospects of the future and make a decision on the basis of whichever position offered the greatest possibilities for achieving satisfaction in the areas valued. Money was an important factor, not only because of the security it provided, but because the salary of a university professor impacts on one's personal sense of dignity and worth. Since Dean Haskew had met my salary terms, money was no longer an issue. More important was my 18 years of tenure at Missouri which would be lost if I left. Accordingly, Townsend thought I would reject the Texas offer. Yes, the decision should have been made rationally on entirely objective grounds, but I doubt if such is ever the case. In the final analysis, I knew that I had to accept the Texas offer, and when Dr. Sanchez called urging me to make a positive decision, I told him that I was already on my way to Texas.

Having made the decision to pull up roots again after almost two decades, I had only ten weeks to complete many tasks. Immediately the house and farm were put up for sale, and I resigned from the University of Missouri. "I hereby tender my resignation as Professor of History and Philosophy of Education effective August 31, 1957," I typed out in one simple sentence. The next morning I observed the Dean's expression as I laid my resignation on his desk. Surely he could not believe what he was reading. In spite of his determination not to show surprise, he seemed overjoyed.

Selling a house quickly has never been a part of my luck. To make the situation worse, six neighbors also placed their houses on the market at the same time. The increase in the sales price of the house since we purchased it in 1941 indicated what had happened to the economy of the United States in the previous 16 years. In 1941, the house had been priced at $7,500. Over the years we had

made considerable additions and improvements to the house at a cost of about five to six thousand dollars. At first we set the sale price at $22,000, but soon discovered that in face of the competition there would be few prospects to sell at that price. We lowered the price to $20,000 and left it there for the remainder of the summer. When we realized that a sale even at that price was impossible, we leased the house for three years.

With the farm we were luckier. The first task was to sell all the animals, farm equipment and household goods. The goats I sold in bulk for $150 at a considerable loss. Most of the farm equipment and household goods were sold piece-meal at an auction.

A stroke of luck sent the right people along just at the time we needed to sell the farm. They were from Pennsylvania, a mother, her son and his step-father who were interested in attending the University of Missouri. They were also interested in investing their capital rather than paying rent. The price of $5,800 for 37.25 acres of land and a house did not seem too much for them, especially when viewed in terms of the beautiful trees on the place and its proximity to the university campus. We arranged the details of the sale and in due time signed the necessary papers.

The sale of the farm opened the way to purchase our new home in Austin. After the deed was checked, we paid $5,000 down and deferred financing the remaining $16,500 until we arrived in Austin.

Thus, my thoughts during the summer of 1957 were occupied with external and personal matters, but not without some hope that new ground was being laid for a more fruitful and productive life, even the making of a real man. Now I ask in what ways have the years at Texas been more fruitful and productive than comparable preceding periods. The story of my work and life in Texas will provide a partial answer.

On the afternoon of August 22, 1957, the moving van had been loaded, and we were on our way to our new home in Austin. Memories filled my mind of earlier moves--to Columbia, North Carolina, in 1928; to Bradford Woods, Pennsylvania, in 1931; and to Columbia, Missouri, in 1939. Those who have lived in the same locality all of their lives can have no appreciation of what it truly means to possess a spirit of adventure or the qualities of a free mind. Geography has as much to do with the making of a human as history does.

Orientation to my new position at The University of Texas proved not to be difficult. In some ways it was like picking up where I had left off in the summer of 1955. Now, however, I was an integral part of the university organization, and as such I assumed more and more responsibility for the success, not only of my own specific work in history and philosophy of education, but also of the college as a whole.

It took little time to notice some matters which could easily become a source of major concern. For example, George Sanchez and a number of other members of the College of Education faculty were at odds with the dean. Bad feelings had emerged from Haskew's efforts to lead others whom he thought needed only to follow him. The faculty, having convictions of their own, however, did not choose to do so, though Haskew was brilliant and hard-working. He had learned a great deal since coming to the university in 1947, so I did not have to bear the brunt of his early conflicts. Haskew had also assumed one of the vice presidencies of the university, and his responsibilities to the college had been left more and more to the associate dean and the college faculty.

This situation I welcomed as a true challenge in which, by cooperative responsibility, to exemplify some of the values of democratic leadership. Glenn Barnett performed ideally as associate dean. Barnett had been a student at the University of Missouri, and I had been one of his teachers there. Also, there were other competent men and women on the faculty of the college around whom to build a nucleus of cooperative effort.

A genuine challenge came with a mental health project subsidized by the national Mental Health Foundation. The purpose of the project was to determine whether there were means of improving the future mental health of our students after they had begun to teach. At the first committee meeting, one of the educational psychologists presented a narrow empirical point of view of the problem. When I questioned his definition of mental health exclusively in terms of emotional stability, disagreements arose. In responding to my query, he refuted his own definition. My position was that true mental health was achieved in rising above the demands of the social environment in order to maintain one's own sense of creative personal worth. Merely conforming to the mores of the locality could destroy a teacher's sense of personal worth. After the intellectual tug of war, matters settled down to mutual understanding, and our future efforts on the project were cordial.

Through the mental health project, I found a way in which to operate effectively and creatively. There were other projects on curriculum and graduate education in which I found myself becoming a genuinely free person. For instance, the Graduate Studies Committee in Education was quite different from anything at the University of Missouri. Missouri had a large graduate faculty with few common interests and few opportunities to cope with challenging problems. At Texas, on the other hand, there were continuing opportunities to participate personally in challenging situations. Moreover, after five years at Texas I was elected to chair the Graduate Studies Committee, a responsibility which enabled me to become more active in the ongoing life of the university.

My university work, however, was mainly circumscribed by the Department of History and Philosophy of Education. George Sanchez was ever bit as remarkable as I had expected, but his health was beginning to fail, and Moehlman inclined to be a recluse. More and more the work of the department fell on my shoulders. I did not mind this, however. Compared with my work at Missouri, my teaching load was light. At the end of my second year at Texas, George asked me to assume the chair, and I said I would if Haskew agreed.

In the fall of 1959, I became chair of the Department of History and Philosophy of Education at The University of Texas. Immediately I began to plan to strengthen the influence of the department. Basically this greater influence depended on the value which others attached to the field and how well the department carried out its responsibilities. It became evident that the department could be strengthened in three areas: 1) in administration, especially in relation to the other departments and the dean's office; 2) in programs and course content, especially in the textbooks used and the courses offered; and 3) in student relations, especially by demonstrating concern for the interests of the students and their outstanding achievements. Results in these areas were immediately apparent, and I became jubilant over that success. Of course I relied heavily on Sanchez' advice, for he was the one who supplied the necessary background for each issue as it arose.

The major problems of the department, however, were not internal, for in spite of personality differences we did have a common interest and respect for our field. Personally, I have often said that I could work with the Devil himself if he would only gave me half a chance. The department's real problem lay in the well established power structure in the Department of Educational Psychology and with some of that faculty who were trying to extend their influence throughout the College of Education.

The growth of the educational psychology movement in the United States was a direct result of 1) its identification with the emphasis on improving teaching methods, and 2) the tendency of some in history and philosophy of education to cling to the metaphysical and classical tradition. The latter was clearly apparent in the long history of our department at Texas.

Two men had chaired the Department of History and Philosophy of Education at The University of Texas for almost half a century, Charles F. Arrowood and Frederick C. Eby. Each was a scholar in his own right, but each also had an orthodox religious point of view. One was a devout Presbyterian,

the other equally aggressive in his defense of Baptist doctrine. Probably more important than their religious convictions, however, was their assumption that what they thought had value in its own right and need not be judged in terms of its contribution to the professionalization of teaching. Their point of view, however, tended to minimize the significance of the field in the eyes of other members of the College of Education and contributed by default to the growing power of the Department of Educational Psychology. Even nationally as well as locally, educational psychology came to be the embodiment of the science of education movement. This trend, along with the rampant anti-intellectual fervor in the United States, left no room for history and philosophy of education except in the archival dust of the recorded past.

To offset this trend toward decadence in our department, I called both for a reconstruction in the philosophy of the department and for a power struggle with some members of the educational psychology faculty. In this power struggle, Moehlman was opposed to the dogmatism of the psychologists to the extent that he did not oppose our department's interests.

The educational psychologists were attempting to swallow an area of interest and student need which rightfully belonged in our department. Frank Weggener had recognized this conflict and had been to battle battled on the matter before I went to Texas, but to no avail. The problem, as I saw it, was a defect in the philosophy and practice of my own department as well as aggression from without. To cope with the aggression from without we needed to reconstruct from within. The older rigid arts and sciences structure of the department had to give way to a functional professional point of view. Within this pattern of reconstruction, we needed to give greater emphasis to the social and cultural foundations of education directly in relation to present-day student problems--locally, nationally and internationally.

It was impossible to deal with human development in the narrow framework of the bio-physical nature of humanity. To deal with the development of humans means to deal with historical and philosophical thought, the very function of a department of history and philosophy of education, not educational psychology. With the die cast, what will be the future outcome of this struggle? For sure, the opposition will not win victories as easily in the future as they have in the past.

Nowhere was the need for the new point of view in our department more clearly evident than in the attacks upon professional education which were coming from all sorts of organized groups within the state, vocally expressed at every session of the state legislature. It was pathetic to see how inadequately equipped those outside history and philosophy of education were in responding to those attacks. In the 1961 Texas legislature, if it had not been for the pressure of other matters, especially a struggle over a new tax bill, we might well have been professionally liquidated. The only voice I could sound was in the April, 1961, issue of The Texas Outlook. Even though the conflict was partly resolved by a major change in all teacher education programs in Texas, the fight continued. One can only hope that it will continue on a much higher intellectual level than in the past, but if so teachers and the public in general will need far more insight into the history and philosophy of education than they now possess. The larger question is, Do they have enough wisdom to seek that insight?

Zelma sought employment with the Austin public schools. She was as well or better prepared than most teachers. Though she had been away from the classroom for a considerable time, she had studied more recently at the University of Missouri. Altogether she had the equivalent of two years of course work beyond the bachelor's degree. Since full-time employment was not possible for her the first year in Austin, she did work toward a Texas Teaching Certificate and taught some as a special educator. She became very well acquainted with the Austin school system and the following year obtained a full-time position as a teacher of science and mathematics at Baker Junior High School and later transferred to Lamar Junior High School.

Often one attempts to carry over into a new environment the patterns of activity from previous experience, but more often than not the effort fails. I learned that my activities in Free Masonry could

not continue, for I no longer had either the time or the energy. On the other hand, I felt that Kiwanis International provided the best opportunity for me to become acquainted with the business people of Austin.

The University Kiwanis Club seemed to be the most satisfactory for my purpose, especially in regard to time and place of its meetings. After getting established in my university work, I visited the club which met weekly at noon on Wednesdays. Having been a Lieutenant Governor in the Missouri club, it was no problem to join the University Kiwanis. For two years I continued to attend, but my heart was not in it and I finally resigned my membership. There just was not enough time to do all of the things I needed to do. I had the very good excuse that chairing the department required so much time that I could not continue.

I have often written that a college professor's life is much more than teaching students or serving on committees. When I moved to Texas in 1957, I had been Executive Secretary of the national Philosophy of Education Society for seven years, and during this period the Society had grown into a strong national organization. I continued to serve in this position until 1960, when I resigned because the society decided to elect a new Secretary every other year. Making the position of Secretary elective every two years without right of succession, so it was said, would help to make the PES more democratic.

Letters and telegrams arrived from all over the country in appreciation for my service to the PES. But I had decided that ten years of such service was enough for one person. I agreed to continue the tasks of the Secretary for one more year, then my resignation would be final and complete. In 1960, I attended the annual meeting in Columbus, Ohio, where I gave my first report as the Society's representative to the Council of Associated Organizations for Teacher Education. I did not attend the 1961 meeting, but returned to Chicago for the 1962 meeting at which I read a paper at the first general session on "Educational Technology and the American Character." But for me the heart had gone out of the Philosophy of Education Society.

What was it that disturbed me the most about what was going on behind the scene in the national PES? There was clear-cut and conclusive evidence that the Society was politically manipulated by a small group of individuals, many of whom I counted among my closest friends. In addition to this political manipulation, they displayed a gross sense of misplaced values. The Society was being exploited for personal advantage. When it became increasingly evident that the organization was being used by some for their own personal glory and for the unfair advantage of their graduate students, I decided to bow out peacefully and turn my efforts toward building up the regional Southwestern PES which was a going concern when I arrived in Austin.

What genuine significance could be attached to strengthening the Southwestern Philosophy of Education Society? In what way could it serve any useful purpose? The answers require some knowledge of the prevailing social, political, cultural and economic conditions of the region which included primarily the states of Texas, New Mexico, and Oklahoma. While there was a tradition of formal education in the region as old as Colonial New England, the general pattern of the culture was one of gross retardation throughout the 19th century. The earliest settlers were the descendants of Latins and Indians who led a way of life quite similar to that of rural Mexico today. The poverty of the land contributed to a high degree of illiteracy, hunger, disease and provincialism. While the coming of the whites and the War for Texas independence brought drastic changes to the culture, poverty, illiteracy and provincialism remained. Not until after World War I did Texas slowly begin to show its new face.

With the discovery of oil and the development of industry, wealth finally began to flow into Texas, but not so much to the people at large as to a handful of corporations and millionaires. Out of this new economic development, however, came the strength for cultural advancement on the part of the people as a whole. Raw, cut-throat politics marked every Texas legislature. Lack of organization on the part of the Latins and the labor groups left them at the mercy of the industrial and feudal

barons. Power, the control of wages, education and the various branches of government were at stake. Occasionally the voice of a liberal was heard above the chatter of conservative reaction, but more often than not it was squelched before it had a chance to infiltrate the minds of the people. Clear evidence that a change was on the horizon was indicated in the 1930s when Homer P. Rainey, fired from the Presidency of The University of Texas because of his defense of several faculty liberals, stumped the state in an active campaign for the governor's office. Interestingly enough, Rainey found some solid support among a few millionaires.

Such was the general cultural pattern of Texas and other southwestern states when I migrated to Austin in 1957. A strong liberal movement had taken root, evidenced by the election of one liberal U.S. Senator and a general improvement in Texas' educational programs. Nevertheless, greater effort from responsible educational leadership was needed in the region, and one of the best places to provide this leadership was in the Southwestern Philosophy of Education Society.

The small number in that group indicated the need for a wider focus on membership and a much more functional point of view regarding the organization's possible achievements. There was no way of telling how long it would take to build up a regional organization of genuine strength and influence, but I was determined to exert a major influence in that direction. To do so, I decided on a simple campaign. First, I would distribute our departmental Newsletter, published ten times a year, to an ever-widening circle of interested people, and, secondly, I would write a personal letter at least four times each year to place a direct and primary emphasis on the need for a strong professional organization representing our educational and cultural point of view and the opportunity for growth which such an organization would provide. It would take some time to produce worthwhile results, but I would not be discouraged.

Along with teaching and my other professional activities, I still found the time to continue research and writing. During the first five years at Texas, I contributed to four books and in addition published several articles in one monograph, four proceedings and some magazines. The four books were the 1958 National Debaters Handbook, Automation and Society, The Challenge of Science Education, and The Heritage of American Education. In 1959, I gave the John Dewey Centennial Address at the University of Oklahoma.

One of the articles published during this period dealt with the possible effects of overemphasizing the educational values of teaching machines and audio-visual instructional aids. The article was read as the presidential address to the fall, 1961, annual meeting of the Southwestern Philosophy of Education Society and to the April, 1962, annual meeting of the national Philosophy of Education Society in Chicago. The major point of the article was that instructional technology could be used in education either as a weapon or as a tool and, therefore, was in no way good in and of itself.

In a philosophical way, I have a long-term interest in the educational significance of the Darwinian theory of evolution and in the philosophical implications of the human tendency to deify the nation state, especially our extreme propensity to militarize our country.

One contribution to my continuing satisfaction at The University of Texas was the improvement of the quality of administration. Logan Wilson held his own with critics outside the university. Wilson initiated the drive to make the university a truly great institution. In 1959, however, a major change in the administrative structure of the university occurred when Wilson assumed the position of Chancellor. But Wilson stayed in that position only one year, moving on to head the American Council on Education. Wilson was replaced by Harry Ransom, and the presidency was assumed by Joe Smiley, both of whom were well liked by the faculty for their personal qualities as well as for their administrative genius. No American institution of higher education was more ably administered than The University of Texas. Finally, after many years, I found myself more in harmony with the administrative practices of my institution than had been the case since I resigned from Pennsylvania State.

We found life in the city of Austin more satisfying than any place we had lived since our first years of teaching. The more we lived in this beautiful city, the more satisfying we found it; and the more we traveled around the country visiting other cities, the more aware we became of the values of living in Austin. Austin possessed all of the virtues of any large city, but few of the vices. With its beautiful lakes and rolling hills, Austin possessed for us a quality of culture and good living, an atmosphere which gave one a sense of restfulness and a relief from tension.

Carole Jean had attended a non-accredited high school in California, and before she could be admitted to any reputable college, she needed to graduate from an accredited high school. We discovered that by making up two units in mathematics and social studies, she could receive a second high school diploma from an accredited school. Zelma was going to school in Greensboro, North Carolina, in the summer of 1960 on a Science Foundation scholarship, and she thought it would be a good idea for Jean to go with her and make up at least her deficiency in mathematics. Jean agreed, and I was more than happy with the plans. When Jean and her mother returned to Austin, they seemed to have conciuded that Austin was a good place in which to live after all, far better than Greensboro.

The three-year lease on the house in Columbia, Missouri, was up, and it became necessary to go back to Columbia, clean up the house and try again to sell it. Carole Jean wanted to go along, and I was glad to have her company. We camped out at Big Springs, Missouri, and arrived in Columbia just as the people were moving out of the house. Although there was no furniture in the house, we had enough to care for our sleeping and eating needs. By hard labor, we soon had the place looking like new again.

The real payoff came with the sale of the house, even though there was little reason for optimism. Of course, we would have preferred a better deal, but I did not want to go through another three-year period of renting, especially since I was an absentee landlord. The house was sold on a 20-year-plus note; I would be an old man when the last payment was made, but the people who bought the house seemed to be a fine young couple, and it was better than renting the house.

Over a period of years, it had become increasingly evident to me that the real essence of living lay in the realm of problem solving. This was the ninth significant factor of my life, and it became increasingly real as I gained maturity and experience. Failure on the part of an individual to solve his problems brings frustration, confusion and a disordered mind.

But how is a problem solved? In a psychological sense, a problem is solved when the disrupting forces which created it are no longer operating in the mind. A good illustration would be the person obsessed with fear of cancer. In removing the causes of this fear, the problem would be subjectively resolved. This kind of problem solving is important to the mental health of the individual, but what of the objective or scientific way of problem solving? Removing fear of cancer from the mind has nothing to do with having cancer. To solve this kind of problem requires a completely different kind of response, an intellectual response. Years of experience had taught me the value of distinguishing these two kinds of problem solving, and that if either was to be effective, it must be complemented by the other.

In the fall of 1960, Zelma and I faced the challenge of solving a problem which threatened to affect drastically the life of both of us. Zelma had been teaching for less than a month when she began to have difficulty digesting her food. At first it appeared that she was suffering only from a minor ailment which could be corrected with a dose or two of magnesia, but as her condition worsened, she went to the hospital for a thorough medical examination. In this situation, subjective attitude needed to be correlated with the objective conditions. It was discovered that Zelma had an ulcer and needed an operation. In time, Zelma resigned her position for the remainder of the school year and settled into a long hospital ordeal.

How one hospital experience can bankrupt any average family was clearly demonstrate by Zelma's ulcer operation. Her three weeks at Seaton Hospital totaled some $3,000, plus doctor's fees, and all she received was a diagnosis of her condition and confusion in the mind of her doctor regarding whether to operate. Dissatisfaction with this lack of progress led her to the University of California Medical Hospital in San Francisco. There the total costs, including hospital and all doctor's bills, amounted to about $1,200. With the $220 cost of our trip to California and back, the total cost ran to $1,700, not including the $1,000 loss of Zelma's income over three months. The good part of it all, however, was that she returned home in much better health than she had been for years.

Our two sons continued to demonstrate the high degree of confidence which I had learned to place in them. After Dennis received his M.D. degree at the University of Missouri, ranking fifth in his class of 32, he and his family moved to San Francisco for his year of internship at the Herman Army Hospital. Since Dennis was in the Air Force, he requested assignment at Eglin Air Force Base in Florida for the next two years, 1958 - 1960. There he took special training to become a flight surgeon, an assignment which he enjoyed very much and in which he became very proficient. The need to complete his residency in medicine led to his transfer to Walter Reed Army Hospital in Washington, D.C. After two years there, he returned to San Francisco of his last year of residency at the Army Letterman Hospital.

In the fall of 1961, Jean entered the College of Fine Arts at The University of Texas after having made decent scores on her college entrance examination, including a 92 percentile on the English section. She indeed appeared very enthusiastic about her studies, and I was optimistic about her success. For the first month she made fairly good grades except in freshman English. She survived the fist semester with an average grade of C.

Jean did not complete her second semester. On April 14, 1962, while I was attending the Philosophy of Education Society in Chicago, she married David Baker. This early marriage ran counter to what I thought was in her own best interests and those of her husband. At any rate, the marriage marked the end of the major area of contention between Zelma and myself in which we had indulged for many years.

Why all of this concern for the petty affairs of my life when there is so much with which to concern oneself both in national and international affairs? If there is an answer, it lies in the fact that the essence of life is to be found in personal problems such as those found in the every-day life of my family. In all of the human activity, I had been caught up in the changing cultural pattern of the 20th century, just as most other men and women on this little globe are caught up. As an educated man, however, I found myself differing drastically from those who controlled the power centers of the country on how to meet the situation. Of one thing I was sure, that the basic social diseases of humanity such as war, poverty, and crime could not be met with fear and blame. If I am allowed to say it modestly, surely all of my struggles had contributed to the making of a man.

The resignation of L.D. Haskew as Dean of the College of Education and his replacement by an acting dean, Clyde C. Colvert, on June 4, 1962, marked the end of another period of my professional life. With all of his short-comings, Haskew was truly considerate of me, and my association with him as my dean stood in striking contrast with years of frustration with L.G. Townsend at the University of Missouri. At the time of his retirement, Haskew had raised my salary to $15,000 annually, including remuneration for the summer session, and while few professors in the college received more than I, this was not a concern to me. What was important, however, was that I no longer had that sense of frustration and doubt which had haunted me for so many years at Missouri. I now knew that I had at last arrived, and that I could live in peace with myself.

Chapter 10

A NEW WORLD IS BEING BORN

1962 - 1968

The picture emerging from world events is not a pleasant one, not only because of the marked social insanity of our age, but because of the failure of the United States to provide leadership in a sick world. Since the development of the atomic bomb, the trend of U.S. international policies has been toward total reliance on military power, regardless of the intellectual and moral implications of those policies. Consequently, we killed communists in Vietnam just as our ancestors had killed Indians at Wounded Knee and just as the Jews of Old Testament times killed Philistines. That we are in a new and different period of American history is clear to all who are well informed and morally responsible to their fellow-human beings. This period, when projected in terms of present trends, marks the end of a society of free men and the rise of a new and sinister totalitarian form of government in the United States. It will come into being under the garb of freedom and democracy, but it will have the soul and mind of German Nazism.

There is a mark of tragedy in the failure of our public education program to provide both the leadership and the general maturity necessary to sustain a society of free men in the changing pattern of American culture during the latter half of the 20th century. The reasons for this failure surface clearly with shocking impact when the operations of the College of Education at The University of Texas are brought into focus. The college was not particularly different from other colleges of education in the United States, but rather it clearly reflected the cultural tendencies of all of them.

When L.W. Haskew resigned as Dean of the College of Education, some of the faculty thought that a change in administration would bring a significant improvement in teacher education requirements. However, I was not optimistically inclined in that direction, and it was soon apparent from the actions of the committee appointed to identify a new dean that little of a productive nature would result. Most members of that committee were interested in finding a dean who represented their particular field of specialization. They seemed not to be interested in the professional qualities of the person who was to provide the leadership necessary to build a strong and mature profession of teaching in the State of Texas. As a result, after two years of wasted effort, another committee was appointed, this time by the Provost of the university, and this time the committee was dominated by a central administrative point of view similar to that of Haskew. The College of Education would remain a trade training school, though methods would become more refined by an extended emphasis on psychology and the use of teaching machines.

Between the resignation of L.W. Haskew and the appointment of Wayne Holtzman as Dean of the College of Education on September 1, 1963, Clyde Colvert served first as acting dean and then as dean for one year until he retired. Colvert was a good dean, and his tenure was too brief for three reasons. First, as a man, Colvert was morally responsible, the kind of person who could be trusted as a friend. Secondly, he operated as a truly democratic administrator, and I could only wish there were more like him. Thirdly, he was more committed to a profession of teaching than any other dean with whom I have served during my career with the exception of Will Grant Chambers at Pennsylvania State University. During Colvert's period of service, he had the full support of the education faculty. I, for one, was personally saddened that age forced his untimely retirement from the deanship.

Wayne Holtzman began serving as Dean of the College of Education in 1963. During the four years of his tenure, he received the full support of the university administration, and there was wide expansion of programs in educational psychology and in curriculum and instruction. Also, a new department of special education was created. In spite of these developments, however, the progress

made was limited to an increase in the knowledge of methods and in the refinement of skill training. By promoting the development of skills in subject-matter instruction, the subject-matter emphasis of the colleges of arts and sciences has been more closely identified with improvements in methods of teaching, and this has been a good thing. Yet, all that was accomplished was within the tradition of the conventional educational dichotomy--if you know your subject, you can refine the methods to teach it.

With regard to the role of the teaching profession, its relation to the culture, and the development of a well grounded professional philosophy of education, little or no administrative leadership emerged at the college level. Actually, while a very likable person, Wayne Holtzman showed little interest in the socio-theoretical aspects of education or the possibilities of the teaching profession as a power for good in the culture.

In what ways did the Department of History and Philosophy of Education develop? Both in undergraduate and graduate instruction, there was definite improvement after 1959, when I became chair of the department. Major difficulties centered around department personnel and the recognition of the significance of the contribution of the department to the development of a quality teacher education program.

Drs. Mochlman and Sanchez continued in the same pattern in which I had found them when I went to the university in 1957. There is little doubt about the differences in the two men. Moehlman, a former colonel in the military, displayed all of the characteristics of a German officer, while Sanchez reflected the sensitivity of a Mexican American who frustrated by the tyranny of the Anglo majority. Moehlman exhibited the white man's sense of racial superiority and enjoyed being at center stage. Sanchez, while enjoying the public attention which he attracted, was sincere in his identification with persecuted minorities, especially Mexican Americans. Moehlman was academic, traditionally oriented, and liked to convey to his students his knowledge of books and familiarity with those whom he thought stood out in the intellectual world. Sanchez cared not about academics, only about the relationships of feelings among human beings.

For these and other reasons, it is understandable that I could readily establish a working relationship with Sanchez, but there never was any possibility for an understanding between Moehlman and myself. Sanchez was content to work in his own area of specialization, whereas Moehlman was always trying to cover the water front. Above all else, Moehlman had no administrative aptitude to match his aspirations for becoming chair of the department.

Franklin Parker was the other member of the department when I went to The University of Texas. As an assistant professor, Parker was just beginning his university teaching career. He knew much about books in general, for he had served as a librarian for a number of years. He is a nice, gentle person, and his wife, Betty, has a sensitive social consciousness of the needs of others. When the University of Oklahoma offered Parker a full professorship, The University of Texas could not match the offer, and we had to see him leave.

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Since leaving Pennsylvania State, my deepest professional concern has been the improvement of the quality of the mind of the American teacher. To help in this purpose, I proceeded along five lines of activity: 1) administrative leadership as chair of my departments, 2) publication of three books in addition to co-authoring seven others along with numerous articles published in a variety of professional journals, 3) direction of the graduate studies of more than 50 students, 4) participation in national and regional professional organizations, and 5) teaching undergraduate classes. Two of these five lines of activity were most significant in whatever influence I may have had on the course of American education, the direction of graduate students and publication.

The American School in Transition has gone through seven printings, an indication that the book has achieved some significant element of success. The sales of Higher Education in North Carolina have been disappointing, but I have larger expectations for The Intellectual Foundations of Modern Education. This publication spells out in a unique way my own philosophy of life and of education. My hope is that its promising impact on teacher education will be fulfilled. Certainly, one of the long-term way of influencing one's culture is by writing books.

The young men and women whom I have clearly influenced most are the graduate students who received their doctoral degrees under my supervision. I take great pride in having had a fine group of graduate students. Basic to all of my teaching is respect for the right of an individual to his or her own personal belief, but no one has the right to be ignorant about that belief. For this reason, the basic beliefs of the graduate students whom I have supervised have varied from pragmatists to Mormons, Lutherans, Baptists, Methodists, and what have you. A few have shown deep appreciation for my efforts, individuals such as Jack Willers, Dorothy Boyd, Billy Cowart, Don Flournoy, and Paul Britton. Some have given evidence of and have already fulfilled great promise for the future.

Beyond my professional career, what of my personal life? It is possible to relate only those experiences which seem to have had the greatest influence and significance. First, there was the death of my mother who finished the cultivation of her last row in life on July 9, 1964. Mother was a frontier spirit, strong and individualistic, with noble heart and a zest for life which endured to the end. The sadness of her death still lingers with me after many years. We feared that she would not be with us much longer on that Tuesday morning when she awoke at 4:00 a.m. struggling for breath. On Wednesday she regained some strength, but on Thursday she had a relapse. At about 11:45 that morning she asked me to pull her up on the pillow. Turning over on her side, she lapsed into a deep sleep, only to die at high noon. While I miss her deeply, I know that her death is a part of the order of nature, and that in her dying there was no reason for false grief.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: With abandon, Dr. Drake wept openly and unashamedly at the funeral of the mother whom he loved deeply, expressing his strong hope in what Miguel de Unamuno had called the eternalization of the moment, the eternal life of the human being. The editor, an ordained minister, was called upon to officiate at the funeral and burial of "Mother Drake" only two days prior to his doctoral dissertation defense in the Department of History and Philosophy of Education. Mother Drake's strong biblical faith was as well known to us graduate students as her son's pragmatic philosophical orientation. Could the two perspectives be adequately reconciled before the faculty of a major 20th century secular university without doing injustice to either? The text chosen for the funeral service was the Book of Revelation, 14:13--"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord...their works do follow them."]

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Chapter 11

I TAKE MY STAND

1968 - 1972

What was to happened in the College of Education at The University of Texas, and especially in the Department of History and Philosophy of Education, amounted to nothing less than a major catastrophe. Paralleling this performance by the administrators of the educational programs at The University of Texas is the equally stupid administration of political affairs, at both the state and national levels. The analysis which follows has three aspects, though they are not always separate and distinct:

1. Personal and family experiences
2. Departmental affairs at the university
3. Thoughts concerning the future of the United States and its role in the global community

During the year 1968, the one major change which occurred in my everyday activities was a summer of teaching at Auburn University in Alabama. Jack Conrad Willers, who had taken his doctoral degree with me at The University of Texas four years earlier, was then professor and chair of the Department of Educational Foundations at Auburn. Teaching at Auburn and living in that small southern town was a very satisfying experience. Since I was teaching only graduate students, I found them much more receptive to intellectual stimulation than the senior undergraduates at The University of Texas.

I remember especially a catfish fry at a restaurant out in the country several miles from Auburn with the Dean of the College of Education, Truman Pierce. We also traveled to the beautiful gardens and lakes in northern Georgia. A reception was held in the Willers' home to introduce us to other members of the university faculty. It was a memorable evening of intellectual repartee about the governor of Alabama [George Wallace], circumstances in which we found ourselves, and the future of public education in America.

Returning to Austin in July, I immediately began teaching the second six-week summer term at Texas. The period was such a trying one that I decided to spend my vacation in California with my two sons and their families. I flew from Austin to Dallas and then to San Francisco. Regardless of the number of times I got on an airplane, I always felt a glorious feeling flying through the air. Bill, Jr. met me at the airport, and we drove directly to his home where his wife, Margaret, provided a most gracious welcome.

What I remember best about the week I stayed with Bill's family was the 1968 Democratic Party National Convention in Chicago. Recalling the convention as a whole, one must conclude that it was a distressing display of little people putting on a crude act before the eyes of the world, all in the name of democracy. I shed tears when we saw the brutal, childish way in which Mayor Daley and his cohorts responded to the dissident elements. The presidential candidate, crawling on his knees, sacrificed his dignity and personal worth to a political machine in order to get the party's nomination. What a tragedy for our country and its future!

At this point it is significant to conjecture, not only about the reasons my two sons turned out to be such excellent medical doctors, but also about the reasons for their mature humanity, both in character and in human relations. Speaking as objectively as a parent can, I must conclude that aside from the significance of heredity, their home environment contributed greatly to their individual growth. Rather than teaching them to believe this or that idea or concept, all effort was made to help them develop insight and understanding. This, of course, contributed to a great deal of argument and controversy both at the dinner table and on other occasions, but if the value of method or procedure is

to be judged by its results, child development of understanding is fundamental to the survival of a free society.

For the opening of the fall semester, 1968, and my last year as chair of the department, I returned to Austin. My two sons were concerned about my feelings and reactions to the change. In truth, their concern was without grounds, for I was less concerned about myself than about the future of the department and the college. In retrospect, I had seen my efforts at two public schools and at the University of Missouri go to waste, and I had no reason to believe it would be otherwise at The University of Texas. I had increasingly realized that my contributions had not been in the material realm but in the development of the young people whom I had helped in some way or another.

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The fall semester of 1969 and the following year brought a series of tragic events to the department at The University of Texas which speak to my point of view on the role of higher education in a free society. When I had come to The University of Texas in 1957, twelve years earlier, it was with the firm conviction that I would closely and cooperatively work with George I. Sanchez. This conviction I adhered to strictly, and it worked out not only to the best interests of all, but also to the two fundamental purposes of higher education in a free society.

These purposes have been made evident in the history of higher education in America, first with reference to the founding of the American state university to provide imperative leadership in a free society, and secondly with reference to the founding of the graduate school in the latter half of the 19th century.

Historical evidence supports the assumption that the central responsibility of higher education in America should be the education of leadership, notwithstanding the way in which politics are conducted in our country. Politics, since the days of Andrew Jackson, has operated against freedom rather than in support of it, basically because of its anti-intellectualism. George Sanchez saw this malady, and we held that the primary role of the Department of History and Philosophy of Education was to provide leadership in the field of professional educational studies. Upon the shoulders of the American teacher and school administrator rests the responsibility for developing and implementing the concept of a free, democratic people.

No group in the nation other than educators can assume such intellectual responsibility, for America has neither Politburo nor College of Cardinals to formulate a metaphysical frame of reference. We do have a Supreme Court, supposedly composed of nine philosophers of democratic leadership, but their role is that of interpreting the meaning of the U.S. Constitution in order to maintain a continuing process of warrantable law. Since ours is an open-ended society, understanding takes priority over the dogma of belief. Surely this primacy of providing intellectual understanding should be the role of the professional teacher. That American education has been a failure in this respect is clearly evident in many aspects of our common experience. In his book, Crisis in the Classroom, Silberman holds that the American school is mindless. There is no doubt that this is true, and unless as a people we wake up to the reality of our times, before the end of the 20th century we will end up, through the mechanism of our anti-intellectual politics, a fascist nation. Already money dominates our political process, and money as power has priority over intellectual and moral responsibility in our culture.

The founding of Johns Hopkins University in 1879 was primarily for scientific research in a growing technological society. In this purpose, everything is reduced to mechanical law with the machine controlling humanity rather than humanity controlling the machine. Since science was dedicated to the production of material goods, and since material goods were produced for profit, everything else was of little significance in the American culture. Thorstein Veblen was more than prophetic in his vision of the trends of American life and culture.

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The issue of professional educational leadership is as fundamental at the undergraduate as at the graduate level of instruction. When I went to Texas, Sanchez, who was then chair of the department, delegated to me the responsibility for the content and teaching of the professional education course in history and philosophy of education which all students in the College of Education were required at that time to take for teacher certification and graduation. Having taught the history of American education at the University of Missouri for 18 years, I had no illusions about the depth of this responsibility. I knew that roughly only 30 percent of the students taking education courses were professionally oriented, and that the other 70 per cent were interested only in getting a passing grade in the required professional sequence courses. What they were looking for in the College of Education was some means to get by with the least amount of effort possible in the required foundations courses. Thus, a criticism of our required courses in education was more a criticism of the field of history and philosophy of education than a criticism of the content of the course. This is not to say that the content and the teaching of the required professional course could not have been improved, and that was my responsibility.

The issue over whether the required departmental course was to be a continuing part of the professional teaching sequence came to a climax in 1963 when the Texas State Legislature reduced the number of required hours in professional education from 24 to 18. It is to Dean Haskew's credit that at the time he supported the notion that a course in history and philosophy of education was fundamental to the certification of teachers. The Curriculum and Guidance Committee of the college made a review of the entire professional sequence. Out of that review, which took two years, the content of our professional history and philosophy of education course was developed as reflected in my publication, The Intellectual Foundations of Modern Education.

The largest problem in teaching the required course was gaining the support and cooperation of all who were involved. This support and cooperation I was never able to muster. Two factors seemed to work against the effort. The first was a false illusion that I would get rich from the sale of my textbook. Anyone who knows anything about the use of college texts knows that after the first sales, students often buy used copies. Secondly, all of the teachers of the course, including the teaching assistants, wanted to select their own texts and teach only the content which they knew well and in which they were primarily interested. Thus, the notion of a course which would contribute to the professional sequence broke down into a hodgepodge of subjective interests and personal prejudices. Even the effort to maintain some relative standard failed when some of the teachers of the course gave all A or B grades, while others graded on the basis of a C average.

Equally critical as the issue over the required professional sequence course in history and philosophy of education was the attitude of the students. The fact that the course was required of all education students was at least one strike against it, especially since many of the students had yet to develop any genuine professional interests. Also, the tendency on the part of many professors in the field of education to be dominated in their thinking by student interests rather than by professional needs became a means of exploiting opposition to the course. In this respect, there was some evidence that some of the teachers of the course engineered and manipulated the situation to their own advantage.

Finally, the situation surrounding the teaching of the required course became so critical that I wrote a letter to the new dean of the college, Lorrin Kennamer, stating that the course should be made an elective, and that I would no longer assume any responsibilities for it. At a meeting of the College Faculty in the spring of 1972, not only that one course but all courses in the department were placed on an elective basis. The students could now elect to take two courses in visual aids as substitutes for courses in foundations of education. Interestingly enough, no one made any successful argument for requiring prospective teachers to study history and philosophy of education. Still, some of the graduate students in the department became convinced that I, in recommending that the required course in

history and philosophy of education be placed on an elective basis, was responsible for depriving them of the financial aid they would have received from teaching the course.

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The College of Education became more and more a trade training school, enslaved by the false premise that the enhancement of the methods of teaching specialized bodies of information was the primary purpose of a college of education.

These changing conditions within the department and the college were sure to bring about a shift of interest and effort on my part. From then on, I would more and more separate myself from the administrative affairs of the university, though not to the neglect of my teaching responsibilities or the students. From then on, I would spend more time with family and personal affairs.

Over a period of time a number of invitations had come from former graduate students to visit them during summer vacations. We traveled to Auburn, Alabama, to visit Dr. Jack Conrad Willers and his family. Jack had been a doctoral student who graduated in 1964, and I had taught at Auburn University in the summer of 1968 where he chaired the Department of Foundations of Education. During the two-day visit with Jack and his family, I had the opportunity to renew old acquaintances and to direct two graduate seminars. The human relations situation in the department at Auburn reflected the deep-rooted crisis within our nation at the time, and Jack was caught in the middle of the struggle. On the one hand, the administration was unable to assume responsibility for any explosions among the students and younger faculty--a responsibility which fell on lower departmental echelons. On the other hand, the younger faculty members in Jack's department were ready to identify him with the establishment because of his responsibility to the administration. It was a situation which was bound to blow up sooner or later, and it did in the spring of 1972 when Jack left Auburn to join the faculty at George Peabody College.

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We also traveled to Oswego, New York, where one of my former graduate students, R. Lee Martin, was teaching at the state university. He and his wife, Virginia, had been our neighbors when we were at the University of Missouri. They were happy to see us and to welcome us into their home. At their cottage on Lake Ontario we spent a pleasant evening just looking out over the water and talking.

We crossed into Canada along with a large number of wandering young people who were going to a rock festival. Surely here was a lost generation, one that had lost faith, not only in their parents, but in all of the institutionalized forms of the establishment. They traveled by car, and some were walking, but all were headed they knew not where. Their eyes reflected a sense of unfulfilled hope, yet a hope that had no comprehension of where reality was to be found. At the border crossing they were carefully checked for drugs. I wondered just where it would all end. The nation had failed them, and they had taken to that lonely road that leads to nowhere.

We talked about the future of teaching in the United States which was surely headed toward a fascist state of existence. R. Lee wondered why I planned to continue to teach until I was 70. I told him that I had committed myself to teaching for 50 years and that was that, provided I remained in good health. It had been 14 years since we had seen the Martins, yet I had no feeling of being any older, for my mind was just as young as it had been when I was at the University of Missouri.

In Buffalo we found the Flournoy home. Don Flournoy had been a very special student of mine at Texas. He was a Blue Key B.A. from Southern Methodist, but the Graduate School at Texas refused to admit him because of a low Graduate Record Examination score. Don's math background was very poor, but he was an honor student in language and literature. He was a farm boy who had

worked his way through college at a Dallas radio and television station, and he wanted to use his knowledge of technology for the common good of humanity. His grades were excellent, but that mathematics test score blocked his entrance to the graduate school. Don had heard about my work from another former student, and Don decided to continue his doctoral studies under my supervision. Still not admitted after one year of study, even though he made all A grades in his courses, Don left for London to work part-time with the BBC while attending the University of London.

Don's effort to be admitted to the Texas graduate school was still confronted with numerous obstacles. A year with the BBC and a Licentiate (equivalent to a master's degree) from the University of London were still not enough to get him admitted. Nevertheless, Boston University offered Don a $3,000 scholarship, so he went there for one year. Still the graduate school at Texas would not admit him. After he was admitted to the Harvard Graduate School, however, The University of Texas capitulated, and Don returned to Austin. He completed his doctoral degree with flying colors, living proof that the GRE is an inadequate measure of a student's ability to pursue and complete graduate studies.

Bill Shunk, another former doctoral student, was teaching at Purdue University. Bill Shunk was one of those different kind of people possessing a lot of go power which enabled him to move ahead. He had gone to Purdue as an associate professor, an unusual move, for most of our graduates began their university teaching as assistant professors. Bill had originally planned to be a Baptist minister, but he and his first wife divorced. For this reason he was severely criticized.

During that summer of 1972, politics claimed more and more of the attention of the people of the United States. Against the overwhelming opposition of the party machinery, George McGovern won the Democratic Party nomination for President of the United States, only to confront the more formidable opposition of the fat cats of the Republican Party. What lessened McGovern's chances of election was the fact that the fat cats of the Democratic Party joined the Republicans. This exodus was led by John Connally, former Governor of Texas and the prime spokesman for the oil and gas industry.

The issues involved ran far deeper than the personalities or charisma of Nixon and McGovern, though the American people seemed not to realize this. Charmed by the power of ignorance, made fearful of the devil word "communism," and bought by millions of dollars to propagandize over television, press and radio, the people swung to Nixon in droves. George Wilson had said in the early 1950s, "What is good for General Motors is good for the country," and the people believed him. It was corporate power in opposition to human welfare and the rights of humanity. Where would the struggle end? There was the possibility that the people would move one step closer to a fascist state of mind with the election of Richard Nixon.

On this point, I take my stand and express a deep-seated pessimism regarding the future of our nation. The issue is not the McGoverns or the Nixons any other candidate but the symbols of what they represent. Two issues stood out in the 1972 election:

1. The use of military power to protect corporate investments abroad, especially against communist take-overs in other countries. This approach accounts for our alliance with every fascist dictatorship around the world, especially in Brazil and Greece. The prospects of reducing military expenditures and withdrawing military forces threaten the vested corporate interests.

2. Passing the tax burden from the lower income groups to the fat cats, and levying heavy gift and inheritance taxes to limit all inherited wealth. The effect of such a tax program would be to break the back of the aristocracy of wealth in this nation. This is not a matter of "soaking the rich," but a question of whether the free flow of our economy can be maintained, or whether we will ultimately be thrown into a violent class war. I have little faith in the possibility of the rich taxing themselves out of existence, and I fear that we are headed toward a violent revolutionary future.

How can our pattern of foreign relations since World War I be evaluated? Except for the period of Franklin D. Roosevelt, American foreign policy has been dominated by a paranoid fear of communism. In turn, this fear has led to an almost total reliance on military might. Although there has been unlimited talk about the virtues of freedom and capitalism, our relations with the communist world have been totally negative. There is strong evidence that during this period, we have tried a variety of tactics to destroy the growing threats against the vested interests of the western world:

1. During the administration of Woodrow Wilson, the U.S. sent armed forces into the Soviet Union in an attempt to destroy the communist forces. This effort was such a dismal failure that it led to a second method of attack.

2. From 1920 to 1930, a policy to undermine the powers of the Communist Party within the U.S.S.R. was pursued through a paid spy system. This attack contributed to Stalin's policy of terror and eventually to the murder of Leon Trotsky for alleged espionage. The policy failed, however, so the ruling class of the western world built up the German war machine under Hitler's leadership. This approach might have succeeded had not the demon Hitler doubled-crossed his supporters in an effort to conquer the world. World War II ended with the U.S.S.R. on top but at a cost of 20 million people. Some Americans called for the United States armed forces to take up where the Germans had left off and march into Moscow. Others called for a preventive war, using the atomic bomb, but both of these alternatives were so outrageous and insulting to the moral conscience of the world that Harry Truman dared not take either. Instead, another course of action was adopted.

3. President Truman led the new trend toward containment. A strong military bastion having been built around the U.S.S.R., plans were made to destroy any movement which might lead to a spread of the communist disease. The first major break in this policy came when China went communist under the leadership of Chairman Mao. Then Cuba went communist under Castro. There is little doubt that President Kennedy was assassinated because of the Bay of Pigs affair. The end of the policy of containment came when the U.S.S.R., siding with India in the Bangladesh affair, jumped the barriers and landed in the Indian Ocean. The Vietnam war certainly started out as an integral part of the policy of containment with the U.S. paying 80% of the cost of the French Indochina war between 1947 and 1954. Only the U.S. among the allied powers refused to sign the Geneva Treaty, which established a military government in Saigon. The twelve years of war which followed not only brought shame and disgrace to the United States but has also led to division and a loss of the people's faith in the American government.

4. The fourth effort, pursued by Nixon, involved our alignment with fascist dictatorships around the world. Placating China and the U.S.S.R., Nixon hoped above all else that the two nations would break into open conflict against one another. China was admitted to the United Nations, while "Tricky Dick" Nixon made his trip of peace to both Beijing and Moscow.

More than half a century has now passed since the United States and the vested interests of the western world began a holy crusade against communism, and what has resulted? Most significant among the changes is the fact that we have moved from a nation which lived in the hope of building a more just and humane world to a nation now fearful of its future in a changing, revolutionary world. Each decade has brought an ever higher national debt and more and more violence both at home and abroad. Our major cities are decaying as slums spread and unemployment runs rampant.

Insecurity characterizes our culture more and more as crime increases. The traditional Christian value structure has been cast aside because of our growing knowledge of human nature, but nothing has taken its place except the god of money. In short, we are a money-mad people increasingly

dominated by a cold and heartless machine. Like the Romans of old, we care only for that which enables us to dominate our fellow human beings, and as the Roman scholar Tacitus once epitomized his own ruling class, so do I epitomize mine--"They eat that they may vomit, and they vomit that they may eat."

In April, 1972, my dear friend and colleague, George I. Sanchez, died of a collapsed lung. He was a little man in body but a big man in spirit and in the quality of his mind. Since 1948, he had labored with only one lung and with a body which suffered from pain and high blood pressure, but he never complained. When I first came to know him in the summer of 1955 as a visiting professor at Texas, I knew that he was among the few who truly understood my way of thinking, and with whom I could truly communicate.

It was George Sanchez who was responsible for my joining the Texas faculty in 1957, and for 15 years our friendship and mutual respect continued to grow. Now that George was gone, I found myself alone in trying to maintain the humane quality and leadership of the department.

On Sunday, October 8, 1972, Billy Graham's program, "Hour of Decision" is on the radio. What a travesty and tragedy that the mind of the American people is incapable of rising above the level of such exploitation of human growth and goodness through the mechanisms of modern technology.

Chapter 12

A NEW WAY OF LIFE

1972-1975

Retirement on April 10, 1974, brought momentous changes to my life which insist on being recorded before they fade into the shadows of the past. These changes came at a time of world-shaking events in the administration of the affairs of the government of the United States. What began only as a burglary of the offices of a national political party turned into a nightmare for the people of the nation which, since its very inception, has been dedicated to the ideals of liberty and justice.

There is no need to recount the many sordid details of the conduct of Mr. Nixon and his cohorts who acted more like a gang of Nazis than representatives of a free people. It is important, however, to identify the elements within our culture which allowed this curse to fall upon our nation, and also to come to some constructive conclusions regarding our future course of action. Surely there is justification for claiming that there is a deep-seated problem of values in our culture, and that the judgments made concerning the nature of these values lie at the heart of our American way of life.

In dealing with values we must distinguish between those values which satisfy immediate needs and interests, on the one hand, and those which are significant in determining the meaning and quality of life itself, on the other hand. Clearly and emphatically, there has been an enhancement of those values related to immediate sensory experience but, unfortunately, to the detriment, even the loss, of those values involved in understanding the deeper meanings of life. Why has this disaster come upon us? The answer to this significant question can be found in the history of our culture during the past century. Two aspects of this culture stand out, one relating to the institutionalization of organized religion, the other relating to the individualization of economic need.

Throughout the entire history of western civilization, institutionalized religion has centered around an anti-scientific, other-worldly pattern of values, a set of dogma for serfs and slaves rather than for a free people. Such institutionalized religion, born of medieval western culture, has been a retarding, even negative, factor in our aspirations for life in a free society. Thus, with the lack of any other value theory pertaining to the meaning and significance of life, those interests related to the immediate sensory experience have had a free hand in the 20th century American culture. Stated in more significant and meaningful terms, capitalism, without the ethical commitment of Adam Smith, has become a curse on the body politic of our people, going nowhere and certainly not beyond the immediate satisfaction of materialistic appetites.

If this analysis of the lack of a meaning and value theory basic to life in a free society is correct, then there can be no immediate solution to the basic problems of our culture. There is little or no evidence of a force for positive change in our society. The direction in which we should look for such leadership is toward our professions, especially that of education, but here there is only a mechanistic vacuum. In the profession of teaching, the psychology of method has dominated where as the philosophy of purpose should prevail. The same can be said of all of the professions today.

What is true for the profession of teaching is even more true for the profession of law. This is demonstrated by the fact that almost without exception, the 30 or more men in the Nixon administration indicted for criminal acts were lawyers. Mr. Nixon, although shamefully pardoned by President Ford, must be considered the chief criminal of the gang which tried to turn a free society into a fascist state. It is ironic that the tapes, an outstanding example of the mechanization of our society, proved to be the undoing of the man who talked much of the need for law and order in our society. A more detailed discussion of the problem of leadership in our society is presented in my paper on "The Role of the Professions in a Free Society."

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Now we must consider the nature of the drift in our society since Mr. Nixon went into seclusion behind the walls of San Clemente. Some claim that the people of the United States have learned their lesson from Watergate, and that from now on our political life will be free from such a pattern of gross corruption. However, I find no basis in our culture to justify this conclusion, no lines of activity which point in the direction of positive cultural change. The politics of power which have been widely practiced by the multi-national corporations, and which virtually took control of our national life during the Nixon administration, have not disappeared from our cultural horizon. The same holds true for the use of corporate wealth as a means of brainwashing the minds of our people through the media of television, radio, press and movies. The people yet lack cultural insight into what is happening to them and to their country in the context of a religion of myth, magic and conversion. Such cultural insight is a matter of improving the quality of human relations between all of the individuals who comprise the body politic of the nation.

A good example of a primary problem facing the citizens of our nation today is to be found in the realm of taxation. Note the superficial actions taken in dealing with recession, inflation and the national financial deficit. It has become increasingly evident since World War I that wealth (including land as well as other forms of wealth) has become ever more concentrated in the hands of a few, so that a crisis in the economic well being of our people is now fast approaching. The controversy is couched in terms of the either-or nature of the death struggles between fascism and communism, capitalism and socialism, freedom and tyranny. Also, there are those who would, if they could, soak the rich by dividing their wealth among the poor.

By refusing to levy adequate taxes according to the ability of the people to pay, the Congress of the United States has allowed the financial deficit of the federal government to increase from one billion dollars in 1914 to over 600 billion in 1974, and the future holds no promise of any improvement in the increasing national debt. In line with this deficit financing has come the curse of inflation and the growing problem of unemployment.

To counteract the decrease in the value of the dollar, the right-wing conservative Republican Party would sacrifice human rights for property rights and balance the budget even at the expense of gross unemployment and hunger. Decrease all government spending except that related to military defense, they say. On the surface the democratic left appears to identify more with the rights of the ordinary people by its willingness to promote large numbers of massive social projects. This is true only on the surface, however, for the liberal Democrats, like the conservative Republicans, refuse to levy adequate taxes to pay for their massive welfare projects. The Democratic Party, therefore, would float more government bonds, thereby decreasing further the value of the dollar.

The fact of the matter is that neither of the two major political parties in America is truly devoted to the general welfare of the people as a whole, choosing to enhance the greed and gambling incentive which the capitalistic system promotes by the very nature of its *laissez-faire* individualism. With such an approach to growing economic needs, how long can this free society survive?

In the final analysis, our rapidly approaching choice will be between either a violent revolution, an upheaval of the underprivileged against the supercilious bigotry of the filthy rich and well born, or a heavy inheritance and gift tax to care for increasing human needs and to avoid the growing deficit financing of the national government. The Rockefellers became rich not by individual effort, but rather because Congress refused to write a law requiring them to pay taxes according to their ability to pay in face of the growing national crisis confronting the welfare of the people. By allowing the accumulation of wealth in the hands of fewer and fewer individuals, we not only destroy the free flow of our economy but also negate the very basic principles of a free society which promote work and individual responsibility. The inheritance of wealth not only creates the power-drunken parasites who hold the top rung of the social ladder but also the masses of worthless criminals at the bottom.

Charity has never been and never will be a solution to the problem of human need, for to create a beggar is as much a social crime as creating the conniving thief. Beyond making it possible for a surviving spouse to live in the same style as that of previous years, there should be no inheritance of wealth whatsoever, and giving away such wealth to relatives or friends should be prohibited. Opportunity for work must become a reality of life as well as a promise of words, and if work cannot be made possible through private industry, then assuredly one branch of government or another must make work available. With the abolition of the inheritance of vast amounts of wealth, we could bring into being the kind of free society of which Jefferson dreamed.

Vietnam was America's great national tragedy. We should have never gone into Vietnam in the first place--$163 billion wasted, 54,000 Americans killed, another 300,000 wounded, not to mention the millions of Vietnamese killed or wounded, or the destruction wrought throughout their land. And what did we accomplished? If we had a true sense of Christian humanity, we would look not only at American losses but at the countless millions of Vietnamese dead from our bullets and the earth scorched by our indiscriminate use of chemical warfare. The only thing comparable to the brutal policy waged by our national government on the Vietnamese people is the wanton destruction brought by the German government under the dictatorship of Adolph Hitler. Still, we call ourselves a free, democratic Christian people.

Retirement has made life easier in terms of stress and finances. Not having to teach classes by the clock or to labor to make my teaching significant to my students has made it possible for me to relax, to work when I want to work, and to do nothing but sit and dream when that is all I care to do. In cash value I now have nearly twice as much money to spend monthly if I should choose to do so than I had before I retired. This financial freedom is important in two ways: 1) I no longer have to worry about my economic well being, and 2) I now have the money and the time to do as much traveling as I want, something that is very important to me while I am still able to navigate without difficulty.

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We speak of ourselves as a free Christian society, and yet we reject the basic knowledge concerning human nature and our universe. We believe that it is more Christian and democratic to let the Rockefellers accumulate and hoard millions of dollars in wealth than it is to tax such wealth heavily for the benefit of the children of the nation. The reasons for this need are basic to our general welfare, but these too we ignore. To the extent to which we provide a quality environment, including adequate food, shelter and clothing, we lay the ground work for the future mental growth and physical health of our nation. Yes, heredity is extremely important, but so is the environment in which heredity grows and blossoms.

If we truly believed in a free democratic society, we would organize and direct our efforts toward the crucial end of a life fit for a free people. Do we truly love our children? Yes, we do, in an intuitive family sense, but not in any universal, scientific sense for the benefit of humanity. We are at a point of time in world history when we must not only control the birth of children throughout the world, but we must also see that the children who are born have the care and nourishment for the highest possible level of intellectual and ethical performance. The communistic world and the Scandinavian countries understand the necessity for such actions, but for materialistic reasons and religious dogmas, we refuse to face the realities of our time. It is to our shame that through greed and ignorance we refuse to do so.

An issue which is being handled in a most stupid manner is the busing of children in order to gain some degree of racial balance in the public schools. In a logical and scientific sense, nothing could be further from the truth than the Supreme Court decision on busing if the assumption holds that there is an integral relation between the child and the environment. The real issue is between the educational value of the neighborhood in which the child lives and that of the school where the child is

formally educated. Busing a child out of his or her neighborhood into another where the child has no particular identify is nothing more than an escape from reality. In no sense will busing ever solve the problem of racial inequality in the schools.

Other secondary factors intervene such as the enormous waste of time and energy, but the main issue is how to upgrade the community environment in order to provide the best possible education. Busing is more a political than an educational issue, but it is not an issue from which the Blacks will eventually profit.

Educationally speaking, there are two basic fallacies involved in school busing: 1) that genuine education is the same as formal schooling, and 2) that an individual can be constructively conditioned apart from his or her cultural environment. This second fallacy, advocated and supported by many psychologists, fails to take into consideration the concept of the whole person necessary to any scientific approach to the problems of growth and learning. Booker T. Washington knew that the Negro could not progress by riding on the back of the white man, and that Blacks must move up the ladder of civilization through their own efforts and in their own neighborhoods. Education defined as schooling is also false for the same reason, that is, because it ignores the dynamics of the evolution of life.

When I retired from active teaching from The University of Texas, I knew that I could not continue to live a full and complete life unless I found something to challenge my creative interests. As a child I grew up on my grandfather's truck farm and learned to love the soil as did Thomas Jefferson. Thus, the best possible course of action for me was to purchase a farm near Austin where I could utilize my abilities and interests in productive labor. In such a venture, I could meet my fundamental needs and continue to live a satisfactory life. This is the reason I ventured into ranching, and this is what I have been doing with great satisfaction and, I must admit, hard labor.

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What does this ranch mean to me? The ranch gave me a new life, a chance to live in the freedom of the open air, to be creative in the best ways I know, to plant and cultivate, to watch new growth spring from the land, to conserve the soil, and to raise cattle. To get on the tractor for a couple of hours, shredding the tall grass which now covers the pasture, is a source of genuine pleasure for me. It is not hard to understand why Thomas Jefferson loved his Monticello, or why he was able to understand the erosive effects of urban life on the human body and soul. Of course, I am thankful that I do not have to make my living on the ranch, for if so, I would half starve. Fortunately, I had been able to save enough money in younger years to meet my fundamental retirement needs and to indulge in the creative activities which mean very much to me.

I now seldom return to the university campus except to pick up mail every two or three months. Developments in the department and at the university do not speak well for those with administrative responsibilities. While the internal affairs of the Department of Cultural Foundations of Education leave much to be desired, the issue of the future of that department lies with the administration of the College of Education.

Operationally speaking, one word characterizes the quality of the department--"mediocrity." All of the academic qualifications of the departmental faculty are very high in contrast with the way in which the department functions. Many years ago John Locke pointed out that function, or operation, is the most fundamental aspect of social reality. That truth certainly holds for the situation in the department since my retirement. As for the college itself, mechanistic administration in educational policy has become the order of the day.

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What disturbs me most about the current failure of leadership is that I spent 50 years of my life in teaching and administration only to find that the general condition of our nation is worsening. Of course, I am but one person, and many others have struggled in the same manner, but the results are nevertheless disillusioning. It is not that I have wasted my life. Far from it. At the age of 72 years on this 25th day of September, 1975, what bothers me above all else is that I have been able to accomplish so little in life. Certainly I shall continue to read and to write, but I now know that I must seek my freedom in new fields of endeavor.

My daughter says that I am eccentric, and I would agree that in a number of ways she is right. Nevertheless, with a full heart and a clear mind I can live at peace with myself, for I have tried, really tired, within the limits of my strengths and weaknesses, to bring about a better world for all humanity. Yes, I will remain concerned about what is happening to my country and to the people of the world, but I will not worry about that which is beyond my reach, either in terms of knowledge or power.

In many ways I have taken up a new way of life, and in some respects a more satisfactory way of life than I have ever known. Still, I shall often look back to those days when I walked into the classroom and mentally struggled to bring more meaning and value into the lives of those with whom I tried to communicate.

Chapter 13

THE WILL TO LIVE

1976-1977

The election of 1976 resulted in the expenditure of millions of dollars and the shedding of many tears by members of the Republican Party. What can be made of it all, now that the shouting is over and the nation must get back to the serious business of government? What predictions can be made for the future welfare of the nation and the good of humanity?

I am extremely pessimistic about the future of our free society, because we are at heart an anti-intellectual people. This pessimism has hardened into the conviction that America has now moved so far into a state of general anarchy that the only way out is a fascistic dictatorship. The basic ingredients of our culture have not and will not change just because a new President, Jimmy Carter, has been elected, though he is far superior to Gerald Ford. Look at some of the more significant factors which cannot be avoided.

The lack of intellectual and moral responsibility in Congress stands out above everything else. Apparently, in matters of general welfare, each member of Congress must get a share of the pie, even if the economy deteriorates and the nation goes bankrupt and crime continues on its rampant increase.

What can be said about Gerald Ford that qualified him to be the President of the United States? Or about his sensitivity to the needs of the people? About his intellectual abilities and maturity? About his ability to lead this nation in resolving its critical problems? Throughout Ford's many years as a member of Congress, he never once introduced a proposal of any significance to the general welfare of the nation. This being the case, how was it possible for him to act otherwise as President? Yet the majority of Congress made him President by forcing Nixon to resign when faced with the threat of impeachment. Still, in spite of Ford's immaturity and simple mindedness, he did receive the votes of almost 30,000,000 Americans and carried almost every state west of Minnesota, Oklahoma and Texas and several states in the northeastern United States. The people voted more on the basis of their likes and dislikes than on a concern for value and intelligence. Given enough money and publicity, it is possible to brainwash the great majority of the people in any given political contest one way or another. Is this the safe, intelligent way to secure responsible individuals to fill national offices carrying power over the future welfare of humanity? What holds true for the presidency surely holds at least equally true for the election of Senators and Congressmen.

One specific experience is worth analyzing regarding the abilities of Gerald Ford. What conclusion can be drawn from the fact that Richard Nixon selected Ford to be President in the first place? Ford had served as the chief spokesman for the Republican Party in Congress, and he had replaced Spiro Agnew, who had been forced to resign his high office as Vice President because of corruption. The conclusion in this situation is not difficult to reach, for Ford had served as Nixon's devoted agent in Congress, for example when Ford attempted to instigate impeachment proceedings against Associate Justice Douglas on a false charge of corruption or, in a more definitive sense, when he opposed taking up the question of Nixon's impeachment in Congress in the first place. Then why did Gerald Ford pardon his former President in clear violation of the principle of equal justice before the law? Ford said he did so to save the nation in time of stress and turmoil. But can he be believed and, if so, does his reason justify the sacrifice of a principle which lies at the very heart of the future welfare of the nation? Of all citizens, the President has the moral and legal obligation, as indicated in the oath of that office, to support the law. My grandfather had a name for Ford's actions. He called it "HORSE TRADING."

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In retrospect, what further conclusions can be drawn from Ford's membership in the lower house? His negative attitude toward alleviating the nation's ills stands out. Granted that the actions of the majority of the members of Congress were distorted and unsuccessful, what did Ford himself have to offer? The answer is, nothing. In the words of Marie Antoinette, he was saying, "Let them eat cake." What made Ford's negative attitude hopeless was the fact that during the years in which he served in Congress, he was clearly the representative of the military mind which seeks to solve all problems through force. From a humanistic point of view, we must conclude that ahead of individual needs, Ford put corporate property rights, especially the power of the multinational corporations well represented by the wealth of Nelson Rockefeller.

No system of just taxation will ever pass Congress without the triumph of justice over power sustained by wealth. This victory is not likely to rise out of our capitalistic system. The ethics of a free society demands the payment of taxes for the sake of the general welfare according to a person's ability to pay.

Equally as cruel and evil as the tax laws which Congress has passed is the manner in which federal tax dollars are spent. The scandals and corruption cover a broad front from the support of mistresses on government payrolls to the bribing of members of Congress by corporations and other government agencies both at home and abroad. Government imitates the corporations, both of which are operating off the backs of lower income citizens.

Our tax system thus breaks down on two counts: in the first place, it is an unjust tax system, and secondly there is a scandalous waste of public funds through the corruption and greed of those responsible for governmental operations. It is, therefore, not difficult to understand why the people have lost faith in their government. The irony of it all is that the ethical responsibility of the people is no better than that of their elected officials. Is it any wonder that I am pessimistic about the future of our country and the general welfare of the people?

What a tragedy that the people view unemployment as a statistical problem rather than a human issue. The effects of this mechanical approach are tragically demonstrated in at least three major respects: 1) an increase in crime at all socio-economic levels, including white-collar crime, 2) a loss of a sense of self-respect coupled with a concomitant increase in the number of unemployed dependent on institutionalized charity, and 3) a retreat from reality toward mental breakdown, suicide and deteriorating physical health. All three of these results are now present within our culture and are definitely on the increase.

No longer is it safe to walk the streets of our major cities where rape, robbery and murder are ever-threatening. How ridiculous that Richard Nixon should receive millions of votes for promising increased law and order, while the major calamity was his own betrayal of the public trust. Millions of tax dollars have been spent in the last several years to improve local law enforcement agencies with little or no evidence of positive results. An integral part of the unemployment situation, institutionalized charity has become the order of the day, so that millions now prefer the lower level of economic support from the government to retaining self-respect and individual independence. Those who have now found refuge in institutionalized charity believe they have also found security, though it is nothing more than poverty.

Medicaid reflects the deteriorating quality of our culture in regard to both the greed of the operators and the exploitation of the recipients. The government endeavors to care for the medical needs of the poor, but the taxpayer is bled by those who, without ethical commitment, exploit the system in the name of the general welfare. It is disgraceful and contemptible that this policy of exploiting both government and the people should be practiced by doctors, lawyers and administrators. We are repeating the pattern of ancient Rome at a time when the people of the world are in grave need of leadership.

Medicare is quite a different matter from Medicaid, yet the critics of Medicare deliberately confuse the issue by misleading the public into believing that Medicare is public charity. Recipients of Medicare receive benefits by paying for medical insurance in advance. For many years I have made monthly payments in Medicare insurance premiums, and now that I have been able to make use of Medicare benefits at a time of crisis in my own life, I shall relate that experience in some detail.

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In times of illness I have never had any fear for my survival; I knew in my own mind that I would recover. Whence comes such positive attitude of mind? Doubtless my relatively excellent general physical condition for the age of 73 years contributed much to my rapid recovery from illness and to my positive mental attitude. Was there any other factor of significance? I am basically inclined to believe that there is more to life and in life than mechanical law, something I call "the will to live" or "the creative life force" that runs like a thread throughout the entire universe. What Albert Einstein called a "Cosmic Sense of Being" is the truest concept of God that I know. It is something of which I have been conscious throughout my entire life, and I know that as long as it is with me I shall continue to live, and that when it departs I shall pass from this scene. Truly, humanity's sense of history and the evolution of the human mind are bound up in this concept of a cosmic sense of being.

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While we do not know a great deal about the everyday lives of our sons, we do know that in recent years they have been confronted with a major insurance problem as medical doctors have been increasingly confronted with lawsuits and the payment of thousands of dollars because of jury verdicts even when the physician was not irresponsible. This practice also points up a vicious lack of a value frame of reference which extends beyond making money or getting rich in whatever ways are possible. This practice involves the two professions of law and medicine and points to the basic failure of our jury system to make crucial value judgments. The tragedy of the entire business is that the total effect will work against the welfare of the people in general and the progress of the medical profession.

How does this racket between the lawyer and client operate? Let us say that a case develops when a patient dies, though through no fault of the doctor. Or perhaps the patient survives but fails to recover completely for one reason or another. A conniving lawyer contacts the relatives of the patient who dies or fails to get well to convince them or the surviving patient that a lawsuit should be brought against the physician. The lawyer's fee, if any at all, might be nothing more than half of the jury award. If the jury awards nothing, the lawyer's fee would be nothing. By a strong emotional appeal to the jury, the lawyer convinces them that the doctor was at fault, and that the insurance company should pay an exorbitant amount for the doctor's mistakes. The members of the jury, thinking that only the insurance company will pay, grants the requested award. But, because of such awards, the insurance company is able to require higher insurance premiums from the doctors, some of whom, surgeons and anesthesiologists for instance, pay as much as $35,000 a year for insurance protection again malpractice judgments.

The effect of these malpractice suits has been three-fold: 1) Doctors are no longer willing to take risks when the life of a patient hangs in the balance. 2) Many older doctors find it necessary to retire rather than to run the risk of a malpractice suit, thus creating a serious shortage of doctors in some states and many districts throughout the nation. 3) Doctors are forced to cancel their insurance policies and accept the personal risk of facing a malpractice suit, knowing that no one can get blood out of a poor turnip.

Of course, all doctors are not free from the guilt of malpractice, and when guilty they should be charged and fined accordingly. Drunkenness, incompetence or failure to live up to their professional responsibilities are inexcusable. But who is competent to make a medical decision, a jury of

non-professionals who more than likely are poorly educated, or competent, well educated medical professionals? Doctors are not perfect, but should innocent and competent ones, who have made every effort possible to save human life, be sued to the point of self-destruction because they are not always capable of performing miracles? Common sense, if nothing else, should tell us that when an individual performs to his or her maximum potential, nothing more should be expected.

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The great tragedy of these medical malpractice suits is that they clearly demonstrate the lack of any ethical sense of responsibility in our culture, and that doctors and lawyers are both responsible for the continuing breakdown of our democratic way of life. Suing doctors for malpractice when no malpractice has occurred only compounds the widespread corruption in our society. In a functional sense, we have a right to expect our legislatures to take positive action toward the betterment of the common good, action to establish medical boards to judge between those cases which involve definite malpractice and those in which no malpractice has occurred. Why do the legislatures not take such initiative? Because the lawyers control the legislative policy-making procedures.

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While most of my interests involve traveling, working on the farm and writing, I still maintain a very active interest in the future welfare of my country and the relation of the educational process to that welfare. I continue to deplore the indifference of those who are responsible for the education of teachers toward the role of culture in our everyday lives and to the welfare of humanity in general. Recent events in the College of Education at The University of Texas only tend to strengthen my conviction that teacher education in the United States is a failure because of its mindlessness. Teacher education now operates at the level of superficial trade training. The product of these efforts is not only fruitless but a waste of time and money. I am aware that I am repeating these convictions, but this repetition is the only way that those responsible for the failures in teacher education can learn that their actions have placed the American democracy in limbo.

In teacher education, we are unquestionably operating in a cultural vacuum, the result of which is to ignore the realistic impact of culture. At the elementary teacher education level, the focus is exclusively on the biological child as if children live in a cultural vacuum as entities unto themselves. At the secondary level, the program shifts to methods of teaching specialized bodies of subject matter. That program continues to be dominated by the tradition of the college of arts and sciences. Thus, the overall effect of teacher influences on the welfare of the nation is nil. The social intelligence of the teacher operates at zero level.

In making these basic judgments I am not saying that the Department of Cultural Foundations of Education at Texas, which I chaired from 1960 to 1970, failed to live up to its challenge. Its failure, however, was due to a lack of a sense of unity among the faculty and to a lack of leadership on the part of the dean and faculty of the college. Only George Sanchez seemed to have any idea of the significance of the role of the department, but in departmental and college matters George was limited by his strong sense of responsibility to impoverished Mexican Americans.

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In light of the conditions prevailing in the department at the time, one can readily understand how easy it was for the administration of College of Education to abolish the department by administrative decree. That decree confirmed what I have been saying all along, that teacher education is in terrible straights, and that the blame for this condition surely lies at the feet of university administration which has failed to recognize the significance of and the need for a selected professionalization of teacher education programs.

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Much of the failure of teacher education is traceable to the deep-rooted classical and medieval concept of the nature of man. Supplementing this warped and unscientific concept of human nature, an equally warped concept of biological atomism confronts us, especially as it is presented by politicians, those who advocate free enterprise, and the psychologists of the academic world. The elementary teacher is taught to view the child as a biological entity, a concept of the nature of humanity which accounts for much of our failure to develop an educational program in cultural terms.

Secondary education continues to be dominated by the dogma of the colleges of arts and sciences. The emphasis shifts from a child-centered view to the primacy of subject matter. The underlying justification for such an approach lies in the assumption that humans are rational animals and that, as such, they ought to be free to make the choice between learning and remaining ignorant. The practice of specialization as a product of our technological world is at the heart of our tendency to vocationalize the educational process and to operate on the basis of the concept of human rationality. The results of this dogmatic 18th century assumption reflect the importance of developing the social intelligence of the educator.

Considering the positions of the Catholic Church regarding abortion, birth control and sterilization, and the dogma of the free enterprise system, we gain further insight into the reasons our educational programs operate on the basis of false premises concerning human nature. There was a time when every individual was so important to the continued existence of the tribe that abortion, birth control and sterilization were outlawed, even to the point of a death sentence. Now, to the contrary, within our present situation no such functional approach is warranted. Actually, under present cultural conditions the exact opposite is now true. The population of the world must be greatly limited if humanity is to be freed from the four horsemen of the Apocalypse--poverty, starvation, disease and nuclear war. A prime example is the condition of India. Indira Gandhi is to be praised for her efforts to reduce the population growth in her country. In the long run, however, the politicians will defeat such noble, courageous efforts because of the anti-intellectualism within the so-called free societies.

Humanity has never been, and never will be, anything more than a product of its culture. This is not to deny that there is a creative dynamic force in the universe. Nor does it deny the role of heredity in the evolution of human intelligence. What I do deny on intellectual grounds are the medieval Christian assumptions regarding human nature and the materialistic, mechanistic assumptions now being promulgated by the so-called modern psychologists. I affirm, however, that cultural heritage marks the basic differences between humanity and the rest of the animal kingdom. It is only within a pattern of culture that we acquire or fail to acquire the quality of being human.

The present-day culture is overwhelmingly dominated by the role of economic power exemplified by corporations, international cartels, and the way great masses of people cast their votes. Those with monetary wealth exploit the minds of the masses by appealing to their animal nature--to their greed, ignorance and prejudice. Herein are the roots of the failure of public education in America. All of this seems so self-evident in light of our present-day knowledge that it is difficult to understand why the universities refuse to operate on the basis of a concept of human nature drawn from the primacy of culture. Unfortunately, the basic reality of the cultural process has in our day been reduced to mechanical law. As a result, we not only ignore the creative force within the universe but also subvert the creative potential of the human individual.

Even my position on the role of culture has been so distorted that on numerous occasions I have been called a communist. When I was an assistant professor at Pennsylvania State, the Superintendent of the public schools of Pittsburgh tried to destroy my reputation as an open-minded person by attacking me in the press as a communist. When I challenged him before the school board, he denied that he had ever said that I was a communist or that he had ever spread such a rumor.

Again, when I was a professor at the University of Missouri, because of my efforts to promote a program of friendship with the Soviet Union, the Dean of the College of Education, expressed his opinion to a number of faculty members that I was a communist. I have always thought that he resorted to this tactic because he thought I would be assigned the deanship of the college when Theo W. Irion was considering resigning. At one time I was asked by a leader of the Communist Party in St. Louis to join the communist movement. Of course, I turned him down immediately with the comment that I could not possibly operate within his frame of reference. Also, I am certain that my approval for service overseas as an employee of the U.S. War Department in 1945 was delayed in New York City just before time to embark. Let me reiterate that I live in the spirit of Free Masonry and all that it represents.

The question of my being a communist came to a head when my manuscript on "Education in the American Culture" was submitted for publication to Prentice-Hall, Inc. E. George Paine, then editor of the Prentice-Hall series, praised my work in no uncertain terms in a personal letter to me. He also warned me, however, that the president of Prentice-Hall would surely reject the manuscript because of its radical nature. I will also reiterate that after considerable delay and much debate with the copy editor, I stated at that time that I was not a communist, that I had never been a communist, and that I never expected to become a communist. The end result of the controversy was the 1956 publication of the material dealing with the schools under the title The American School in Transition. The background cultural material still remains unpublished. What is significantly prophetic, however, is that most of what I had written in that part of the manuscript about American cultural trends has been verified with the passing of time.

Since the communist revolution in the U.S.S.R., I have had an interest in the pros and cons of the program and in trying to determine the validity of the propaganda distributed daily in our country about the Soviet Union. In doing so, it has been necessary to distinguish the propaganda promoted by vested interests in our culture from that circulated by those who promote the communist cause. Surely there is a God complex in the heart of both sides of the controversy, for the evidence indicates a holy war between the two sides with no holds barred. The nature of this was somewhat modified when Nixon, acting as the agent of the monetary vested interests in America, moved to a different approach to the problem of communism. The U.S. began to parry the forces of the U.S.S.R. against Communist China and vise versa.

The ignorance and poverty of mother Russia and the corruption and brutality of the Czars surely justified fully the revolution of 1917. Later, a well financed system of vested interests in the western world encouraged Hitler to wage war against the Soviet Union. Yet the strength of the Russian people held and their will to survive the German onslaught prevailed against the most powerful military machine the world had ever seen, especially at Stalingrad. It is certain that the people were better served by their communist government than they had been by the Czarist warlords.

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What is truly needed by the people in both the United States and the U.S.S.R. is a realization that each is following a distinctly different way of life, and that each way of life has its virtues as well as vices.

The root problem of the American way of life lies in the failure to implement the concept of individuality in light of a bio-social approach to human nature. The longer we adhere to the medieval concept of human nature and the notion that the human being is a rational animal, we will fail in our efforts to promote the democratic way of life. Furthermore, the mechanistic concept of human nature and the economy are equally deadening. For example, genetic mechanism tends to promote the curse of racism as much as any traditional tribal dogma.

The assumption that we are becoming more democratic because minority rights are now better recognized is a false assumption, for our entire operating premise is based on racism rather than any creative concept of individuality. As a result, the Blacks have become increasingly more racist, not less, during the past decade. Black racism, white racism, Jewish racism, and racism of all forms is corruptive of the human spirit and destructive in any democratic sense.

On the communist side of the ledger, there is a different problem. Despite the fact that the communists claim that their thinking is scientific, both in technology and in social concepts of the nature of humanity and its fundamental needs, nevertheless a pattern of communist dogma does exist. The strength of the system is found in its respect for intelligence in government and in the need to plan in order to meet the needs of all of the people. The basic weakness of the communistic doctrine, however, lies in the dogma of materialism and in the authoritarian control over the body and mind of the individual. Authority prevails in all military systems, flowing from the top down rather than from the creative activity of the individual.

In each of these two ways of life the impact of the culture tends to determine the way in which each individual responds to what he or she reads or is told. It became very clear to me while visiting the Soviet Union that the people, almost without exception, reflect the mentality of old Mother Russia. This appeared true whether we were talking with a teacher, a student or a hotel clerk. The pattern of authoritarianism has been bred into the minds of the people so deeply by centuries of subjugation that they do not know how to think or act otherwise.

Compare this subjection with the past 300 or 400 years of Anglo-Saxon culture, including the Magna Carta, the Glorious Revolution of 1688, and the Declaration of Independence. No nobility of the Russian pattern ever gained a foothold on the North American continent, not even in old Mexico where a concerted effort was made to establish a pattern of tyranny. The English planter aristocracy, which prevailed in the southern States, was unquestionably based on the enslavement of the Negroes, but who can say that, as bitter as that experience was for the Blacks, they did not profit greatly from the system that provided the possibility for a major transition from a primitive culture. However, with the destruction of the English plantation aristocracy in the Civil War, that system was replaced by a corporate system of economy which continues to value the accumulation of wealth above human life. Our heritage of freedom today is continually being lost in the mire of a gambler's economy. If we only had some way in which we could combine the social consciousness of the Soviet regime with the American sense of creative free individuality, we could overcome one of the greatest barriers to the future growth and development of the human race.

Our nine days in the Soviet Union, though extremely limited in time, proved to be a genuine learning experience never to be forgotten. Saddest of all the experiences of the trip was a visit to the graves of the 600,000 or more men, women and children who were starved to death by the German army in the siege of Leningrad during World War II. There a beautiful monument has been erected where the eternal flame of life burns and a stone inscription symbolizes the spirit of Mother Russia: "YOU ARE NOT ALONE."

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There are reports that the CIA is responsible for killing several hundred thousand hogs in Cuba by spreading germ bacteria in order to weaken the regime of Fidel Castro. How could a responsible body of the U.S. government stoop to such a cold-blooded and barbaric attack on the food supply of thousands of poor people? And now we learn that Presidents Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon, the CIA, multinational corporations, the American Federation of Labor, and the Jesuits--all participated in various forms of bribery to prevent the duly elected president of Chile from filling his office, in one way or another contributing to his assassination. To what lengths will those who hold the power of life and death in our society resort in order to stop the spread of communism?

The prospects are disheartening, but a note of encouragement rarely surfaces, such as the following letter from one of my former Missouri students who teaches at the state university in Mankato, Minnesota:

> My supply of New Year's greetings is exhausted, but I trust you will accept this note as a substitute. I just want to reiterate my gratitude for what you have meant to my life--personally and professionally. You taught me to probe--to quest and to pry. In view of the low value of these skills these days, I sometimes wonder whether I should curse you or praise you. But as a university professor, I count my blessings and heap lavish praises on your head. You have fulfilled expectations associated with your title of "Professor." You are the only professor I ever had who taught me to think. Thank you, Sir.
>
> Sincerely,
>
> Gleamon M. Cansler

Chapter 14

DECAYING FAMILY LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES

1978-1979

What is the future of family life in America? Judged by current social trends, that future is not very bright and, if I judge correctly, with the breakdown of family life, the problems affecting our nation today will be amplified, especially the problems of crime, mental health, and drug addiction.

What background factors contributed most significantly to the disintegration of family life? The most significant historical factors have been the Industrial Revolution and the free-enterprise capitalistic economy with its accompanying emphasis on individualism, both political and economic. Prior to the Industrial Revolution, the family was the dominant social institution, considered more important than the individual. The rights of primogeniture and entail were major factors in maintaining the continuity and prestige of the family. Unfortunately, this family structure favored the rich and the well born, especially the eldest son and his offspring. With the American Revolution of 1776, and its concomitant emphasis on the "rights of man," this legal structure was abolished, and the search for a new basis for maintaining the significance of the family became necessary.

That new basis for the responsibility of the family as the primary social institution in American culture was placed in the American farmer by the beginning of the 19th century. The "Agrarian Way of Life" became the heart of the American culture, a solid basis for the values most closely identified with the concept of democracy. That agrarian power structure and influence, however, has now given way to the urban community, resulting in the disintegration of the family as a social institution. Today the small farmer is disappearing from the American scene, and with his disappearance has come the breakdown of the socio-economic structure which provided a solid basis for holding the family together.

The economic evidence of this breakdown of the family is clear and easily identifiable. Historians agree that the growth of the factory system took both men and women out of the home and placed them before machines for as many as twelve hours a day. Fathers were first separated from their growing children. The entire responsibility for raising children was placed on the shoulders of the mothers. The hue and cry that "a woman's place is in the home" increasingly implied that a man's place was in the factory or office. What was lost was not only that sense of family unity which farm life protected and promoted, but also the balanced male-female relationship in the growing life of the child.

Pulling the father away from his role in the growing life of the child contributed to the breakdown of the family as a social institution. The influence of the mother was also weakened beyond the point of no return. Two factors contributed to this weakening influence. First, as the concept of individualism in the free enterprise economy became dominant, the idea that "a woman's place is in the home" became secondary to the idea of the "career woman." Secondly, the 20th century supremacy of urban culture increased its influence over the agrarian cultural foundation.

How has the shattering of the American family as a social institution influenced the everyday life of children and young people? The effects have been devastating in a number of significant ways. This devastation shows itself in the suicidal tendencies among those under 21 years of age, in the growing crime rate among juveniles--crimes such as murder, arson and burglary--in drug addiction, and in their escape from reality as indicated by contemporary music and other popular forms of entertainment. Increasing numbers of young people are living together outside the bonds of matrimony. Unemployment, especially among young black males, runs as high as 40 per cent in some large eastern cities of the United States. More and more the decline of the family as a social institution will come to affect one and all, black and white, young and old, male and female alike.

Because I was born and grew up at a time when the family as a primary social institution was a stable force in the American culture, my life has been lived in a period of transition from the agrarian family to the present-day disintegrating urban family. Despite personal and economic adversities, I never considered divorce a feasible solution to marital difficulties. I had made a pledge to my wife and assumed responsibility for my children, and I very much wanted to keep them. At the age of 75 it has become clear that I am a part of a cultural tradition which is breaking down. Where this destructive tendency is leading is difficult to discern, but on the basis of the historical process, such a tendency dehumanizes our biological nature. Dewey referred to the relationship of the genetic brain and the social mind within the "nature-nurture" process. Currently, that period of life in which the social mind is being formed, from birth to 18 years of age, is in a state of chaos. Since Aristotle's "form-matter" hypothesis is fundamental to human existence as well as to the good life, the chaos during formative years must be looked upon as destructive in our culture.

An examination of the conduct of young people in our culture today reveals all the evidence needed to support this thesis. But where is the evidence to support the assumption that a more constructive form of family life is replacing the decaying agrarian form of social process? In this respect we do not appear to be doing any better than the Romans did when they moved from their agrarian way of life to an urbanized society. Past experiences indicate that if we do not develop a new and more constructive form of social life than we now have, we will inexorably move before the end of this century into a military dictatorship. Unfortunately, my determination to maintain unity in my family life was not followed by my older son, although I am glad to say that such is not the case for our younger son or our daughter.

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Since my retirement from The University of Texas, I have more and more come to the conclusion that the state university is failing to live up to its responsibilities of service in a free society. Not since the close of the 18th century has the state university fully served its democratic purposes. The universities are to be commended for their efforts to maintain the knowledge of the past and, through research, to bring to light new knowledge for the benefit of the human race. But the operation of today's state university definitely lacks any intellectual or ethical frame of reference or a sense of the need for a cultural pattern. This lack of any ethical sense of the need for a society of free people leads to only one conclusion, that the state university is now operating in a vacuum, with threads of social need strung here and there, but without fabric or pattern, without frame of reference.

As a part of this picture, since my retirement in 1974, no one from the university has recognized that I might have something to contribute to the betterment of the university's role in our disturbed American culture. It is as if I and all those retired from the university, both faculty and administrators, were nothing more than former hired hands whose services were no longer of any value or use, discarded bricks now replaced by other bricks better fit for the mechanical operations of the institutions. The wisdom of experience counts for naught, and the communication among friends and professionals is of little or no significance.

Recently I read an article on the educational experiences of a young graduate from one of the universities of the State of California. It is difficult to believe that he graduated without being able to read or write. How could this happen, how, during all these years of so-called education in the public schools and four years in a state university? As you might suspect, he was a star footfall player. Because he was needed on the football team, he was able, through tutoring and by a number of his teachers passing the buck, to receive passing grades. Throughout my many years of teaching, actually 50 in all, I knew that football players were being given special consideration, but I had never read of a case as extreme as this one. At no time during my 50 years of teaching did I ever indulge in such hypocrisy, not even for Paul Christman, the well-known football hero of Don Faurot's team at the University of Missouri. The state universities are being used as a training ground for commercial

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athletics. Sooner or later, if time and energy permit, I want to write another novel on the betrayal of the state university, the institution of higher learning founded originally by Free Masons at the close of the 18th century to secure the freedoms for which the American Revolution was nobly fought.

On August 14, 1978, I received a very interesting letter concerning my book, The Intellectual Foundations of Modern Education. The letter came from Professor Harry Armogida of Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, and read in part as follows:

Dear Professor Drake:

When Intellectual Foundations was published, I read it and knew that it was one of the most significant books which I had read in years, and my feeling for it has not changed. I used it for years as a textbook with indifferent reactions by students. It was during the period when the students were more interested in the Vietnam fiasco and simply were not reading.....

I continued to read your book, and it has come to occupy a special place with Plato, Freud, Shakespeare, the Bible, Pericles, O.W. Holmes, Jr., Jefferson and a few others whom I reread time and time again, always with the pleasure of sensing that I gain new insights and deeper understandings.....

I should have written you years ago to express my indebtedness to you for helping me with my own thinking. Instead, I settled for the thought that if ever our paths crossed, we would have much to share, and you would note your impact.

Very truly yours,
Harry Armogida

I had not known or even heard of Professor Armogida, but was much gratified by what he had written concerning my book, so I replied (in part) as follows on August 30, 1978:

Dear Professor Armogida:

It was very kind of you to write such a gracious letter, and especially your comments about The Intellectual Foundations of Modern Education. I must tell you that your are one of a limited number of individuals who have written to me praising the quality of the study and the challenge which it presents to the American teacher.

It is my continuing judgment that our public schools have failed to provide a meaning and value frame of reference consistent with the needs of a society of free men and women. If we are to have a quality educational program, we must face up to the fact that it must be based on a clear-cut concept of the nature of man.....

Given the concept of the nature of man as a symbol-creating animal, we can determine, both by a rational and a historical analysis, that humanity is, by original nature, an intuitive and feeling animal, that we develop a quality of rationality, a mind, out of our socio-cultural experiences.....

As pointed out in the chapter entitled "Education and Social Reality," it is the mechanistic concept of human nature which disturbs me most about Marxism. There is a logical consistency about the communistic approach to education, just as there is in medieval Christianity, but neither of these educational philosophies places primary significance on the creative role of the individual in the social process. Our failure to realize this should be viewed as significant and most critical, for it is here that the

essence of the democratic process is deeply rooted. New knowledge must be viewed, not as discovered or as a gift of the gods, but rather as a product of the creative mind....

The problem as I see it is rooted in the background of the student in that the limitations of the mind are, to large degree, a result of the poverty of the environment of both the school and the community.

Cordially yours,
William E. Drake

My paper on "The Role of the Professions in a Free Society," published in the November, 1979, issue of The Journal of Thought, emphasized my belief that our society is operating without any unity of purpose because the professions are dominated by technology, a "science" of methodological psychology. The one exception to this failure of the professions is the field of theology which is dominated by its medieval concept of the nature of man. Probably the most tragic example of this widespread medieval religious perspective in our culture is the communal homicides at Jonestown, Guyana, on November 22, 1973. By drinking cyanide, 912 people, mostly black, perished. Here is a clear-cut example of the anti-intellectual nature of our culture and the destructive nature of humanity allowing emotions to dominate rational potentiality. The immaturity of the minds of those poor, frustrated and alienated people is a frightful example of the immaturity to be found in the minds of most people in the United States today. How else could more than 900 people be made to submit to the will of the warped mind of an alleged religious saint? The answer to this question is to be found only in the nature of the medieval mind.

Since the early part of the 19th century there has been a revolt against reason and an increasing reliance on intuition and feeling to solve basic human problems, especially in the areas of religion, politics and social relations. This tendency in our culture reflects the ancient Greek revolt against the rationalism that had produced Aristotle which, in turn, resulted in a return to a cult of mysticism. This mysticism dominated the western mind until the beginning of the scientific movement in the 17th century which, in turn, produced the 18th century Age of Reason, the foundation of the sense of freedom expressed in the first ten amendments of the federal Constitution. But what seemed to be the beginning of a new age of freedom was swept aside by a scientific materialism growing out of the Industrial Revolution and the rise of a religious evangelism. Neither a Jonestown nor the mystic evangelists can lead us out of the present social chaos of our shattered dreams.

Over a period of the many years of my university teaching, I tried to help literally hundreds of students to understand the nature of the problem of freedom in our culture, and its significance for the future of humanity. I am happy to state that I did seem to have a positive effect on a number of teachers in this respect, though most of them were at the graduate level of instruction. The following letter from a former student, addressed to my son, Dennis, because she had lost my address, well illustrates the nature of this influence. In part it reads:

Dear Dr. Drake:

This is a rather involved and difficult letter to write, but let me begin by saying that my sister, Dorothy, now deceased, and I had your father Dr. William E. Drake, in graduate summer school at the University of Missouri, between 1941 and 1945. We had him in philosophy of education and comparative education. Of all the professors in graduate school, he was our favorite teacher.....

Once he spoke at our church on the role of the church in our society. There he told the same story he had told in class at one time, namely, that as a boy, while attending Sunday school, he asked too many questions, and the teacher told him that it would

be better if he stayed home. A Rabbi who was present got up and said, "I am glad that the little boy grew up to be such a great teacher"....

I beg your indulgence in this long involved letter. It is simply that Dorothy and I thought so much of Dr. Drake. I gave Dorothy a copy of his book, The American School in Transition, but it disappeared the month I was in the hospital.

Very gratefully yours,
Louise Erbe

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I still live in the faith that once humanity learns to use its potential power of reason along with its creative potentiality for goodness in dealing with social problems, as it deals with the objects of nature, the world will be a better place in which to live.

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Chapter 15

THE ROLE OF POWER IN THE HUMAN CONDITION

1979 - 1980

My purpose in writing this personal autobiography is to gain further insight into the nature of our culture and to delineate the trends of the immediate life around me. The conditions now affecting the welfare of our nation cause me to probe first into what is of greatest significance to me, not only in terms of the people of the United States, but to all peoples of the world.

During the past decade, the domestic problems of the United States have increased in both number and intensity, and little has been done to resolve them. It may well be that there is nothing in the quality of the American mind that makes it possible for us to solve these problems. As I view the situation, what is involved is the way in which our culture has been developing during the past century, especially since World War I. Our social problems are rooted in the transition from an agrarian culture to an increasingly complex urban chaos, from a farm economy to a national corporate economy, and now to a multi-national and international economy, from a people with a unified national mind to a people caught in the throes of international intrigue and world conflict. In all of these respects, it has been demonstrated that the American people do not have the quality of mind to cope with the problems that are arising from these changing conditions. It is increasingly evident that those who have been elected to high positions within the national government are incapable of providing the quality of mind necessary for responsible leadership.

When Jimmy Carter was elected to the Presidency of the United States, I lived in the hope that perhaps he, with the help of a quality Cabinet and the Congress, could and would initiate a new significant trend away from the direction in which we had been moving since the death of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Now all of these hopes have been banished by events in Iran and Afghanistan and by our responses to those events. Why did Carter shift drastically from one who promised to be a man of peace and human understanding to a military-minded hawk? Carter was a reconstructed man from the South who said that he would promote legislation to rectify social ills, especially the unjust system of taxation. None of his promises was fulfilled. Actually, like President Johnson, Carter betrayed those who voted for him. After his election Carter lost interest in promoting a just system of taxation, and instead of cutting the military budget he advocated a significant increase in "defense spending." A Congress dominated by special interests is partly at fault, and Carter did not have the personal power to bring his promises into reality. For these reasons and because of inflation, Carter's popularity rating dropped to 19 percent but then, over night, soared back up to 70 percent because of changing international conditions.

Behind this sudden change in popularity lies the basis for my pessimism and disillusionment. We have experienced a shift from a socio-scientific and humanistic approach to the resolution of our basic human relations problems to the role of power, the traditional tragic way of dealing with conflicts among human beings and nations. Undoubtedly, the rapid rise in Carter's popularity came about as a result of his semi-declaration of war against the Soviet Union. The reasons given by the Soviets for their move into Afghanistan, and those offered in turn by President Carter, are two entirely different matters--the former defensive and the latter aggressive in nature.

The holy religious wars which the Moslems, now well heeled through the sale of oil, have been waging against the U.S. and the Soviet Union, reached a high point when the Iranians took over the U.S. Embassy in Teheran and incarcerated 50 innocent U.S. hostages. At first the President of the United States sought to deal with the Iranians in an aggressive manner to free those who were held in

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confinement. When the Soviets moved into Afghanistan, the President shifted his approach and told the Iranians that he had always respected the Islamic faith. At the same time he made an attack on the Soviet Union by damning their government as atheistic. Surely this is not a statement of one who believes in religious freedom. (At this point it is interesting to note that U.S. corporations during 1977 gave the established Christian denominations 20.1 billion dollars compared with 2.7 billion dollars for the arts and the humanities and 1.2 billion dollars for civic and public causes.)

At the same time, while President Carter was seeking to appease the Iranians, he was moving warships into the Persian Gulf along with a detachment of marines, theoretically to stop the Russians from taking over Persian Gulf oil wells. Along with this aggressive action toward the U.S.S.R., the President sought to punish the Soviets by canceling shipments of millions of dollars worth of grain, machinery and computer technology, and by boycotting the Moscow Summer Olympics. How the President had the gall to act in such a manner, in light of our past record in Cuba, Vietnam, Chile, Lebanon and Guatemala, is interesting to contemplate, since Mr. Carter insisted that he was acting on humanitarian grounds. The President at that same time offered 400 million dollars in military aid to Pakistan, a nation which was controlled by one of the most brutal military dictatorships in the modern world.

Why did the U.S.S.R move into Afghanistan? Actually, I do not know and neither did the President, but we do know that Afghanistan is a very poor, under-developed, nomadic, illiterate country, completely dominated by an arrogant religious Islam. A comparison of child life in Afghanistan and in the Soviet Union leaves no doubt as to which of these two nations is more closely identified with the welfare of humanity. This quandary raises the question as to whether tradition and national boundaries take priority over human well-being.

Underlying President Carter's attack on the U.S.S.R. for the invasion of Afghanistan was the deeper question as to why the Soviet Union took this chance of arousing the opposition of the Free World. On the other hand, the way the President responded to the invasion of Afghanistan was more a matter of Christian dogmatism than of human justice. Taking the matter into his own hands rather than before the United Nations was no way to seek unity with the free nations of the world, but one of individualistic dogmatism. Actually, as I have written earlier, the leaders of the Soviet Union are totally convinced that they are on the defensive in a world of religious dogmatism, and that world communism is in conflict with free enterprise capitalism. They view themselves as invaded, as victims of wholesale espionage, and finally as entrapped by the policy of containment.

This being the case, it is understandable why they would make certain that they were not vulnerable to an enemy nation on their southern border. With Afghanistan under control, only the border with China would be vulnerable--more than enough with which to contend, especially with China's effort to align itself with the United States which was rearming the Afghan tribes and inciting them into a holy Islamic war against the Soviet Union. With more than 4,000 miles of border between the U.S.S.R. and China, is it any wonder that the Soviets have a large standing army with which to defend their country?

Underlying this deeply rooted conflict between the United States and the U.S.S.R. is a pattern of religious dogmatism as well as the scientific dogmatism of the communists. A monumental cultural difference exists between the two nations. Christian dogmatism has been at the heart of the most violent wars in the western world during the past 2,000 years. Today this dogmatism lies at the heart of the free world's opposition to the communist world, financed and supported by the wealth of corporate capitalism.

President Carter's reaction to the acts of the U.S.S.R. must be understood in light of the fact that he is an ardent Southern Baptist. Also, he was antagonized by the fact that he could do nothing about the presence of Soviet troops in Cuba. Far from having a scientific mind, the President demonstrated a pattern of thought that became dangerous to peace and freedom in the western world. He

also demonstrated a God complex by asking other nations of the Free World to join him in punishing the people of the Soviet Union by withholding food from them. Carter's acting unilaterally rather than through the United Nations cannot win friends and influence people. I should have realized this in 1976 when I voted for him, but what other choice did I have? I foolishly thought that Carter's scientific training pointed to a higher quality of mind. Not so; it only made him more militaristic.

The United States has paid a very dear price for our ignorance of history, especially in the field of religion. The **three-way power struggle** between Christianity, Islam and communism is a grim challenge to our future. Three dogmatisms, two of which are rooted in the medieval mind, struggle to dominate the minds of the people of the world. Where will the struggle end, in peace or nuclear war, in unity or chaos, in progress or in the destruction of western civilization? No one knows the answer to this inquiry, but, as for myself, I do not like what I comprehend. Can modern society bridge the gap that exists between the quality of the minds that wrote the New Testament, the Koran and Das Capital, and the mind of the masses? This is the challenge to all freedom and peace loving peoples. Where is the leadership? Will the conflict be resolved in an orgasm of power and madness, leaving only the ashes of hope for peace and good will in a desolated world?

President Carter, commenting on the victory of the U.S. hockey team over the U.S.S.R. in February, 1980, claimed that the victory proved that our way of life was superior to those of the Soviet Union. What arrogance and stupidity! How much lower down the scale of humanity is it possible for us to descend before we encounter a pattern of social chaos, killing off each other in our muck of Christian dogmatism and its association with our so-called free enterprise capitalistic system? That the American people can be whipped up into a frenzy of hysteria over a hockey game proves that we are extremely vulnerable to a man-made crisis in our relation with the Soviet Union. How that lowly man of Galilee would weep when confronted with the stupidity manifested in our conduct and hypocritical cries of justice and humility.

On the domestic front, many changes have taken place in Austin since we moved here in 1957. Many of these changes have not been for the common good if judged by what I call the socio-scientific and humanistic approach to the good life. Among these changes are 1) the sexual revolution in our culture, 2) increasing drug addiction, 3) rise in crime, 4) inflation, 5) and the demand for women's rights. Each of these changes has affected our community in its own unique ways.

The sexual revolution is a clear-cut example of our failure to provide the kind of experiences which enable the individual to deal with problems at the level of intelligence rather than natural urge. In dealing with the problems of sex, we have followed the negative Puritanical tradition. The result has been a vast increase in venereal diseases and illegitimate pregnancies among adolescents. To deny these children, most of whom are from poor families, the right of abortion by federal funding is, in my judgment, a social crime. Such denial works against the good of the nation as well as the individual. Many adolescents engage in sexual intercourse whether society likes it or not. The Puritanical approach will not work any better than it did with Prohibition. This perspective does not mean that I approve individual actions which denigrate mental and physical health. The problem resolves itself into that of individual freedom and the authority of law. Freedom should not be relegated to the role of license any more than law should relegated to the role of tyranny.

Due to our Puritanical tradition, the Austin City Council does not permit the operation of red light districts, leading to the increase in the number of massage parlors designed to serve the same purpose. In order to make sure that these massage parlors do not provide what is alleged to be illicit sex acts, the police authorities have resorted to the policy of breaking the law in order to entrap the prostitutes. I am of the opinion that the police authorities should leave these individuals alone. Puritanical laws which seek to control personal relations not only fail to accomplish their purpose but are contrary to natural needs and are punitive and discriminatory. My judgment is that any regulation which deprives the individual of rights to freedom, when one is not harming another, is not only unconstitutional but actually promotes a disrespect for all law and authority. There is a definite need

to control the spread of venereal diseases. But the social need would be served to a much greater degree if freedom of choice were allowed in sexual intercourse in the massage parlors. One would hope that with such free practices there would be a significant decrease in the number of women who are being raped and in other kinds of criminal activity. Also, society would be better served by an intelligent, scientific social approach rather than by tyrannical Puritanism and irresponsible ignorance.

Regarding drug addiction, neither will it be eradicated by the use of police power. Drug addiction is definitely related to the problem of self-destruction, both physically and mentally. How can society protect an individual against such drug abuse? The law should be directed against the sellers. Those convicted of selling drugs should face lifetime imprisonment. Unfortunately the more scarce a particular drug becomes, the higher the price and the greater the profit. The city of Austin, at the crossroads between San Antonio and Dallas and between Houston and El Paso, has become a focal point for the sale of all kinds of killer drugs such as heroine and cocaine. There are more than 40,000 college students to prey upon. Ignorance regarding the use of marijuana has contributed to the lack of respect for law enforcement. Why has the problem become increasingly critical in the city of Austin where much time, effort and money has been poured into educational development? The matter has never been regarded as a serious educational issue. Public education in the United States is totally without any intelligent ethical frame of reference. Freedom is posited against authority, and authority against freedom, when the two should be thought of as complementary. There is a positive need for a more direct effort to get youth to face up to the reality of our human needs.

Tied to increasing drug addiction is the growing problem of crime, especially in the areas of violence and human deprivation. Again, our public schools for the most part lack a meaning and value frame of reference. Without such a frame of reference, the purpose of life is bound to sink to the level of satisfying our animal needs. With the breakdown of the family, the environment for the individual has become increasingly worse. Note the annual rise in crimes committed by adolescents. The mother and father of the farm family had a direct influence on the child--economically, socially and personally. Yet the same cannot be said of the urban family in which, in many cases, both father and mother work outside the home, and children spend their time in the streets. Consequently, both boys and girls join street gangs, engage in murder and rape, burn down buildings, and rob stores. Austin has become such a city, with newspapers reporting daily such acts of criminality. Also, the number of illegitimate births among adolescents has increased drastically. The state of rebellion among our youth, accompanying the Vietnam War, is clear proof that all is not right in our culture. While one must admire the young people who perceived clearly the injustice of that war, the problem for the nation was pointed out in a direct fashion. There is pity and pathos in the fact that the many churches of Austin could offer nothing more than a medieval mind, a slave mentality, in facing the challenges which the Vietnam War presented.

Problems rooted in the sexual revolution, drug addiction, and the rising crime rate, especially among our youth, are massive in their implications, but when accompanied by a monetary inflationary, they become increasingly uncontrollable. This explosion in our economy has been blamed on the practices of low income families. Senator John Tower argued that a tax cut should be given to the upper income individuals because the money they would save could be used for capital investments. Why more investments--to place the poor in greater debt by enticing them through advertising for the benefit of business interests? Those who have the money have received up to 19% interest on their investments. This economic practice makes no sense when, at the same time, more than half of the population of Texas does not have the income to live above the poverty level. Many retired teachers in Austin have an annual income so small that it is little more than enough to pay for rent. How Senator Tower expects them to pay for food, medical expenses, insurance, clothing and incidentals is something he does not care to talk about.

To slow down the rate of inflation Carter proposed cutting Social Security benefits to senior citizens who have little or no opportunity to increase their income, not even to keep up with inflation.

At the same time, he recommended an increase in the military budget, all of which raises the question as to how he would define national defense. That we are headed toward an increasing amount of conflict in our community, state, and national life, as well as in the world, goes beyond the shadow of a doubt. The role of power is coming more and more to the front as our reliance on ethical commitment and intellectual responsibility to our fellow human beings weakens in face of our growing human problems. Violence, anarchy and open rebellion are increasing as we see one national embassy after another taken over by terrorists. Money and the politics of power have become the order of our day.

Still, President Carter called for a peace-time draft registration of 18-year-old men. Both the President and Congress are on the spot in the matter of adding young women to the registration. Again, I have no reservations regarding the equal rights of every individual in the nation, male or female, before the law. If such is to be, then women must be registered in the same way as men, to fight in combat if such becomes necessary. No one can have his cake and eat it too. Majority will, as an instrument of power, exemplifies again the lack of a frame of reference of meaning and value.

The disturbing way in which power politics has come to dominate the activities of government and human relations is best exemplified by the forced busing of students. Nothing in the U.S. Constitution justifies the substitution of racial quotas for the rights of the individual. The Supreme Court jumped this hurdle only by utilizing power politics. Forcing parents to send their children a dozen or more miles to school by bus is little short of criminality.

Those who are knowledgeable about the history of American education must conclude that forced busing is an attack on the basic principles on which the American public schools themselves were established. Forcing the public schools to pay for the sins of racial segregation is bound to result in negative consequences. Community support for public education will be weakened in both attitude and financial support. Across the nation middle-class property owners will shift their support from the public schools to private and church-related schools, thus undermining the purpose for which the public schools were established.

The ultimate effect will be a poorer public school attended by children of poor, disenfranchised citizens. Instead of contributing to the unification of the nation, more and more class and racial consciousness will develop. If the schools in one part of a city or county are not as good as those in other parts, what will be accomplished by busing a large number of white children into these poorer schools other than open rebellion by white parents?

The problem could best be resolved by using the millions of dollars now required for forced busing to upgrade the poorer schools with the best possible teachers, the best possible curriculum and the highest possible quality of leadership. By such practice, integration would come naturally by desired human contacts. With inflation increasing, the cost of forced busing will mount daily, possibly even to the point of bankrupting the public school systems. If such a condition does develop, open rebellion will be in order, for no research supports the assumption that forced busing promotes quality education. Actually the opposite is the case. In the final analysis, I personally support the idea of open rebellion against forced busing, and let the chips fall where they will!

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What of my book, <u>When Darkness Came</u>? Shortly after the beginning of 1980, the book arrived by mail. It was a beautiful publication, well done and in good taste. So I wrote the publisher, keeping my fingers crossed with regard to how well the book would sell. The reports I have so far on the book are very good indeed. After reading the book, Margaret said that she was very much impressed. The Commissioner for Higher Education in Texas called one Sunday evening and expressed his delight with the book's clarity and dialogue.

I began another novel on quite a different subject. This new novel may well be the most significant writing I ever do. I am entitling the book Betrayal on Mount Parnassus, the theme of which is the failure of the state universities to live up to the purpose for which they were founded. I present myself as the central character of the novel under the name of Ron Jervis. Having taught for almost 50 years in four state universities, and having done a significant amount of research on the subject of higher education in the United States, I possess a wealth of background knowledge necessary to tackle the subject. By presenting the subject in the form of a novel, I hope to capture a larger number of readers than would be possible with an academic format.

As I close this chapter, the nation is in a sad state of disorder, largely because we have not fulfilled the promises and purposes on which this nation was founded. Definitely we have come to rely much too heavily on the role of power, on arms and the use of money to buy off the peoples of the world. The end result is now emerging in Iran. Consequently, in spite of our failure in Vietnam, the hawks are whipping the people into a militaristic frenzy. For a long time I had hoped that the U.S. would develop a working relationship with the U.S.S.R., but instead we continued to build fences to contain communism, only to put the Soviet Union on the defensive. The expenditure of more and more money for more and more arms and military machinery is rationalized on the false grounds that the Soviet Union is a threat to the nations of Europe and to our own oil supplies in the Middle East. What a failure of world leadership on the part of the U.S., a failure which, if not soon corrected, will lead to nuclear war. Only the future can tell what the outcome will be, but surely it will not be a wholesome future if the role of power continues to dominate our way of life.

Chapter 16

THE LACK OF ETHICAL AND INTELLECTUAL RESPONSIBILITY

1981 - 1982

Over a period of years, especially since World War I, our nation has operated without a sense of ethical and intellectual responsibility. Thus, social and economic chaos dominates foreign affairs and conflict characterizes our domestic policies. The concept of freedom has been reduced to little more than a license to do as one pleases--to a Hollywood narcissistic individualism. Like the Romans of antiquity, we glory and wallow in our commercialized entertainment. What can be done? I myself try to be creative in all of my endeavors, whether writing, ranching or traveling to new and different places of interest around the world. Thanks to the Creative Universal Life Force, peace now reigns in my life to a much greater degree than was true in many previous years. But first, let us consider our national and foreign affairs.

A combination of forces, both economic and political, enabled Ronald Reagan to become President of the United States, not his qualities as a statesman. With regard to knowledge, Reagan was probably the weakest person ever elected to the presidency since Ulysses S. Grant. Reagan was experienced as a sportscaster and movie actor. With millions of dollars supporting him, he had no difficulty in overwhelming Jimmy Carter. With enough money one can buy any political office--local, state or national. Couple this fact with a poorly educated and adolescent-minded people, and the future of our free society looks bleak indeed.

The problem, from the standpoint of a free society, is critical. Are men and women who have been successful in making money or running a large corporation, by virtue of their experiences alone, truly qualified to fill high governmental offices? There is a world of difference between operating a corporation and leading a government. The corporation's goal is to make profit, whereas the purpose of government should be to serve human needs. There is, of course, the alternative of military dictatorship in which brutal force maintains the status quo.

Ronald Reagan operated as an American Legion nationalist and as an agent of corporate America. This kind of operation writes the history of the Republican Party, except that in recent years the multi-national corporation has become problematic for the 19th century nationalist. With regard to the Democratic Party, the issue is not as clear. Verbally the Democrats express concern for human need, but the practice of their policies is sentimental, a matter of feeling rather than constructive legislative action. Jimmy Carter was a good example of this sentiment; he was an average businessman with good feelings toward others but with a mind rooted in the Southern Baptist tradition. As for myself, I revolted against that tradition when I was about thirteen years old and moved to a pattern of thinking generally referred to as Scientific Humanism.

A brief examination of events since World War II explains how Reagan gained the Presidency. If, after Roosevelt's death, America had followed a policy of just taxation, whereby every citizen pays in accordance with his or her ability, the national debt could have been reduced during periods of prosperity rather than creating greater debt. From 1945 to 1980, however, when many progressive and humanistic laws were passed, the number of millionaires in the U.S. increased from 36,000 to over 600,000, while the national debt increased at inflationary proportions. Lyndon Johnson as President followed a policy which led to Reagan's election. Johnson refused to raise taxes to finance the war in Vietnam. Consequently, the poor became poorer and the rich became richer to the extent that 67 Americans became super-rich billionaires while millions found themselves unemployed, living on government charity.

That Reagan was elected President is no credit to the American people. His appeal, though psychologically stimulating, instead of being beneficial to the nation was totally negative in terms of the general welfare. The middle-class citizens became disillusioned with the Democratic Party largely because of their conviction that they were being forced to carry an unfair share of the tax burden and were being discriminated against in favor of the underprivileged, especially Blacks. Despite Reagan's popularity, his policies did not benefit the people in general but rather the wealthy and the large corporations.

Reagan's' foreign policies were equally dismal as evidenced in U.S. relations with Latin America, the U.S.S.R., and the Middle East. With regard to Latin America, it is difficult to reconcile Reagan's proclamation of freedom with his flirtation with army generals and the traditional agrarian aristocracy. His identification of the peasants' revolt with communism and his military support of the ruling class directly contradicted the mandates of the American Revolution. When the war lords of Argentina, with whom Reagan was flirting, moved on the Falkland Islands, according to treaty he had no choice but to cooperate with the British. Freedom to Reagan appears to be nothing more than the right to accumulate great wealth.

Regarding the U.S.S.R., the Reagan administration restored the grain shipments to placate mid-western farmers whose economic status had been greatly damaged by Carter's earlier action. Also, Reagan was fulfilling a political promise in order to gain the farmers' votes. In opposing the gas pipeline into central Europe, Reagan made his biggest mistake by opposing the more powerful European nations. Why should a President of the United States interfere with the policies of England, France, Germany and Italy? Obviously Reagan's sole motive in doing so was to punish the Soviet Union and thereby gain favor on the home front. The notion of punishing the U.S.S.R. for imposing martial law in Poland was little more than stupid negativism, an act which hurt American industry more than it hurt the Soviets. As I have written on numerous occasions, sooner of later we must learn to live with the U.S.S.R. or die with them. Blaming the Soviet Union for all the world problems is but a simple act of self-righteousness unworthy of the presidency. Reagan simply did not know that culture must transcend politics, and that the failure to possess one's culture limits the possibilities for realizing the common good.

With regard to the power struggles in the Middle East, especially America's support of Israel, Menachem Begin showed himself to be as brutal as Adolph Hitler. How could the United States align itself with Israel against all other Middle East nations? How could America support Israel's invasion of Lebanon, a country virtually without an army to defend itself against aggression? By murdering and wounding thousands of innocent people, have the Israelis not followed a pattern similar to that of the German army under Hitler? The excuse that the Israelis were attacking PLO military forces can no longer stand. The Israeli attacks were made even more brutal by the excuse that they were supported by the Lebanese Christians. The dogma of Christianity has sunk so low that it no longer bears any resemblance whatsoever to the teachings of the lowly man of Galilee.

Menachem Begin took the yoke of criminality against humanity off the backs of the Germans and put it on the Israelis. How could our nation, which claims to be a leader in the free world, align itself with such arrogance and cruelty against humanity? If Reagan ever gave any evidence of feeling for the helpless Palestinians, he would have cut off all support to Israel until that government changed its way of dealing with the Arab world. Never again will there be the sympathy for the Jewish people which was proffered by the people of the world because of Nazi atrocities. Throughout the centuries the Jewish people have failed to sympathize with any people of the human race other than their own. No wonder JESUS WEPT.

Also, there is something grossly amiss with the Arab people who find it impossible to unite against the injustices of Israel. Begin, typical of the Jewish mentality, had no sympathy for any other people in the world. The clannishness and dogmatism of Zionism continues to show its ugly face as it

has for the past 2,000 years of western civilization. Will the Jewish people never realize that their own dogma and clannishness has brought the wrath of the gods down on their heads throughout these many centuries? I do not need a separate homeland in England, and neither do the Jewish people need a separate homeland in Palestine. Allowing American Jews to deduct their contributions to Israel from their federal income taxes is one of the injustices perpetrated upon the citizens of the United States.

When the American people voted Reagan into the presidency, they did vote for a change in government but not necessarily for Reaganomics. Reaganomics is nothing more than the long-time policy of the Republican Party, that is, the deification of the production side of the economy to the detriment of the human side of consumption. This policy results in a reduction of taxes on the wealthy on the assumption that the rich will reinvest what they save for the sake of greater production of economic goods. Reduce federal expenditures for social services which go largely to lower-income people, but not military expenditures which have multiplied a hundredfold. But is there a shortage of production in the nation? Of course not. The shortage is in consumption, and when people do not have money to buy, recession or depression results. The federal deficit did not create recession but rather consumer indebtedness. With unemployment higher than at any time since the Great Depression, can supply-side Reaganomics save us from an inhumane condition? Not likely.

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During the summer of 1980, I devoted myself to three activities--reading, writing and working on the ranch. When Darkness Came was on the market, and I could relax for the time being without becoming too involved in my next book which was to focus on my 46 years of college teaching in four state universities. My main concern was the failure of the state universities to live up to the purpose for which they had been created. They had made little or no contribution to the quality of political leadership at the local, state or national levels. In politics the will of the majority had prevailed since the days of Andrew Jackson, and for the most part this political will was tragically deficient in leadership. The entire past century and a half has been like a Barnum and Bailey Circus, promoted and paid for by a host of exploiting vested interests. Money was power, and the politics of power had captured the will of the people.

Although the ranch demanded much of my time, such time was well spent. As a modern Jeffersonian, I have always had a love for nature. I enjoy watching the trees and shrubs which I have planted grow. While Jefferson kept a careful record of all his planting, I have been more concerned with the results.

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The trend toward an urbanized culture is creating more economic, social, political and cultural problems than our country can handle in a positive, progressive manner. The people of the United States and throughout the Western World are definitely on a cultural decline, the end of which is nowhere in sight. Arnold Toynbee was right when he said that we had reached a point where nothing mattered anymore but profit and money. That being the case, it would be only a question of time before a fascist way of life would replace our cherished heritage of freedom. The sad part about all this is that the people are going down the road of alcoholism as a means to escape the reality of our time....Humanity's hope for an improvement in the quality of life rests in the long run on the advancement of knowledge.

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In keeping with my on-going concern for the welfare of my beloved country, I wrote the following letter to Texas Senator Lloyd Bentsen on October 15, 1982:

Dear Senator Bentsen:

As one who is now retired after 50 years of teaching in the public schools of this nation, I find myself increasingly concerned about the future welfare of our nation. Since my teaching and research during 46 of those 50 years was in four state universities in the field of intellectual history, I see a drift in our way of life that points away from our cherished heritage of freedom as well as a loss of any ethical and intellectual sense of responsibility to the GENERAL WELFARE. We are being dominated by the profit motive in our culture and by a retreat from the reality of our present-day economic conditions through various forms of commercialized entertainment--movies, ball games and television. It may be impossible to reverse this drift, but quality leadership is mandatory in the halls of government if we are in any way to stem the tide. Here are some of my thoughts about what should be done:

1. Upgrade the quality of public education at all levels from the kindergartens of our public schools through the graduate schools of our state universities. This can be done only as we upgrade the quality of public school administrators and especially classroom teachers. The anti-intellectualism that is pervasive among our people is enough to make Thomas Jefferson rise from his grave and damn us for our platitudes. Note the gross neglect of THE HUMANITIES AND THE SCIENCES which are being sacrificed to sensationalism on the football field. In all of these respects I am sorry that the ministers of God have contributed little or nothing.

2. We need a just system of taxation. By just I mean a system of paying taxes in proportion to one's ability to pay. Politicians, including the President of the United States, who argue against raising taxes, are doing our nation more harm than good. There is no such thing as a civilized society without taxes. What we need and must have is a just system of taxation and an ethical and intellectual sense of responsibility in spending tax dollars. President Reagan is wrong about tax deductions for parents who send their children to private schools. Public schools were created for the GENERAL WELFARE, whereas private schools fall under the category of special privilege.

3. Congress should not attempt to legislate the morals of the people by amending the Constitution or by any other means. For example, the question of abortion is a matter which should be decided between the woman and her physician. Human life for an individual does not and cannot begin before a child is born.

4. Stop all lend lease programs for at least the next five years, or until the finances of the nation can be put in order.

5. Eliminate all government subsidies. You cannot have a free society that by subsidizes tobacco, sugar, milk or any other commodity.

6. Stop all emigration for the next five years or until we get our house in order.

7. Establish standards and educational qualifications for holding public office at all levels--local, state and national. We have laws that require educational qualifications for those who care for sick pigs but none for those who hold government office. Thomas Jefferson was very clear on this issue. An aristocracy of intelligence is much to be preferred to an aristocracy of wealth. Failure to call for a high level of intelligence will, in the long run, lead to the destruction of our free society.

Cordially,

What bothers me most about our federal income tax law is that it fails to live up to the principle for which it was created, that is, justice for all citizens. Because working people, basically factory workers and business people, must file a form indicating the amount of their income, the Internal Revenue Service has no difficulty collecting their taxes. Also, workers cannot afford to hire expensive lawyers to fight their tax battles for them. The exact opposite is true for those with great wealth, especially the large corporations.

And what of the ways in which our tax dollars are spent? While Reagan cut to the bone those social programs which help the poor and underprivileged, at the same time he spent hundreds of thousands of dollars running back and forth from Washington, D.C., to his estate in California and vacationing with movie stars in the Bahamas. Pensioning former Presidents at costs which run into the hundreds of thousands of dollars is simply not warranted, especially when a President is forced from office in order to avoid impeachment. The costs of our Congressmen has increased tenfold in the last ten years. Each lawmaker in Congress is costing the citizens of this country $420,000 in travel expenses alone. The total cost for each Senator in 1981 was $2,270,000. I see no ethical or intellectual sense of responsibility in this.

Palestinians, without a homeland, are being forced once again into exile by Israel and the United States government. Menachem Begin took the yoke off the German people and placed it on the backs of his own. Never again will there be the sympathy for the Jewish people which was held out by the people of the world because of Nazi atrocities. Throughout the centuries the Jewish people have failed to sympathize with any people other than their own. No wonder Jesus wept.

Since alcoholism is spreading rapidly in the United States, one must ask why such a destructive tendency is now present in our culture. Without a meaning and value frame of reference, such a tendency is inevitable. Careers in theater, writing, television and journalism, responsibilities with wide exposure and pressure, create conditions which inevitably lead to heavy drinking. Today alcoholism is a disease that is crippling our industrial, medical, legal and political institutions.

Our universities and colleges are beginning to wake up to corruption and deterioration in academic programs. The NCAA has raised its standards for applicants for athletic scholarships. Although the score for such scholarships beginning in 1986 will be only 700 contrasted with The University of Texas admission standard of 1100, the black leader Jesse Jackson said that such an increase in standards discriminates against the black race. What a tragic response from a minister of God. He demonstrates no sense of cultural values, but is a clear example of black racism.

Reagan, because of his position on financing the Social Security program, and Congress, because many people have been brought into the program who have paid little or nothing into it, are destroying the insurance basis on which the program was first established. They now propose to tax one-half of the benefits of those whose incomes are more than $20,000 per year. This action would not only violate the principle on which the policy was created, but launch another attack against the middle class which is already carrying the financial burden of the nation.

Finally, the courts are assuming dictatorial powers in the administration of forced bussing of school children. Boston is a good example. Because of the acts of Judge Garrity, a school system which was once 65% white dropped to 30%. The tendency is not only toward more racism between blacks and whites but a further attack on the middle class which, if destroyed, will mark the end of freedom and social progress in our nation.

Chapter 17

INTO THE TWILIGHT YEARS

1983 - 1984

As Zelma and I approached the ripe age of 80 years, we physically experienced what it means to grow old. Mentally my mind is as active as ever, but my left knee, which I sprained many years ago playing baseball, suffers from arthritis. Along with her angina, Zelma suffers from a bad back, and she finds it very difficult to walk any great distance. Consequently, our travel has been drastically curtailed, especially our overseas travel.

The publication of my most recent book, Betrayal on Mount Parnassus, was finally arranged. Based upon my 50 years of teaching in public schools and four state universities, and a significant amount of grueling research, the book deals basically with the failure of the state universities to live up to the purpose for which they were created, namely, to provide quality leadership in a free, democratic society. My particular concern is the cultural drift toward an aristocracy of wealth. Of course, America has never truly attempted to realize Jefferson's dream of high quality intellectual leadership in government. Basically we continue to deal with the problems of human relations in anti-intellectual ways.

The aristocracy of wealth now dictates a pattern of decay within our culture. This same tendency has affected the publishing world. Why must a writer pay for the publication of his or her own book? What have been the effects of this practice? In the first place, many good books are never published because the writers simply do not have the financial resources to pay for their publication. While Vantage Publishers did a fine job publishing When Darkness Came, they did practically nothing to promote the sale of the book. Why not? Because the publishers had already been paid for the publication and therefore invested nothing in promoting its sale. Contrast this practice with the arrangement whereby the publisher must earn his money through mass publication and energetic promotion.

Disappointed in the sales of When Darkness Came, I wrote the editors of Simon & Schuster Publishers regarding the prospects of publishing Betrayal on Mount Parnassus. Their reply was not surprising, but it was informative. The publishers admitted that except for their own writers, they accepted manuscripts only from Author Aid Associates. Thus, there has been a leveling effect on the quality of writing and therefore reading as reflected in television programming and movies.

In response to my letter to Author Aid Associates, I was informed that a review of my manuscript would cost $225, and that, if worthy of publication, the manuscript would be forwarded to a publisher. If accepted by a publisher, I would then have to pay not only the publisher's costs but an additional fee of 15 percent of publication charges to Author Aid Associates. With no other recourse, I forwarded the manuscript of Betrayal on Mount Parnassus to Author Aid Associates for their review and editorial recommendation.

In response there was no question regarding the worthiness of the manuscript, but the proposed publishing cost of $16,000 plus the Associate's fee was too expensive. When I expressed this reaction, the excessive publisher's charge was reduced to $13,000 and the Associate's fee to ten percent. On this basis, I signed a contract with the Philosophical Library Publishers of New York. The contract called for the publication of 2,600 copies of the book, 600 for myself and 2,000 which the publisher agreed to sell. The price of the book would be $21.95.

The Editorial Board reported that the manuscript possessed unusual merit and scope. While the content of the book speaks for itself, it emphasizes three points with regard to our present condition as a so-called free society.

1) We are the victims of a schizophrenic culture. On the one hand, we avidly promote a technological science in our capitalistic economy but, on the other hand, retain a medieval religious outlook within our human relations.

2) Our anti-intellectualism is so pervasive that the concept of freedom is now limited to the notion that freedom is merely a license to do whatever one wants to do.

3) Recently as well as throughout our history, especially since 1830, we have operated in our society without an intellectual and moral frame of reference, relying primarily on the use of power within the political process.

Mount Parnassus was the location of the temple of Apollo, the home of the Greek mythological god of ethics and enlightenment. When the University of North Carolina, the first state university, was established, its founders chose the temple of Apollo as the Seal of the University to indicate that its role in the new nation was to develop freedom and provide enlightenment. Roughly 200 years later, the nation's Founding Fathers and the state university have been betrayed. In the professions, especially in public education at all levels, including the state universities, no intellectual and moral frame of reference can be found. The typical public school teacher or state university professor sees his or her role as a transmitter of specialized subject matter rather than as a critic of meaning and value.

Since the publication of Betrayal on Mount Parnassus in 1983, recent developments tend to support my position that our public schools at all levels, especially our state universities, have failed in their historic mission. In Statecraft as Soulcraft, George F. Wills argues that the essence of democracy lies not only in the soul but also in the mind, and that the good life is not to be found in our blatant narcissistic individualism but in the relation of the individual to the general welfare. Furthermore, the President's Commission on Excellence in Education has reported that public education at all levels is operating at a level of mediocrity.

Our young people, twelve to 21 years of age, continue to be neglected as cultural conflicts expand in the transition from an agrarian society to an urban industrialized technology. Having been born in 1903 when America was 90 percent agrarian, I am very much aware of this transition and its effects on adolescents. Is it any wonder that the suicide rate among young people is rapidly increasing? In order to highlight these problems, I wrote Texas State Senator Lloyd Doggett the following letter:

Dear Senator Doggett:

> This letter involves a matter which has concerned me for many years, basically the conditions in which young people in our large industrial cities live and are educated. There is a growing demand to change the conditions under which our young people are growing up, especially those from twelve to 21 years of age, if we are to cope with the problems of suicide, crime, and unemployment. Blaming and punishing our youth are certainly not the answers, but work therapy would go a long way, not only in dealing with the problems of youth, but in improving the conditions which now prevail in city life. In the shift from an agrarian society to our present-day industrialized urban and technological society, the problems faced by our young people have been totally neglected.
>
> A revolutionary approach in education and in the economy is vitally necessary if we are to deal effectively with the problems facing our young people. What is needed is a complete overhaul of the secondary school at both the junior and senior high levels of instruction. This change would involve, on any given day, four hours of schooling and four hours of work. Also, this arrangement would cut the required school space in half. If the program were operated year round, we would have addi-

tional savings in taxes. The academic school hours could be for half of the students in the mornings and for the other half in the afternoons. The work therapy could be similarly scheduled and should be established by a commission whose members are drawn from industry, city government and the school system. The work projects should necessarily be useful and constructive and in line with each student's ability and interest. Each student should receive payment for his or her own work in accordance with the tasks performed, and Social Security taxes should be withheld from each salary.

Would such a program work? Since I am a living example of this kind of education and work therapy, I have every reason to believe that it would work and be extremely productive. Also, I see no reason why such a program should not have a revolutionary effect for good on the GENERAL WELFARE of our country as well as for our young people.

Regardless of whether such a program is ever initiated, something constructive has become mandatory if we are to resolve successfully the problems of our youth. A new sense of reality must be achieved if we are to avert the social disaster which will surely confront us in the near future. A similar program could be established for the summer months by legislative action. If this summer program proved successful, the practice could then be extended throughout the school year.

Cordially,
William E. Drake

Since the requirements for public school teaching are tragically low, teachers cannot be blamed for the mediocrity in our schools. We get only that for which we are willing to pay. We have no intellectual or ethical requirements for holding any public office. Even our court judges are elected by popular vote more often than not, a practice which is enough to make Thomas Jefferson roll over in his grave. A study of this practice shows that citizens tend to vote for their heroes and heroines, whether they be athletes, movie stars or whatever, especially when millions of dollars are spent on election campaigns. What, then, is the hope for any quality leadership in government when a future crisis does develop?

President Reagan as a public school student failed courses in American history, arithmetic and science, yet he was popular in football and physical education. If those with such poor education continue to gain leadership positions, what are our prospects in the years to come? No individual should be qualified to hold public office without being well grounded in the humanities and the basic sciences. This qualification was a certainty in the minds of the founders of this nation. How to produce quality leadership for government service is a challenge to all who truly love our country.

The issue of taxation is also shocking. Since no civilized society can or ever has existed without taxation, the issue is not whether to tax but what constitutes a just system of taxation in which public funds are spent in a wise and responsible manner. A just system of taxation would require one to pay taxes in proportion to one's ability. A wise expenditure of taxes would limit expenditures to those which promote the GENERAL WELFARE. Throwing public money away by the millions of dollars on retired Presidents and members of Congress is a scandalous waste of public funds. Is it any wonder that the American people are losing faith in their government? The lack of ethics and the failure to spend public taxes intelligently provide the quickest possible route to destroy a free society. Violence and corruption in the CIA and in military defense programs have come to haunt all of us.

The following letter, published in the Austin American Statesman, expresses my thoughts on public education:

Dear Editor:

The reason our public schools have failed to serve the cause of a free society is that we are operating without any intellectual and moral frame of reference. This is due to the fact that in our separation of church and state, we failed to develop an intellectual and moral frame of reference consistent with the ideals of free men and women. By this failure, we created a schizophrenic culture. For example, we have devoted most of our energy to the development of the physical sciences but at the same time retained our medieval concept of the spiritual nature of humanity.

A reading of the documents which laid the foundation for the American Revolution shows that men such as Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and Thomas Paine were aware of this danger and sought, by establishing the state university, to promote a new kind of leadership. They held that knowledge rather than faith alone should be the basis for defining the nature of one's beliefs.

Today, if public schools at all levels are to serve the purpose for which they were created, we must redefine the role of the teacher. Because of the politics of power, the role of the teacher has been reduced to that of a mere cog in a wheel, whereas the teacher should serve as a leader in defining and carrying out the basic beliefs and policies of life in a free society. Quality leadership we must have from our teachers, not just academic specialization in subject matter or methods of teaching in child-centered schools. To develop this quality leadership we must be willing to pay for the services which we demand of teachers. The state should defend teachers in the exercise of their responsibilities rather than define those responsibilities for them.

Cordially yours,
William E. Drake

Within the family, one of the most significant developments was the divorce of William E. Drake, Jr. from his wife Laura Margaret. Their divorce came as no surprise, but it greatly affected Bill Jr. as well as his daughter, Laura. The divorce became effective in January, 1983. My following letter to Bill indicates my thinking on the nature of his problem and its future effects on his life. The letter was written only six months before Bill Jr.'s death on November 16, 1984, after three months of hospitalization for liver and kidney failure due to excessive drinking.

Padre Island, Texas
April 25, 1983

Dear Son Bill:

While we are relaxing on Padre Island just outside Corpus Christie, this seems a good time to write to you and express my continuing thoughts about what is happening in our culture. Undoubtedly we are going through a period of transition, especially in the relationships between men and women. Much of the current evidence is not on the positive side of human relations, but hopefully, in due time, things will change for the better. Looking at your situation objectively, it now appears that it is good that Margaret is out of your life, for without the divorce, your life situation could have gotten only worse rather than better. The fact that she could not handle her personal problems is adequate proof of her limitations.

Speaking in general, only a few individuals in any culture are driven with desire to go beyond the bounds of normal existence, to be creative, to add to the sum total of human knowledge, to achieve greatness. Of all of my grandfather's children

and grandchildren, I was the only one who seemed to have been so bugged. Fortunately or unfortunately, you also are one of those individuals.

Now what are the attributes of these individuals? First, they possess a natural, organic intuitive feeling, an artistic creative sense of compulsion to achieve the unusual, a feeling of oneness with the universe, as Einstein expressed it. Theirs is the desire to reach out beyond themselves into the universe of the unknown to achieve recognition and to love someone other than themselves. Secondly, these creative individuals possess a high intellectual or rational sense reflected in their ability to develop their own pattern of meaning and value rather than to accept the dogmas of the past. For example, at the age of thirteen I came to the conclusion that the dogmas of Christianity were an insult to my intelligence, and that if I were to survive, I had to work them out for myself.

The problem for each one of us who may be identified with this limited few is how to put these two attitudes together, for if the one is not complemented by the other, a deep sense of depression emerges [Bill Jr. fell victim to this deep sense of depression], a feeling of failure and the possibility of a major tragedy in one's life. I am certain that the mechanics of your medical profession could no more provide you with the answer to your problem than the mechanics of my teaching profession could provide me with the answer to mine. Thus, how did I combine the intuitive, creative sense with intellectual competence? How did I bring that gnawing hunger of intuition into harmony with the rational intellect? Because I believe that you have not done so, and that this failure is at the heart of your problems, I am writing this letter.

How did I do it? I did it by writing, first poetry, then articles, then books, the latest of which, Betrayal on Mount Parnassus, is based on my 50 years of teaching in the public schools and four state universities. In your field, a good example is provided in a recent book by Dr. Lewis Thomas entitled The Youngest Science (New York, New York: Viking Press, 1983). This study is based on a physician's observations of the changes which transformed his profession during the past 40 years. Furthermore, there are opportunities to write in personal areas such as your childhood, your relationships with other children, your parents, wife, children and associates. You could write about your academic education and your married life. A good subject would be The Role of the Medical Profession in American Culture. There are, of course, many additional areas of creative self-expression such as painting, public service, and social service or creative research in which you are very good indeed. It is also vitally important to maintain a strong, healthy body in order to have a healthy, creative mind. The artistically creative person often looses sight of this by using drugs or seeking self-destructive pleasures. Self-destructive activities are not the road to creative greatness. There is a very significant difference between scientific humanism and the dogma of the ministers of God. Your problem with Margaret may very well have fallen into this pattern. While psychology has been dubbed a pseudo-science, Margaret seems to have taken it as dogma. Her patients seem to believe that she provides the answers to their problems just like the Catholic mother who believes the instructions of the priest. Margaret probably thinks that because of your reservations, you are a weakling, and that out of these differences between your thinking and hers there developed a pattern of non-communication. Thank God I never had this problem with your mother.

Well, son, for this time I have said enough. Let me hear from you. Sooner or later you are going to have to spell out all of this for yourself in one way or another, and it might as well be now.

With love, Dad

In accordance with the decision we had made just after I retired in 1974, Zelma and I continued to travel throughout most of the United States. Before going to Padre Island, we spent a week at Horseshoe Bay, Marble Falls, just an hour's drive from Austin. In 1980, we bought a beautiful lot on South Horseshoe Bay as an investment and received membership in a vacation tour agency known as RCI.

During our week's stay at Horseshoe Bay, we did little more than relax and look around to see how the area was developing. James and Lucille Hamilton, Carole Jean's father- and mother-in-law, stayed with us for two nights. Leaving the Bay area, we drove to San Antonio were I read a paper to the members of the Southwest Philosophy of Education Society. The trip turned out to be particularly interesting, for one of the younger members of the Society whom I had known for several years, had become disillusioned with his hard-shelled Southern Baptist associates on a trip to the Middle East and the Holy Land. He was now a devoted exponent of existentialism.

In growing older, Zelma began to show definite signs of a physical collapse. After her fall in London, she fell three additional times in and around the house. Because of her increasing difficulty in walking and my increasing difficulty with arthritis in my left knee, we both decided to rejoin the Trim and Swim Health Spa in November, 1982. In the meantime, Zelma had learned from the Austin Diagnostic Clinic that she was considerably deficient in calcium and vitamin D. Because her back continued to give her much pain, she finally sought out an orthopedic back surgeon, Dr. Taylor. Consequently, she received much relief from an injection of cortisone in the region of the slipped disc. In examining Zelma's back and legs, Dr. Taylor found no pulse at the bottom of her feet. A set of clogged arteries threatened a total breakdown of her entire circulatory system. The immediate attention of a thoracic surgeon was demanded if Zelma was to avoid a serious stroke and paralysis. Dr. Philip Church was at that time consulted.

Zelma suffered the severe pain and risk of an operation which cleaned out the frontal artery on the left side of her neck. As a result of the operation, she also suffered a slight heart attack, but the doctor thought that this condition would mend itself within three or four months. Dr. Church had no doubt that by having the operation Zelma avoided a very serious stroke. We hoped that by having the operation her major disturbing condition would be corrected, but such was not the case, though she was able to hold her own by taking the angina medicine. For a period of time she had been taking the wonder medicines, Inderol and Isordil. There was a time when I thought Zelma would certainly outlive me, for the statistics indicate that women outlive men by approximately seven years. But statistics deal with averages and not individual cases. Some men live as many as 100 years or more. However long I may live, I do hope that I can die with the same peace of mind which my dear mother had. When I have come to the end of my row, I will no longer be able to produce by thinking and writing and conversing. I much prefer not to linger in long, drawn out pain, rotting in a nursing home, turning into a vegetable to grovel around. As a realist, I faced my mother's death, and I can do it again if I must when my dear wife has finished her course.

On May 27, 1983, the National Democratic Party presented a three-hour television program on "AMERICANS LIVING TOGETHER." From a dramatic perspective the broadcast was well directed and will no doubt lead to the collection of millions of dollars, but I seriously doubt that it will thrust the Democrats back into the White House. The populism of the Democratic Party does without doubt express the wishes of the common people, but it is foolish to assume that the common people know the true nature of the nation's problems. The common people do not have the intelligence to diagnose the nature of the conditions under which the nation struggles.

The populism of the right, representing the Old Time Religion, will probably prove to be more potent. Actually America has no political party which expresses the genius of a man like Thomas Jefferson. What we do have is a populism which gives voice to a man like Andrew Jackson, on the one hand, and the dominance of those who cherish the memory of Alexander Hamilton, on the other hand.

In truth, our entire history since Andrew Jackson is permeated with a degrading anti-intellectualism. Nowhere is this more evident than in the religious dogmatism of such men as Jerry Falwell and Jimmy Schwagert. By interpreting the Jeffersonian concept as guaranteeing the right to be a religious dogmatist, we have also come to justify our right to be ignorant, to exploit others, and to do as one says, not as one does. We now operate in a schizophrenic culture which promotes the physical sciences, even in the production of nuclear bombs and, at the same time, glories in a medieval religion which confines to eternal hell those who do not conform to its dogmas.

The end result of our poverty of mind is a public school system that has failed in its obligation to promote the open mind, the kind of a mind that is definitely necessary to a free, democratic society. As a part of this failure, our state universities are failing to help us achieve quality leadership for our disordered world. Since our public schools have been financed at the level of poverty, what right have we to blame the teachers for their low level of performance? We are truly getting what we are paying for.

Zelma and I had planned to leave on a trip to Alaska on June 13, 1983, but the trip was postponed until July 15, since Zelma was still weak from her operation. The journey was a very satisfying experience. We flew to Seattle where we spent two nights and a day. In Vancouver we boarded a ferry boat, a source of real pleasure. We enjoyed the fresh air, the cool breeze from the ocean, and the beautiful surroundings. As the 32 people in our tour became acquainted with one another, a variety of interests became apparent among the personalities. The mountainous, bleak coast of Alaska impressed me the most, however. Sailing along the mid-passage, it was as if we had entered a new and different world. For the great majority of the 2,000 miles which we traveled, there were nothing but mountains on either side of the boat, mountains which came up to the very coast line. Day in and day out, there was the quiet, gloomy water running beneath us. Throughout the entire trip, we saw very little flat land, so little that it had been necessary to dig away the mountain sides in order to construct hotels and houses. A good example of this is the capitol city of Juneau. Only in this manner could there have been any significant growth in population.

We had not returned home from our trip before the U.S. reached a new low in relationship with the Soviet Union. The Soviet air force had shot down a Korean 747 with a loss of 269 lives. The tragedy was that we had a President who cared more about political gain from such an experience than about the improvement in the quality of human relations between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R.

Paranoia, if that is what it is, in the defense of Mother Russia can be understood only in historical terms. First, the French army under Napoleon invaded the country and burned Moscow. More recently, the German army of Hitler killed some 20 million people of the U.S.S.R. I shall never forget my visit in Leningrad to the burial site of some 600,000 Russian victims of the two-year siege of that beautiful city. At one end of the cemetery burns an eternal flame; at the other stands a large statue of Mother Russia inscribed "Rest in peace. This will never happen again."

It was argued that the Soviet government had demonstrated its aggressive tendencies by invading Afghanistan and by controlling Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia and the Baltic nations. In light of the invasions which the U.S.S.R. has suffered and the attitude which the United States has demonstrated toward the Soviet Union since 1917, there is logical justification for the actions taken by the Soviet government in the argument that only friendly powers can be trusted on the borders of that huge country. Finland is a good example, and the Baltic nations were a part of the Russian Empire long before the communists gained power. If NATO were abolished and the troops of the United States withdrawn from Europe, there is a real probability that the Russians would react differently.

In response to the shooting down of the KAL Flight 747-007, President Reagan called the Soviet government an evil force in the world. In the face of that international crisis, it would seem that Reagan would have followed a more rational course rather than an emotional diatribe against a foreign power which had been challenged by the flight of a plane over its secret military bases. President

Reagan accused the Soviets of murderous brutality and indifference toward humanity. It would have been wise to have considered the perpetrator innocent until proved guilty by an international court. Why did Reagan take upon himself unilateral action which rightly belonged to the United Nations? The most appalling factor about Reagan's reaction was that he possessed none of the facts needed to determine the reason for shooting down the plane.

It will never be possible for us to come to peaceable terms with the Soviet Union until we recognize the great historical and geographic differences between the two nations. In addition to the problem of defending themselves against European aggression, the Soviets also have the problem of defending a 4,000-mile border with China and its population in excess of one billion people. On the other hand, the United States faces only peaceful borders with Canada and Mexico.

Historically, western culture at its best, in terms of ethics and scientific development, stands in marked contrast with the tyranny of the Romanov regime with its brutality and suppression of the illiterate serfs. Regardless of one's attitude toward Russian communists, the cultural transformation of the U.S.S.R. in science, industry and education is little short of miraculous. In light of these vast changes, the U.S. cannot afford to continue its negative attitude toward the U.S.S.R. How can anyone with a sense of justice argue that the United States government was more justified in invading Granada or in supporting covert military operations in Nicaragua than the Soviet government was in invading Afghanistan?

The following letter, written to one of my former graduate students, summarizes these matters:

Dear Inez:

> The way we use the idea of majority rule in our so-called free society is bringing us to the brink of disaster both at home and abroad. The election system, from the city council to the President of the United States, demonstrates little or no ethical sense or intellectual responsibility required of those who run for public office. One could argue that since the process resolves itself down to a matter of power politics, whether of money, charisma or numbers, what we have is the essence of fascism or Hegel's dictum that power defines the nature of truth, goodness and beauty.
>
> There is no doubt in my mind that our fundamental problem is rooted in the culture, and that is a negation of the intellectual and moral pattern which those who led the American Revolution sought to achieve. This same problem is to be found in the misinterpretation of the concept of FREEDOM as well as in the operation of our capitalistic economy. The latter is enough to make Adam Smith turn over in his grave. Of course, the same holds true for Thomas Jefferson. As a child of the Revolution of 1776, the state university was established to provide quality leadership in the affairs of government to counteract the Medieval Mind that pervaded the whole of Colonial America. It is on this point that our public schools, from the top to the bottom, have failed.
>
> This failure to provide quality leadership in government is made increasingly evident in our relation to the Soviet Union. Only one of our presidents since 1917 has demonstrated the quality of leadership which is desperately needed in our world today, and that man was Franklin Delano Roosevelt. President Harry Truman, by instituting a policy of containment toward the U.S.S.R., laid the ground work for selling our "birth right for a mess of potage." In this respect, President Ronald Reagan has proved to be the worst of the lot. Aligning ourselves with every right-wing dictatorship in the world has cast aside every aspect of humanity on which this nation was founded.

Today we rest our case only on military power, and the more we do so the more we bring into reality the TERRORISM which has become rampant today. In the words of an ancient Chinese sage, "Power destroys and absolute power destroys absolutely."

Cordially yours,
William E. Drake

My letter to Jack Willers at Vanderbilt University, another former graduate student, summarizes the substance of my book, Betrayal on Mount Parnassus:

Dear Jack:

When you have finished reading Betrayal on Mount Parnassus, I would appreciate a straightforward and frank statement of your reaction to my point of view. The Editorial Board, which reviewed the book, was unanimous in its opinion that the book has unusual merit and scope. I am personally interested in your reaction.

There is no doubt in my mind that our nation today is confronted with a crisis situation, and that our condition will become much worse in the years to come. All of our cultural trends since 1920 point to an increase in these problems with little evidence of our ability to solve them. The public schools at all levels, especially the state universities, are failing to meet the developing crisis which is deeply rooted in our cultural heritage. Now, in view of our cultural crisis, why is it that our public school officials, especially our teachers and university professors and administrators, do not seem to be aware of this trend? In my judgment, there is a definite connection between the reasons for your discouragement and the reasons the Department of Cultural Foundations of Education at Texas was abolished one year after I retired.

1) We have no intellectual and moral frame of reference in our culture except that which is tied to medieval church dogma, tempered by rationalism, which prevailed in early Colonial America. This is the reason why our state universities were referred to in the 19th century as godless, atheistic institutions.

2) Here is the reason our public schools have been charged with moral bankruptcy and godlessness.

3) Here is the reason there is a continuing attack on Darwin and the biological sciences, especially the theory of evolution. (The Texas State Textbook Commission recently decided that Darwin and the theory of evolution would have to be omitted from biology textbooks used in public secondary schools.)

4) Here is the reason our public school teachers have little status in their respective communities.

5) Finally, here is the reason the American people are fundamentally anti-intellectual in electing public officials for whom there are no requirements.

In my research on the origins of the state university, it became clearly evident that those who were instrumental in its founding were very much aware of prevailing church dogma and sought to promote a pattern of meaning and value consistent with the open mind and a society of free men and women. One document, a letter written by a professor at the University of North Carolina in 1795, states that "The age of reason has surely come. Bigotry and superstition are buried in one common grave.

Science has come to bless the earth. What a glory to the University of North Carolina that in her sacred seat this beginning has first appeared."

This new intellectual and moral frame of reference called for a redefining of what constitutes a liberal education. While the concept of liberal education in the medieval university was rooted in the Latin and Greek classics, the new liberal education was centered in the writings of John Locke, Adam Smith, Montesquieu, Newton, Priestley, and others of the Age of Enlightenment. A study of history, moral philosophy, modern languages and the physical sciences made up the heart of this new curriculum. The study of Latin and Greek would be optional. What was missing was the study of the Bible which was at the heart of the colonial church curriculum. Separation of church and state made this mandatory. Those so educated in this new liberal education curriculum were to become the leaders of the new government, Jefferson's Aristocracy of the Intellect.

What has happened to all these plans? Where is the idea of a liberal education today? Why was this new intellectual and moral frame of reference not promoted and developed during the 19th century and even into the present day? Because it posited a naturalistic philosophy, one grounded in a SEARCH FOR GODS IN NATURE, a movement referred to in our literature as deism, exemplified by Franklin's Junto Club, Jefferson's Declaration of Independence, his Statute for Religious Freedom in Virginia, and his rewriting of the New Testament, omitting all superstition, magic, miracles and other-worldliness. Thomas Paine's Rights of Man and his Common Sense also exemplified this frame of reference. The 19th century tells us why it was forgotten:

1) Forgotten in the conflict between the free and the slave states.

2) Forgotten in opening up the western frontier after the Louisiana Purchase.

3) Forgotten in the attack on Free Masonry in the 1830s and 1840s.

4) Forgotten in the rise of Jacksonian democracy (populism). (We require six years for a veterinarian to work on a sick pig, but no intellectual or moral requirements for one to be elected President of the United States. A sportscaster and sex-oriented Hollywood actor will do.)

5) Forgotten in the rebirth of Protestantism and its evangelistic appeal to the common people.

6) Forgotten in the birth of corporate power and the exploitation of the physical sciences to the detriment of the humanities.

7) Forgotten in the substitution of an aristocracy of wealth for Jefferson's aristocracy of the intellect.

In all of this transition can be found the reasons why public school teachers are paid less than garbage collectors and have been reduced to cogs in a machine; school administrators and football coaches are paid for management and glamor, not intelligence; football players and movie stars become millionaires.

What has the role of the public school teacher become in this so-called society of free men and women? It is certainly not to lead and to be defended by the state in the exercise of their responsibilities. To lead requires a grounding in the kind of liberal education conceived by our Revolutionary Fathers. To lead is the historic definition

of a teacher, but if such were the case today, teachers would not be left ignorant of the nature of their philosophical responsibilities. These responsibilities were the essence of the 18th century Enlightenment, but teachers have no basic commitment to such, for if they did they could not hold a teaching position. What we have is not a means of developing the quality of relations among humans, only a man-to-God relation based on medieval mysticism and a promotion of the man-to-object relation for industrial exploitation. The results will surely lead to a nuclear war if we continue our present course of action.

Note how our concept of freedom is defined clearly in terms of the right to be a religious dogmatist rather than a freedom of mind and a growth in social intelligence. What we have is only an other-worldly man-to-God relation rather than an ethical sense of responsibility in a man-to-man relation. While our Revolutionary Fathers thought in terms of knowledge as the key to liberty, we cling to the idea that "he that eateth of the tree of knowledge shall be damned." Growth in quality of mind is the most important issue facing humanity in our present day. Upon the shoulders of the people of the United States rests the burden of seeking the scientific avenue of open-mindedness. This openness can be achieved only if we realize that education is the only avenue through which it can be achieved. This in every respect is the historic role of the teacher from Socrates, to Jesus of Galilee, to John Dewey. Only as we view the physical sciences as a means of doing away with disease, war and famine can we arrive at peace with ourselves. Today, unfortunately, these sciences have been turned into an instrument of death which, unless we change our present direction, can only end in the extermination of the human race.

Cordially,

Returning to the discussion of Zelma's deteriorating circulatory system, following our trip to Alaska for a time it seemed that there was evidence of some recovery, but such turned out not to be the case. A change for the worse appeared at Christmas, 1983, while Bill Jr. was visiting us in Austin. An ulcer developed on Zelma's big toe. It refused to heal despite all our efforts. As a physician, Bill was aware of the seriousness of this condition, and he advised that his mother see Dr. Philip Church immediately. Bill was a brilliant doctor who could advise his mother but who refused to do anything to counteract his own alcoholic self-destructive tendencies.

Dr. Church referred Zelma to Dr. Reynolds, an orthopedic surgeon. He tried to heal the ulcer, but without success. Dr. Church then tried a series of 40 hyperbaric oxygen treatments from March through May, 1984. The only result was to slow down the process of deterioration. In July I took Zelma to visit our youngest son, Dennis, and to obtain further medical opinion on Zelma's condition. Dr. Hall, an outstanding thoracic surgeon, examined Zelma thoroughly and recommended that she have an arteriogram immediately upon returning to Austin.

Though Bill had promised at Christmas time to stop drinking after he returned to California, he did not do so. When we left California on July 14, 1984, he took us to the airport. Little did we realize that on Monday, July 16, he would be found unconscious on the floor of his apartment by his brother who took him to the hospital for a condition from which Bill never recovered.

Zelma's arteriogram revealed serious artery congestion at the base of the aorta. Before any steps could be taken, Zelma developed serious bleeding of the left kidney which placed her in the hospital for another examination. This investigation indicated that she had no kidney problem; the blood must have come from the arteriogram examination. The pain Zelma was suffering from both the toe infection and her angina finally drove her to Dr. Reynolds on September 14. He told her that there was no other course than to amputate her right foot, and that it would probably not be long before the same would happen to her left foot. But on the following Monday, September 17, Dr. Church would have nothing to do with a foot amputation and decided on by-pass surgery.

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Zelma entered the hospital the next day, and Dr. Volpe, our family doctor, and Dr. Bill McCarran, a heart specialist, were called in for consultation. They decided that Zelma should have a blood transfusion to build up her blood supply. As a result, Zelma was under intensive care in the coronary unit. On September 20, Zelma's reaction to the transfusion indicated such a weakness of the heart that Dr. McCarran called me to the hospital. I rushed to the hospital and stayed with Zelma for an hour. She seemed to respond so positively that we thought she would be all right. But the next night she took a turn for the worse, and I was called again at 4:00 a.m. on the morning of September 22, 1984, for she was failing rapidly. I stayed by her bedside from 4:30 to 5:50, watching the E.K.G. drop from 50 to zero. The doctor pronounced her dead. I am sure that if she had stayed home, she could have lived longer, but the choice was hers, and she died in peace from heart failure.

In the meantime, our oldest son Bill Jr. had been in the hospital in California since July 16. There he remained until the end of October when he entered a convalescent home. He had hoped, after having been cleared of his alcoholic addiction, to come to Austin and live with me. In November I called Dennis to see whether Bill was ready to come to Austin. Dennis said that Bill was not doing very well, and that I would have to wait. On November 16 Bill's daughter informed me that he had died in his sleep of unknown cause. Actually, there is no doubt that his drinking, coupled with depression, had destroyed his will to live. Zelma was buried in the Capital Gardens Cemetery in the Masonic section after a ceremony in the small chapel of the Cook-Walden Funeral Home. Bill Jr. was cremated, and his ashes scattered over the mountains of Yosemite. I went back to California and participated in a ceremony held in a small chapel of the funeral home. What a tragedy that a man of such ability, such brilliance as a doctor and research scholar, should die at the age of 57.

Life and death will continue to be a mystery to humankind, yet the knowledge we now have concerning the human animal suggests that there is no life after death for the individual. It also tells us that universal life, of which each individual is a natural part, does continue. As such, it would seem that we have neither a beginning nor an end. While orthodox Christianity continues to think of a man-God, the best evidence we have points to a REALITY, OR TO GOD, IF YOU WISH, WHICH IS A CREATIVE UNIVERSAL FORCE OF SUCH MAGNITUDE THAT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO COMPREHEND. All that I or anyone else can know is that, as a living entity with a mind, I am a part of that living creative universal force and as such I must have a universal mind. When the body is separated from that living creative mind or force there is nothing left of it other than the same inanimate matter which pervades all reality. When it comes time for me as a living force or mind to be separated from that inanimate body of matter, the living element in me does not die because it is a part of that universal force which has no beginning and no end. The truth of the matter is that we know little or nothing about the universal nature of life except that which we have learned in the evolution of the human mind. If humanity does not destroy itself through nuclear war, further knowledge will come only through the evolutionary process.

I would like to conclude this chapter with an optimistic note, but in all honesty with myself I cannot. Too much tragedy in my personal life has come in the death of my wife Zelma and my older son, William Jr. I will surely stand up to be counted, for it is not the first time that I have been challenged by circumstances. In such situations, I have always relied on that creative living universal force for support. I have found that support in the past. I will find it again. I do not see too much light on the horizon in the near future. Let it be remembered, however, that the light always follows the darkness of the night, and in time a new day will dawn upon us with new hope.

Chapter 18

THE BEGINNING OF A NEW LIFE

1985

On September 22, 1984, after 58 years of married life, my dear wife Zelma died of heart failure in intensive care at Seton Medical Center in Austin. I was all alone again, just as I had been at the age of 23, although at that time my mother was alive and well. I had met Zelma in the summer of 1924, while completing my undergraduate studies at the University of North Carolina, just before I assumed my first teaching position at Murphy School twelve miles from Chapel Hill. At that time, Zelma, who was from Charlotte, North Carolina, was soon to complete her undergraduate degree at Queen's College in June, 1925.

When Zelma died, three significant differences had emerged in my life since we were married in 1926. First, at the age of 23, I was anticipating a challenging, successful future, though not in teaching. At that early age, my plan was to teach one or two years and then return to the university to prepare for a career in electrical engineering. Such was not to be. In 1974, I retired after teaching 50 years, four in the public schools of North Carolina and 46 in four state universities--North Carolina, Pennsylvania State, Missouri, and Texas.

In 1984, after Zelma's death, to what challenges could I look forward? At best only a few more years on this earth before I, too, would pass over into the universal world of nature, the unknown from which no one ever returns and about which we know little or nothing.

Secondly, at the time of my marriage, my mother and Zelma were with me, whereas both were now departed. In their places I have my daughter Carole Jean, my son Dennis, eight grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. My brilliant son, William E. Drake, Jr., had died on November 16, 1984, at the age of 58 after being in the Ross Hospital in San Rafael, California, for four months. I had tried in ever way possible to awaken him to a new sense of reality, but to no avail. He lost his will to live, and it became only a matter of time before his kidneys and liver would fail.

Thirdly, at the age of 23, I had the vitality and energy of a strong young man, but when Zelma died I had only what was left of an old man of 81 years, though my health was still reasonably good.

...Despite Zelma's declining physical condition, we were able to travel extensively almost up to the time of her death. During that period we visited most of the European countries, including the Soviet Union, and cruised from Athens to Venice. Also during that period we traveled in every state in the Union except Maine and North Dakota, but including Hawaii and Alaska. Our last trip together was to California in July, 1984, to visit our sons and to consult a second medical opinion on Zelma's physical condition.

* * * *

How did I fare after Zelma's death? I am doing as well as could be expected, possibly better. Much of my life has been based on the classic notion, "You come into this world alone, you live your life alone, and you die alone." This saying has been more true for me than for many others because of my childhood. As a child before the age of twelve, I was very much alone. I was an only child, and I grew up without a father. My mother loved me very much, and her father cared for me. But without a father to turn to, without brothers or sisters, it was difficult, especially growing up in another person's home. At best I was an outsider. My step-grandmother made it clear that I was an outsider, so at the age of thirteen I moved out, had a house built for me and my mother on Swannoa Avenue in Asheville, and went to work, first at the Carolina Wood and Products Company and later at a Greek restaurant so

that I could remain in high school. Much of my salvation came from having a spiritual father and a feeling of oneness with the universe. In my mind, when I was in trouble, I could talk with my God as a source of comfort, and that is true even to this very day. As a child existentialist, I knew that Jesus loved me, and therefore I never was really alone. I possessed the strength of mind needed to live within myself, but that strength never had any relationship to the dogma of the church. In a very real sense, this made me a stronger person.

Thus, from the age of twelve to the present, I have possessed a sense of personal strength and a strong body and mind. I learned how to live life within myself, relying very much on my own will and self-discipline to achieve the good life. I do not say that there were not others along the way to help me in times of need. Certainly, there was my mother who always gave me full support, my grandfather who gave me a home during my childhood, Uncle Clarence who got me the job at the Greek restaurant so I could continue in school, my high school principal who helped with school difficulties, and my college mentor, Edgar W. Knight, who gave me the support I needed while studying at the University of North Carolina, took a personal interest in me as if I were his own son, and especially enabled me to return to the university for doctoral studies. Without the help of these and others, I would have never been able to achieve my present station in life. Yet I must conclude that in most respects I have always been alone with myself.

* * * *

I do not suggest that every child should suffer such hardships, but I am saying that many children would profit from such hardships. Many boys and girls of the middle class, and even the children of privileged wealth, have lives too easy for them to acquire the personal strength and maturation to achieve the good life. In today's society, we show the effects of lascivious living, with too much entertainment and too little concern for self-education through self-discipline, and especially a lack of concern for the general welfare.

The most glaring weakness in our present society is a lack of top quality leadership, by which I mean the association of power with ethical commitment to the common good and an intellectual sense of responsibility toward others. This lack of quality leadership is apparent in both our foreign and domestic relations....In an overall sense, it would seem that as a nation we have reached the peak of our development and are now on the decline.

I do not agree with Arnold Toynbee that a nation will inevitably fall after reaching its peak of development. I do hold, however, that history supports his point of view and will continue to do so until the human race uses its creative intuitive sense for the welfare of all rather than to continue to rely on the dogmas of the past, on power and wealth for the few, and on the freezing of the human mind. The decay of nations will continue until humanity faces the reality of its animal nature and seeks a reliance on the potentiality of the human ethical and intellectual nature. An intellectual and moral frame of reference is mandatory rather than a continuing reliance on power politics which dominate our actions, especially in public education. At present we are using nothing more than the blind animal nature of the primeval forest.

In reviewing the changes which have occurred in the culture of the United States since I was born on September 25, 1903, certain essential changes stand out:

1) The shift from an agrarian economy to an industrialized technological urban society.

2) A well recognized failure to deal intelligently and effectively with any of the major problems which have risen as a result of that transition. These problems include a) the breakdown of family life, b) a rising tide of crime, both civil and personal, c) increasing unemployment, d) increasing poverty, e) moral decay, f) two major world wars, and g) the threat of nuclear war.

3) Of primary significance in this transition is the failure of the public school at all levels, including the state university, to cope with any of these human relations problems. This failure I consider to be of crucial significance in relation to the question of whether our nation is declining. Why has the public school tragically failed to meet the crisis in our present situation?

The failure of the public school to meet the challenge of our cultural crisis is unquestionably due to the fundamental anti-intellectualism which is pronounced in our political system, especially in the local school boards and state legislatures. This is evident not only in the way people cast their votes but in the reasons they give for voting the way they do. Thus, few quality minded individuals ever participate in politics. As a child I looked forward to a life in politics, believing that I could serve the general welfare with my knowledge and my commitment to the common good. Now, looking back to those childhood days, I realize that I could have never been politically successful because of the nature of my commitments. Also, I could never have subjected myself to the personal attacks which are an inevitable and integral part of the election process. Today, money and the extensive use of television campaigning dominate all elections. The political process is neither intelligent nor responsible but a circus comedy in which the winner takes all. What future welfare does such an emotional orgy hold for the future of our nation? Little or none, unless we find a more constructive way to deal with our national future, in both the public schools and the political process.

While we boast of our concern for the value of the life of the individual, actually the role of power dominates our actions. These actions were characterized by the German philosopher Hegel, who said, "Power determines the nature of truth, goodness and beauty." Proof lies in the contrast between the poverty of the public school system and the huge amounts of money spent on all forms of entertainment. We pay a football or baseball player half a million dollars a year, but on the average less than $20,000 a year to public school teachers. Never have we sought quality minds for the public school classrooms, only those who could discipline and control the students' behaviors.

By quality leadership, I mean the open mind, creative activity, love of humanity, and commitment to the common good. There is little effort to identify the best possible teachers and little will to pay a respectable salary for a quality teaching profession. What recognition did I get for the 50 years I taught? Very little compared with the recognition received by politicians, athletes and movie stars. No one would enter the teaching profession for the dearth of recognition and respect given.

What people read is a good test of their commitment to public education. If people would read more quality books and magazines, especially in the fields of history, literature and the social studies, the quality of our responsibility, especially to the general welfare, would rise appreciably. One of the marked characteristics of Thomas Jefferson was his knowledge of the history of western civilization. Furthermore, more quality reading would lead to a remarkable improvement in public education.

If our citizens knew more about the history of western civilization, they would be free from the dogmas of religion and the status quo. A careful reading of Herbert J. Muller's <u>The Uses of the Past</u> would change our present desire for public acclaim. Why do we seek public acclaim when it has no relation to the quest for a higher quality life? The desire for notoriety is an aspect of the animalism found in all of us, especially in our search for power in human relations. The dominance of this desire accounts for the slight emphasis placed on ethics and intellectual responsibility. One can receive a great deal of public acclaim by turning criminal!

Thus, we are vulnerable to almost any form of entertainment, the more vulgar the better. The more violent the emotional content of the movie, the more it attracts the crowds. The 18th century French philosopher Voltaire held that enlightened despotism was preferable to the democratic way of life. If we could be certain that the enlightened despot were truly educated, ethically and intellectually responsible, we could make a good case for Voltaire's point, but such is not the case. Despots have consistently been dominated by the role of power. In the history of ancient Greece, examples abound

of despots who brought the people back to their senses, but given our present knowledge of human nature, such is not a viable avenue for us to follow.

We substitute polluted forms of entertainment, including drugs and alcohol, for the constructive forms of creative labor which have been characteristic of our heritage. Perhaps this is the reason many idolized Reagan, especially the right-wing populists. What are the qualities of this man? He reads very little. He believes that the answers to major problems can be found in the Bible. Yet where would we be if we were to wipe out all medical advancement since the 17th century? If it were not for those who were around Reagan, the condition of our country would have become far worse than it did.

Even with those around President Reagan we entered a tragic mess both at home and abroad because of the nation's deficiency in quality leadership. This dearth of leadership is true not only in regard to the Presidency but also in regard to the Congress and the U.S. Supreme Court. The Supreme Court will not be improved by those whom Reagan nominated. As a culture we are not producing the quality of mind necessary for life in this century.

Regarding those within the so-called "profession" of teaching, their training programs are generally incapable of dealing with logical relations. Their experiences with the problems of knowledge are limited to the medieval dogma, "I believe in order that I may know." They are unacquainted with the scientific method, "I know in order that I may believe." The intervening step, of course, lies in the logic of philosophic thought. Accepting belief as a basis for truth emerges from religious tradition--"Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Then, within the power of the status quo, teachers teach students to accept uncritically what they read in the textbooks, magazines and newspapers. For example, we read that America has the right to interfere in the internal affairs of Nicaragua for our own national security. But how does this differ, if at all, from the position of the Soviet Union in interfering in the internal affairs of Afghanistan? From a logical point of view there is no difference. Traditionally speaking, the Catholic Church relied entirely on belief, but in order to counter the attacks of intellectuals, that church adopted scholasticism as a logical method to demonstrate the truths of Catholic beliefs. This was nothing more than deception to overcome opposition to Papal dogma. Logical relations are one thing, but Catholic scholasticism quite another.

Another problem confronts us in connection with the learning process. Is there any justification for the assumption that humanity, by its nature, is rational as held in the classical tradition, in the 18th century thought of our forefathers, and in the liberal arts heritage? The answer is an unequivocal NO. Beginning with the thinking of Charles Darwin and continuing with the development of biology, we now know that humanity is only potentially rational, and that humans are organically feeling, intuitive animals, differing only in degree, not kind, from the other animals. Language has certainly made a difference, but feelings and attitudes, along with the rule of power, dominate the cultural scene.

Nowhere from birth to the college level is the individual taught to move out of the belief pattern of truth to a pattern of critical doubt and the challenge of logical relations. Our anti-intellectualism is so rooted in believing what we hear, read and say that the human mind is frozen in its dogma. Over a period of years, whenever I asked students to define the nature of the democratic process, invariably they answered with "majority rule." Then, when I asked if the majority decided to cut off their heads, would that be democratic? Well, that, of course, was a different story. Today in South Africa the idea of majority rule has created a major crisis between Whites and Blacks, for with a 90 percent black population, one can imagine what majority rule would mean for that nation. In this matter Reagan was more correct than his black opposition. The Democrats argue that a people has the right of self-determination whether they be in Nicaragua or South Africa. In this regard, the U.S.S.R. is no more evil than America.

Where does this failure in human relations show itself in its worst form? The worst imaginable form is in the prospects for nuclear war. Who can doubt that nuclear bombs will be used in a showdown? Power is governing the role of human relations. We used the atomic bomb toward the end

of World War II and have threatened to use it again. If the Soviets ever conclude that we were planning to destroy them, they would not hesitate to use their nuclear bombs first.

Since Zelma's death, I have been writing two additional manuscripts. One I have entitled The Challenge of Married Life, and the other, How to Achieve the Life Good to Live. The manuscript on married life is divided into two parts: the first part I recall "Sixty Years of Life with Zelma," and the second, "Would I Marry Again?" The writing on How to Achieve the Life Good to Live relates to the evolution of the human mind, from its organic basis through the development of language and a basic ethic, to the role of the intellect in human relations. Since power is the basis on which all of life operates and has done so since the beginning of time, we are first confronted with the human as an animal in the evolutionary process. Through the millions of years during which life has been on this planet, the process of evolution has gone from chemical life, to plant life, to animal life, and to the life of the human. In this last stage of organic evolution, the enormous human brain developed, making it possible for humanity to move out of the animal kingdom into a domain of its own.

What does it mean to be human? The traditional religious belief is that in the beginning God gave the human being a soul, and that by so doing God gave humanity dominance over all the animals. The Bible states that God created "man" in his own image, a gross example of humanity's egotistic nature. From an evolutionary point of view, the Bible reflects the best knowledge of that very early period. Traditionally, time was of little significance in arriving at the truth. This perspective explains why there has been much antagonism in religious circles toward the concept of evolution. Now we may say that the animal becomes human through the process of education, that is, through cultural evolution, because of the development of an enormous brain. This cultural evolution became possible as the human animal moved out of the forest into early urban life. The Garden of Eden story probably originated near the mouth of the Euphrates and Tigris Rivers. When settled, humans developed a language and began to harvest grain for food. At that time a religious sense and the idea of a human soul began to develop.

In the development of a religious, ethical sense of being we find the first major movement away from total reliance on power to a reliance on human ethical relationships. The linkage between ethics and religious dogma, however, retarded the development of the human mind in the modern world. The use of organic power by institutionalized Christianity led to the control of human thought throughout the history of western civilization. This use of power by the church led to the First Amendment to the Federal Constitution.

The third factor in How to Achieve the Life That Is Good to Live is the role of intellect, or knowledge, in human relations. Again the factor of time is of greatest importance. The role of knowledge in human relations in western civilization can be traced from the ancient Athenians. Historically, this knowledge has been applied primarily in the physical sciences, and accordingly we are threatened with the nuclear destruction of the human race. The limitation of knowledge to the physical sciences also enabled the dogmatists to exploit the role of power in their own interests. Power in the hands of an Adolf Hitler is the essence of exploitation. We have yet to recognize that power is not necessarily a human good. It is the quality of the uses of power which makes all the difference, and it is the quality of the mind that decides the uses of power. There is an enormous gap between the world of science and the world of religion in human relations.

Education in the field of human relations will continue to fail until we deal with humanity in the natural and biological sense. This calls for an acceptance of the evolutionary hypothesis rather than the traditional supernaturalism of church dogma. What is vitally needed is a functional, experimental approach to the field of human relations consistent with our ethical heritage. Such an approach would not only revolutionize the cultural process of education but would also lead to an identification of our political system with an intellectual and moral frame of reference over and above the role of power in human relations.

These three aspect of the evolution of the human mind--power, ethics and knowledge--are paramount to the achievement of a life that is good to live, for they are outgrowths of the evolution of the human mind. They should serve as a background in the thought of every parent, teacher, politician, industrialist and minister of God.

Turning now more specifically to family matters since the death of my wife and eldest son, the answer to the question which I raised in Sixty Years of Life with Zelma, "Would I marry again?," is definitely NO, not at my advanced age. This answer has nothing to do with my feelings toward Zelma. My answer would be the same had I been married to any other woman.

Marriage as an institution was established to provide a home in which to raise children. For many centuries it served that purpose and, of course, continues to do so, but in fewer and fewer instances. If I were a young man, I am sure I would marry again if I found the right woman. I say this despite the fact that there is something drastically wrong in our culture where divorce has become a marked characteristic because of our narcissistic individualism and a gross mismating of immature minds. But there is no justification for a man in his 80s to enter into a marriage contract or to adjust to another's ideas and mode of living. When two people come together in love, that relationship will not survive without a great deal of give and take, and at my advanced age I am not mentally or physically prepared to undergo the ordeal.

After one has passed the age of 65, better than marriage would be a close friendship with someone of the opposite sex. Of course, exceptions to this rule are in order, but in general the research which I have examined suggests the same position. A good friendship provides everything that a marriage offers without any of the difficulties or hardships.

Having been abruptly cut off from Zelma after 58 years of marriage, finding myself alone in a house which I shared with her for 27 years, has become quite a challenging ordeal. I certainly cannot say that I do not miss my companion of these many years. The entire year before Zelma's death was most demanding because of her poor health. Night and day it was necessary for me to provide her medicine and meals, take her to the doctor, clean the house, and wash the clothes. Now that she is gone, there is only silence and loneliness with the loss of the mutual companionship which existed between us.

* * * *

Most disturbing is the way in which President Reagan catered to the right-wing populists. In spite of all the advancement in scientific knowledge since the 17th century, we still retreat back to the mind of the Middle Ages. Even the Boy Scout directors insist that in order to be a true Scout one must believe in the biblical concept of God. What a tragedy that we have learned so little about the nature of the spiritual life in which we live, and that our concept of the nature of this creative life force has been confined to a straitjacket....

How is it possible for people, thought to be intelligent, not to see that the Bible falls into the same category as other ancient literature, and yet continue to believe that it is divine and absolute in its deliberatio...? The Bible consists of the writings of Jewish scholars just as other books. Where is the divinity, anyway? In the evolutionary sense, the Bible does show how the human race began to develop an ethical sense of being, the beginning of a substitution of the role of ethics in human relations for the role of power and violence.

* * * *

In concluding this chapter, let me speak of my humanistic tendencies. I consider myself a Scientific Humanist, first because philosophically I identify with naturalism rather than supernaturalism. Secondly, the only thing that makes any sense to me is an evolutionary hypothesis. I respect

those ancients who argued in favor of the theory of creationism, for that was all they could envision in their time. Creationists today, however, are flying in the face of scientific knowledge. For scientific humanists, the most critical problem rests in the relationships among human beings. There is hope for improvement as the human mind progresses, but that improvement is likely to take several thousands of years.

It is hard to understand why so-called good Christians have a negative, even brutal attitude toward humanists, especially when the Christians attack the humanists as atheists and materialists. In their emphasis on the quality of human relations, the humanists are closer to the man Jesus than most Christians. The real issue is not whether one believes in God but in what kind of God one believes. The only belief in God that makes any sense is that which is based on the best available knowledge. This knowledge points to A CREATIVE FORCE IN NATURE demonstrated daily to all in both plant and animal life. Since childhood I have sought to communicate with my God, and Id I adjusted myself to such demands and obligations. Ethical commitment and intelligence are fundamental to the improvement of the relations among human beings.

The bitter attacks which so-called Christians continue to levy against humanists, whether classical or scientific, are similar to the traditional position which the dogmatists have followed throughout the centuries. Today they are making a wholesale attack on the public schools. If they succeed in these attacks, they will destroy the last best hope of our Revolutionary Fathers who dreamed of a society of free men and women. Unfortunately, our public schools have never been financed at a level consistent with the aspirations of the Founding Fathers, but the public school is still the only agency we have in which to develop the CREATIVE MIND, fundamental not only to the security of our nation but also to the future of humanity. If the dogmatists succeed in their bigoted, destructive efforts to thwart the creative development of a free-minded public school, they will thereby obliterate the hopes and dreams of Thomas Jefferson, the wisest man in the entire western world.

Chapter 19

WHAT IS HAPPENING TO OUR COUNTRY?

1986

Anyone intellectually involved in the history of our nation must be concerned about what is happening to our country and to the concepts of freedom and democracy. To get to the roots of this problem, let us divide the history of our nation into three periods: a) from the settlement of Jamestown in 1607 to the Declaration of Independence, b) from the beginning of a new nation in 1776 to 1914, and c) from 1914 to the present. From a knowledge of each of these three historical periods, it is possible to identify those forces which have had the greatest impact on the general welfare and which have also contributed to the common good of humanity.

A) Colonization in the New World: 1607 - 1776

Few who came to the New World prior to 1776 were freedom loving people in the sense of the Declaration of Independence and the Tenth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution. Once this historical fact is recognized, it is possible to understand the significance of the American Revolution and especially its effects on the lives of the American people. The quality of mind of the early colonists was the same medieval mind possessed by those who remained in the Old World. That medieval mind can be characterized as follows: 1) mass illiteracy, 2) indentured servitude for the Whites and slavery for the Blacks, 3) primogeniture and entail as inheritance policies, 4) church and state as one in thought, 5) colonies under the jurisdiction of the British crown, 6) virtually total absence of scientific thought, 7) voting rights limited to property owners, and 8) schools dominated by church authorities.

The early colonists, however, must be credited with the will, not only to improve their social and economic conditions, but also to struggle for democratic goals. The Anglo-Saxon heritage affirmed the significance of the British Parliament over the traditional absolute right of the monarch.

By law the colonists were subjects of the British crown, and as such they had no rights of their own. Actually the colonies were a part of the political and economic expansion of the British Empire. To claim that the most of the colonists by far came to the New World in search of religious freedom is a complete misrepresentation of the historical facts. They came, of course, for different reasons, but primarily for land and the opportunity to improve the economic conditions of their daily lives. The issue of religion was involved, not for the sake of freedom of the mind or conscience, but to give voice to particular religious views.

B) The Making of a Nation: 1776 - 1914

From events between 1776 and 1914, it is now clearly evident that the leaders of the American Revolution were ethically and intellectually far ahead of the mentality of the colonists in general, and that they sought to change the role of power exercised over the masses. Yet many 19th century events reflected the colonial medieval mind rather than the perspectives of our Revolutionary Fathers. As John Adams lay dying on July 4, 1826, he said, "Thank God Jefferson still lives," indicating Adams' feeling that the spirit and meaning of the Revolution which was being lost might possibly be revived by Jefferson. Unfortunately, Jefferson had died only a few hours before Adams died.

By 1830, the politics of power usurped the role of reason and the commitment to the common good which had prevailed during the Revolution. For example, except for the Adams family, the leadership in the federal government before 1830 had come from the well educated planter class of Virginia. After 1830, however, Jefferson was forgotten in the power struggle between representatives of the northeastern part of the nation and those of the south over the issue of slavery. This struggle first surfaced in the Missouri Compromise of 1820 and reached its zenith in the Civil War.

At the same time, the spirit of Free Masonry, best exemplified by Benjamin Franklin, was lost in the rising tied of religious bigotry which spread throughout the new nation. The populism of the 1830s attacked the Founding Fathers as elitists, and the concept of democracy became so anti-intellectual that sheer majority rule alone constituted political power. Even the state universities, first developed in the south, lost their sense of freedom of knowledge to the pressures dominating the state legislatures. As public schools were being established in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, they were increasingly controlled by Protestant dogmatists in order to keep public taxes out of Catholic control.

The Civil War supposedly put an end to the conflict between states' rights and the power of the federal government. Regardless, the supremacy of the nation was fully established, but between 1865 and 1914 all was not peaceful on the home front. During this period, foundations for a new economic order, corporate power, were laid. In the southern states the planter aristocracy was virtually destroyed, followed by the rise of increasingly larger corporations. Organized labor sought to curb the power of the corporations, but the U.S. Supreme Court and power politics in the nation's capitol gave the corporations a free hand. Consequently, in the growing urbanized industrial society there was a general decay in the intellectual and moral life of the American people. Power and wealth increasingly became the cornerstone of the once agrarian-minded population.

C) The United States in World Affairs: 1914 - Present:

Except during the Civil War, the ideals of the Revolution of 1776, as the foundation of the nation, have never been more vigorously challenged:

1) Corporate power became the dominant influence in the life of our nation as indicated by both state and national legislation. The liquidation of the southern plantation aristocracy was followed by the dwindling influence of small farmers and businessmen.

2) The growth of labor unions helped to improve the general welfare of the nation, but their influence was weakened by crime and corruption in union leadership and by strike-breaking tactics.

3) With the weakening of institutionalized religion, ethical commitment to the common good also decreased.

4) The loss of an intellectual and moral frame of reference in our national life introduced anarchy into what now passes for the good life among our people.

5) The influx of people from cultures outside the Anglo-Saxon world has contributed to the breakdown of our sense of national unity and purpose.

6) In the power struggle with the U.S.S.R., our reliance on the politics of power contributed to a breakdown in our commitment to the welfare of the common people.

7) The wide variety of religious belief contributed to the failure of the public schools.

8) The influence of the power of wealth on policy making at all levels of government increased.

Because of my love for this nation, I have become increasingly distressed at the lack of positive intelligent and moral leadership in government. Most disturbing is the ease with which our people are deceived by those in positions of economic and political power. A prime example is Reagan's ability as a commentator and actor to deceive a large majority of the American people. Though President Carter was naive, he was nevertheless ethically committed to the common good. As President, Reagan, however, was simply ignorant and relied solely on the politics of power to force people to be democratic according to his own definition of freedom.

The will of the majority worked well enough in the election of Franklin D. Roosevelt, but hungry stomachs were voting, not social intelligence. Now, with television and millions of dollars spent on election campaigns, what chance does an intelligent, ethically committed candidate have to gain a majority vote? If left-wing populism has had its day, and I think it has, the future of our nation does not seem at all bright for those who hope that our country will assume world leadership for the common cause of humanity.

In light of the hopes of our Revolutionary Fathers, American foreign policy since the death of Roosevelt has been nothing other than the politics of power completely void of ethical commitment and intellectual competence. Our gullibility endorsed the policy of courting right-wing military dictatorships as long as they are opposed to the expansion of communism.

Our negative attitude toward communism should be recognized as a paranoid obsession built up over a period of time since 1917. At no time since then has there been any effort to understand the causes of and reasons for the communist revolution. Again, we are paying a terrible price for our ignorance of history. The basic attitude of the American people toward the Soviet Union was built up by a pattern of lies, first spread by radio and newspapers and later by television. Until recently our national policy toward the U.S.S.R. was to destroy their system of government. Now we are confronted with the threat of nuclear war. If we have the right to keep communism out of the western hemisphere, do the Soviets not also have an equal right to keep the U.S. out of their hemisphere? If so, why then does America continue to build up the military might of Israel in the Middle East?

Instead of facing the realities of our modern industrialized economy, the U.S. chose the U.S.S.R. as a scapegoat for our own national problems. We are victimized by our own greed in mass insanity. What is very much needed is a leader of the quality of Franklin Roosevelt, but such a leader cannot be found anywhere.

* * * *

In publishing How to Achieve the Life That is Good to Live, I set forth the four basic concepts underlying the evolution of the human mind as distinguished from other forms of animal life: 1) the biological, organic factor of heredity, 2) the development of the mind from birth to roughly the age of three years, 3) the development of an ethical sense of being from three to twelve years, and 4) the ability to deal with logical relations, that is, the intellectualizing of the human mind, beginning with adolescence. A failure in the constructive development of the mind at any of these four level leads definitely to the lack of those characteristics which we identify as human.

Another book recently completed is The Challenge of Married Life. The first part of the book deals with the 60 years of married life with Zelma. The second part asks the question, "Would I marry again?" In order to have greater confidence in the publication, I asked Professor Jack Willers of Vanderbilt University to edit the manuscript. In every way I tried to be objective and fair, knowing full well that Zelma would not agree with many of my points of view.

Again, I brought the dream of another small book to fruition entitled The Adventures of Mr. Snozzlefozzle and the Golden Planet, which Professor Willers also graciously edited. Mr. Snozzlefozzle was invented to entertain my daughter when she was only six or seven years old. Mr. Snozzlefozzle is a little old man who travels from planet to planet with the help of a friendly dwarf. His serious mission in life is to save our planet from nuclear war. As a part of our paranoid attitude toward the Soviet Union, we placed nuclear missiles in Turkey. When the Soviets, in turn, tried to locate their nuclear warheads in Cuba, President Kennedy threatened Kruschev with a nuclear bomb attack unless he withdrew the Soviet missiles from Cuba. Fortunately, the problem was resolved when the Soviets agreed to withdraw their missiles from Cuba and the U.S. agreed to withdraw its missiles from Turkey.

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Since the Cuban crisis, the world situation has taken a turn for the worse. Both the United States and the Soviet Union are so completely prepared for nuclear war that either nation is capable of not only completely devastating the other, but the human race as a whole is threatened with distinction. Some argue that atomic bombs will never be used again because of their massive destructive power. But past experience since the dawn of history indicates that whatever weapons are available will eventually be used until something even more destructive is developed.

Mr. Snozzlefozzle tries to persuade the people of our planet to give up their dogmas and approach the problems of human relations with an open-minded scientific attitude. In the story, he visits all of the planets of the universe but fails to find a single people willing to relinquish their dogmas and weapons. In all of his travels and endeavors he could not have survived except for the little dwarf, Bozo, whose supernatural powers enable Mr. Snozzlefozzle to visit the Golden Planet. On the Golden Planet in a nearby universe, Snozzlefozzle discovers a new kind of mind among people living in peace and personal security. With this knowledge he returns to the planet earth to re-educate the human race.

My letter to Professor Jack Willers at Vanderbilt University clarifies the problems of our present situation and how to develop an intellectual and moral frame of reference:

Dear Jack:

Your telephone call came as a genuine and pleasant surprise. If you can redirect your faculty, that will not only be a significant contribution on your part but also bring about the kind of revolution in teacher education that is badly needed in our present social crisis. A change in teacher education is needed drastically to bridge the gap between the colleges of arts and sciences and the schools of education. Peabody College would gain a new and significant position in a very much needed teacher education reform.

To both of us it seems quite clear that our colleges and universities have been operating without an intellectual and moral frame of reference. This is an especially sad story for those responsible for the quality of teacher education. The causes of the crisis are many and complex but are definitely rooted in our changing culture. I see no possibility for major reform other than a pattern of thinking which is vertical as well as horizontal. Our world of mind must be culturally vertical, not just horizontal. We continue to teach subject matter as if it were isolated from the culture, leading invariably to a separation of the classroom from the community. The end product is the academician rather than the functionalist. Stated otherwise, we are operating on the false premise that human beings are rational rather than potentially rational animals. No one was more conscious of this problem, educationally speaking, than Thomas Jefferson. As a profound student of history, he developed a quality of mind which made him the foremost thinker of the Revolution of 1776. Unfortunately, the academic world of today, both the colleges of arts and sciences and the colleges of education, is so steeped in its dogmas that it is blind to the reality of what is needed to promote the quality of mind necessary to cope with our present cultural crisis.

I see no way of achieving an intellectual and moral frame of reference in our culture other than through a horizontal-vertical axis within the educational process. It takes no Ph.D. scholar to recognize that mentally we are what we are because of our personal needs and our cultural heritage. Thus, because of our ignorance of our cultural heritage, we have failed and continue to fail in our educational endeavors. Those who seek to lead us in dealing with the problems of human relations operate with a poverty of mind.

There are a number of scholars, among whom I would like to include myself, who have recognized the need for an intellectual and moral frame of reference based on the vertical-horizontal approach to the teaching-learning process. Among such studies are:

Robinson, James H., The Mind in the Making
Parrington, V.L., Main Currents in American Thought
Taylor, H.O., The Medieval Mind, two volumes
Muller, H.J., The Uses of the Past
(Might I also suggest: Drake, William E., Intellectual Foundations of Modern Education)

These studies are only a sample of many which point to a critical need for the horizontal-vertical approach to learning. What we ask is an extension of the evolutionary approach now present in the geological and biological sciences. As we arrive at greater insight into humanity's natural organic nature, we gain a greater understanding of the significance of language, both oral and written, in the development of the human mind. Historically speaking, ethics and a religious sense of being had their concomitant beginnings at a time when humanity could be distinguished from the rest of the animal kingdom. But not until the birth of philosophical humanity did we begin to apply the role of thought to the problems of human relations. For this reason, ancient Athens marked the beginning of the development of humanism.

Our public schools, from kindergarten through university, have failed, or better stated, we have lost that sense of meaning and value set forth by our Revolutionary Fathers. Social Darwinism and corporate power now stand as the substitute for democracy. The dogma of right-wing religious fanatics, the dogma of majority rule without commitment to the common good, and the dogma of corporate mentality now define the meaning of freedom. Furthermore, we have been in a death struggle with the dogma of communism, and the end result will be either the reappearance of fascism or absolute annihilation. Have we allied ourselves with these developments because of our paranoia over Marxism?

The significance and value of an ethical frame of reference was well recognized while the public schools were under Protestant control to keep the Catholics from receiving any public tax money. When the emphasis on moral philosophy was thrown out of the elementary school along with McGuffey's readers, we threw the baby out with the bath water. In doing so, we substituted Thorndike's educational psychology for Dewey's educational philosophy. We substituted means for ends, a fatal mistake if there ever was one. Subject-matter specialization, beginning in the high school and continuing throughout the university, has only amplified this failure. We no longer treat the individual as a whole, but limit education to trade training.

More needs to be said about the problem of the ends-means relation. During the 19th century, there was no doubt about the teaching of values in the public classroom. From the standpoint of free, democratic public education, there was good reason for eliminating the classical philosophy on which Protestantism was centered, but the failure to recognize the significance of what Dewey had to offer in this respect left the public schools without an intellectual and moral frame of reference. There was no problem in placing a major emphasis on educational psychology in the vacuum which was created. The study of biology has contributed to the need for greater emphasis on the means of learning as well as the ends. Yet, as Dewey pointed out in Democracy and Education, a vacuum had been created because of the neglect of the

ends. The reasons Dewey was and still is neglected are rooted in the classical and orthodox religious tradition regarding the nature of humanity. Consequently, we now have valuable means in the teaching-learning process but only power politics in government and the economy as the end and goal of public education.

Cordially,
Bill

My retirement from classroom teaching relieved me from stress with which I had lived since the age of thirteen when I worked in the Greek restaurant in Asheville while attending high school. The results of this long-term stress came to an end in January, 1976, when my ruptured stomach ulcer placed me on the operating table in Seton Hospital, Austin, with perhaps only one in five chances of surviving. I no longer live with the pangs of poverty which I knew before moving to Texas. My retirement has allowed me to look at life from a different perspective than that of just getting ahead in my profession or caring for the welfare of my family. All alone to myself, I could ask just what is the meaning and value of life after all.

Seeking a response to that question which would at least serve the purpose of my intellectual curiosity, I increasingly sought the answer in the same manner in which I perceive the evolution of the human mind. The study of the history of humankind during the past 6,000 years led me to the perspective that the future of humanity is linked more to the evolution of the human mind than to biological, organic changes. Accordingly, the prospects for the near future appear not as bright as I had hoped. We are now at the point of self-destruction by nuclear holocaust. Furthermore, what transpires in classrooms today has little to do with the growth and development of human intelligence. Most educational activity now going on deals only with persuading the student to believe accepted dogmas. The pattern and development of my own life from birth to retirement clearly illustrates how increased knowledge can influence thinking.

Focusing on intellectual development need not minimize the significance of biological inheritance, for the quality of the brain at birth is crucial. Mountains of research, money and effort have been devoted to the problem of distinguishing the effects of inheritance and environment or culture. Each plays a role in the development of mind, but just how much each contributes is still debatable. In my judgment there is little formation of mind until one has attained the age of approximately three years. During the first three years of animal life, the individual in interaction is developing a pattern of attitudes and feelings toward others and observable reality. Accordingly, a mind is formed from which evolves memories of different experiences. Words are formed from which the purpose of meaning and value emerge.

It is impossible to separate what one experiences before the age of three and what our parents and other human contacts relate to us. If I truly remember anything at all it would be in regard to my father, but about him I know nothing. My mother said that my father was present in the family during the first six months of my life and for a short period just before I was three years old, but all of that is a complete blank to me. When I saw him in the state hospital at Morgantown, North Carolina, in the summer of 1929, I recalled no memory of him whatsoever. What was most important to my growth during the first three years of my life was the love, care and devotion which my mother gave to me. If there was ever any doubt of the significance of a mother's love during early childhood, the example of my own life should put such doubts to rest.

The years from three to thirteen I refer to as the Age of Innocence. As I recall these years, many of my experiences are quite vivid to me. I still remember my kindergarten teacher, Miss Ethel Ray, and the building where I attended kindergarten from the age of three to six. Also, vivid in my memory is my grandfather's house on East Street where I lived for the first seven years of my life before moving to West Asheville. At six and seven I attended the Orange Street Elementary School where Mamie Wright, whom I also vividly remember, was my first-grade teacher. How well I do

remember my year at the Orange Street School, its location, its shape and size, the inside of the building, the varied activities, and my love for school. I remember the time I was pulled out of line for talking while coming from the playground and forced to sit outside the principal's office for an hour.

During the first seven years of life, mental development can be characterized as enormous. My kindergarten experiences and my mother's reading regularly to me contributed greatly to my being able to read by the age of five and to my love of books. During these early years I began to build a library which served as a reservoir of knowledge throughout my entire life.

At this time I began to communicate with other children, especially my grandfather's children. After the death of my mother's mother, he married again and had children both younger and older than myself. My step-grandmother made me aware that I was an outsider, and this realization grew until I left that house at the age of thirteen, never to return. Fortunately for me, my mother was always near to defend me when an argument developed between me and my step-grandmother. There should be no question of the value of a mother's love for her children. My life is a living example of the value of such love. Though I had no difficulty in defending myself as long as the opposition was just the other children, I could not defend myself against my step-grandmother without my mother's help.

My first-grade experiences at Orange Street School under Miss Mamie Wright were so successful that I skipped the second grade when we moved to West Asheville. This pattern of success sustained me throughout my schooling until I completed my doctorate in 1930. In summary, my life encompassed 1) my recreational activities, 2) my ethical development, 3) my academic interests, and 4) my family interests. Baseball was the major interest of the children in our neighborhood. I well recall the time I broke a window in my grandfather's house and had to pay for its replacement out of my childhood earnings. At eleven I was baptized in the Christian faith of the Baptists and became a leader in the Baptist Young Peoples Union. The man-God Jesus, or the Christ, became the model for those of us in that group. I still remember the song, "Jesus loves me this I know, for the Bible tells me so." Little then did I realize at the time what lay ahead of me.

It now seems strange that, in spite of all our scientific and technological progress, we continue to use, especially in the elementary classroom, the method of learning which dominated the thousand years of medieval culture--the medieval premise, "I believe in order that I may know." The wide use of this premise produces dogmatists rather than critical, creative intellects. The same method is used in the indoctrination programs of religious organizations and posits the question whether our schools are producing free, democratic citizens. When a child is taught from birth in a Protestant church and family, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," the inevitable result is some form of dogmatism. All of our family and academic efforts are based on the gospel of belief, not on an open-minded, critically thinking, scientific premise of logical relations, "I know in order that I may believe." How did I escape the pit falls of the gospel of belief? Through the efforts of a self-willed, challenging creative mind.

The quality of my teachers in grades three through eight was not equal to that of my kindergarten or my first-grade teachers. My third-grade teacher I remember for her ruler whippings which she gave me and my friend for pushing pencils through the desk ink-bottle hole. My fourth-grade teacher was a large, heavy person who fared very well with the students until she became ill and was replaced by a young man just out of normal school. The students gave him such a difficult time that he placed six-foot switches in the corner of the classroom, ready for use. When the McKinzey boy sassed him, he turned for one of the long switches, but the student threw an ink bottle at him. By the time the teacher reached the switches, the student had escaped from the room. When the school principal punished one of the students by putting the student's finger to a hot stove, the student's brother chased the principal down the next day and gave him a good beating. Some of the other students had to pull him off the principal before he stopped beating him.

In spite of the rough-neck nature of many of the students, most of us were well disciplined and took our lessons seriously. In general, my grades were As and Bs, for I loved school and related well with those teachers who were devoted to their work. I especially remember my eighth-grade Latin teacher, Miss Chambliss, whose fiance was killed while fighting in France during World War I. Once she asked us, "How many of you expect to go to college?" At that time I said that I did. Even though I had no idea how I would finance my way, I knew that I would manage somehow. The injustice of our laissez-faire capitalism fell on my head when Lyman Lance, a boyhood friend, was forced to quit school when his father died. Lyman, the oldest boy in a family of eight, had to go to work to support his mother and younger brothers and sisters.

Since early childhood I have loved to read all kinds of books. My favorites, however, during childhood were the works of Horatio Alger, Tom Swift and Zane Grey. Horatio Alger had a great influence on my determination, not only to go to college, but to become a leader in our society who would help to bring about greater justice for children who were in my predicament and that of Lyman Lance. The conflict between my economic condition and what I was being told about democracy and freedom tended to make me a radical who questioned what I had been taught to believe. Through these experiences I began to realize that faith is a matter of attitude and feeling and not of intellect and knowledge. Jean Jacques Rousseau claimed that reason did not develop until the age of adolescence; I am convinced that such slow development is influenced to a large extent by a pattern of belief during the Age of Innocence. Certain circumstances can, however, undermine the formation of the rational mind. For instance, without a father, I was forced to rely on my own resources. Because of poverty in the midst of plenty, I knew that justice was not being observed in my case. Nevertheless, I was fortunate in my everyday life because of a few individuals who were willing to help when some major obstacle arose. In short, these included my grandfather, my mother, my mother's brother Clarence, Simeon Papadopolous, owner of the restaurant who gave me a job so I could continue in high school, and Edgar Wallace Knight, my graduate adviser who enabled me to pursue graduate studies at the University of North Carolina. Under no condition could I have managed alone without the help of these individuals. Nor would I forget my high school principal who made it possible for me to go to school and work at the same time.

Our attack on Libya points out the failure of public education in America. President Reagan claimed that this act of war on a small nation of three million was necessary to stop Libya's support of terrorist attacks against citizens of the United States. According to letters mailed to Reagan, 80 percent of the American people supported his action. The Old Testament theme, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," prevailed without any consideration of the reasons for the terrorist attacks. These attacks were precipitated because of American support of Israel's denial of a homeland for the people of Palestine. Actually, the only way the Palestinians could defend themselves against Israel and the U.S., as powerful as both nations are, was by terrorist acts. Thus, America chose to ignore how the Israelis, through terrorists attacks of their own, led by terrorists such as Begin, destroyed Palestine as a nation. What happened to our sense of justice and human rights? Horizontal thinking in a vertical world. No Christian ethics in this matter.

These same kinds of problems I faced as a boy of thirteen when my mother's brother Clarence got me a job in the New York Cafe. Educationally speaking, I had to find some answers as to why I was, in everyday life, in such a different situation from that of other boys and girls. I had but one choice--to find a job which allowed me to continue in school. Without such a job, I could have become a revolutionary in a very realistic sense. Thus, at the time I was attending high school, I became a very different human being. Literally speaking, I moved out of the Age of Innocence into a new mind, from childhood to manhood, with a cause and a purpose.

In my search for this new mind, it was not my teachers who helped me but my high school principal. When the Superintendent of the Asheville Public Schools told my principal that I could not both work and go to school at the same time, my principal, Mr. Huggins, told him that he had arranged

for me to do both, and that it was his business, not the Superintendent's. Mr. Huggins had so much confidence in me that he held a special convocation in which he complimented me for my efforts. Also, he spoke with the editor of the daily newspaper, The Asheville Citizen, who wrote an editorial about me.

It may seem strange that a young boy of 14 should experience such radical change of mind about life and his role in the cultural process, but there is clear evidence of that change. During my years from 14 to 17, I rejected completely the dogmatism of Christianity that I should believe in order to know rather than the premise that I should know in order to believe. My introduction to biology was the beginning point for my change of mind about the origin and nature of humanity. Also, in studying American history I first learned the differences between ethical principles and socio-cultural practices. In truth, as I continued my studies in English and American literature, in science and in history, I became aware that the minds of most people, including my relatives, were basically medieval in spite of the fact that their clothes were modern. They still had the killer mind of the Stone Age, the mind which forced the cup of hemlock on Socrates and crucified Jesus. Where did the idea of the Christ originate, anyway?

In reading the ancients, I gained my first insight into the mythological gods of the Greeks, especially the way in which they associated with human individuals. As man-gods, they had all of the characteristics of human beings. Jesus was born into the Greek cultural pattern of his time. Even the New Testament was written in Greek. I found a book on Greek mythology in a used-book store on Patton Avenue and was fascinated by the Greek mythological gods. I immediately recognized the connection between Jesus the Christ and the Greek mythological gods such as Apollo. The idea of Jesus as a god must have come from the Greek cultural tradition. But the idea of worshiping Jesus as a god contradicts the very nature of Jesus as a humble man. Surely it would be far better, in the sense of a true religion, to understand his ethics as a human being. Unfortunately, it was the god whom people worshiped in a mystical sense rather than in a scientific effort to understand humanity's natural nature. Divine right had its place in the culture of that day but is markedly out of place in any effort to understand the nature of the physical world.

The loss of the ethical sense of human responsibility to one another, which was the epoch-making contribution of the Greek philosophers such as Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, came about as a result of the onslaught of the power of Imperial Rome and its lack of ethical or intellectual sense of responsibility toward the general welfare. As a result of the corrupting nature of the Roman Emperors which lasted for several centuries, medieval Christian dogmatism became the power force in the Western World until the Italian Renaissance, a period of more than a thousand years.

As this pattern of cultural change began to unfold itself in my adolescent mind, I increasingly found myself separated from the Christian church tradition and forced to rely on my growing knowledge of the nature of humanity, its origin, its biological evolution, and the growth of the human mind during the past 6,000 years or more. In my American history class, my teacher, Mr. Hahn, in order to help us gain insight into the significance of religious freedom, began the course by showing how the Roman Catholic Church had become the dominant force in Europe by the year 1,000 A.D. After the decay of the Roman Empire, a new culture came into being which we call Medieval, producing the Medieval Mind. The countryside had become dominated by a landed aristocracy comprised of noblemen, knights in armor and semi-slaves of feudal serfdom. Primogeniture and entail were the bases of the right of inheritance. Castles, monasteries and cathedrals were marked characteristics of the new order. The power of the church in controlling the thinking of the masses became greatly significant, along with the power of the noblemen in the economic life of the people. What little education transpired was in the cathedrals and monasteries until the rise of the medieval universities in the twelfth century. As a result, the great mass of people remained illiterate. There was no ethical inquiry or intellectual responsibility among the people. Church authorities and the noblemen became so power drunk that no other interest in the social order was evident.

To the growing mind of an adolescent, this revelation brought home the realization that belief is one thing and reality yet another. Power was, in the final sense I realized, the determining factor in human relations, and the mind was still in a primitive mold. Therefore, the human ethical and intellectual sense of responsibility was only a shadow of true human nature. This being the case, how and from what source could the progress of the mind develop? Must we accept the church's premise that humanity is evil by nature? Not so, said this young adolescent, for the quality of life of such men as Jesus and Socrates indicated otherwise. Progress in the human mind had been slow, but it was sure to come in one way or another, sooner or later, through the evolutionary process. Now, as in the past thousands of years, there will appear on the horizon a few individuals who carry the mark of genuine ethical and intellectual integrity, but the road will be a struggle of maximum proportions. Still, the evolutionary process reflects growth in the quality of the human mind, and, if humanity does not destroy itself, real progress yet lies ahead.

By putting two and two together, the age of my innocent mind and its belief in a supernatural man-god were giving way to an underlying naturalism based on a pattern of natural law. Instead of blaming an individual or a country for the action with which one disagrees, why not try to understand the reasons underlying that action? In the centuries which followed the Renaissance, a movement inspired by a few creative minds such as Copernicus, Galileo, Servetus, Harvey, and Leonardo da Vinci came into being which struck at the heart of Catholic dogma. By a process of reason, Copernicus undermined the theory of a flat earth, and by so doing laid the foundation for a scientific approach to the nature of the universe. Fearing punishment at the hands of Catholic authorities, he dedicated his theory of natural law to the Pope, but Bruno, who interpreted that theory, was burned at the stake. Galileo, who interpreted the rotation of planets around the sun, was placed under house arrest during the latter years of his life after being forced to recant his findings. Then Servetus was burned at the stake by John Calvin because of the belief that blood flows through the body. Finally, Leonardo da Vinci, the great artist who painted the "Mona Lisa" and the "Last Supper," laid the foundation for the making of the modern mind.

The impression which the rebirth of Aristotelian logic made on my mind as an adolescent was little less than revolutionary. As the European cultural climate began to change, the power of the Catholic church gave way to the onslaught of new religious, economic and political forces. These new forces, led by John Calvin, Martin Luther and Henry VIII of England, led to war and violence which killed one-third of the population of Europe during the 16th and 17th centuries. To my adolescent mind there was the recurring question, "How could a people who claimed to be followers of Jesus indulge in such violent actions?" The answer had to be a poverty of mind where emotions had gone wild.

In face of such conditions, the colonization of the New World took place. In my American history class I learned that the first colonists did not come for religious freedom, but to give vogue to their own religious dogmas. I also learned that the first of the Drake family to come to the New World in 1657 was Captain Francis Drake, named after his cousin, Sir Francis Drake, after his father's house was burned by the Catholics. My father, John Robert, was named after John Drake, the father of Captain Francis Drake in northern Ireland where the conflict still continues. In every way, the colonists who came to the New World had the same kind of mental outlook as those who stayed behind in the Old World. They used the Old Testament to justify killing Indians just as the Jews had justified killing Philistines.

The wholesale killing of Protestants by Catholics and Catholics by Protestants led me into an investigation of the origin of the Bible. How could we justify the assumption that the Bible was anymore the word of God than this autobiography? In my exploration of the origin of the Bible, I learned about primitive cultures, about the Jewish people, and about the origin of the movement which we call Christianity. I discovered that the Old Testament was nothing more than a collection of writings by a number of Jewish scribes reaching as far back as the time when the Jews were primitive

people under the yoke of the Babylonians. The stories of Adam and Eve and Noah originated first among the Chaldeans and were taken from Chaldean documents. Actually, the Old Testament was compiled by a small number of men who gave the document, along with the New Testament, the title of the Bible. The New Testament itself was written largely by Jews who had become followers of the man Jesus, and who were responsible for turning him into a god called the Christ. Thus, the New Testament was actually written more than a hundred years after the death of the mythological god Christ. As for the man Jesus, very little is known about him.

When I discussed some of my findings in my American history class, the majority of the students turned on me as if I were the devil's disciple. The ordeal was stopped by the teacher when he said that the matter of religion should be settled outside the classroom.

During the 17th century there was no stopping the spread of the scientific movement throughout Europe. The establishment of the medieval universities and the rediscovery of Greek philosophy laid the foundation for a new pattern of thinking. These changes in thought are indicated by the fact that, during the entire period of the Middle Ages, the Bible was the only book of value and meaning. With the rebirth of interest in the ancient world of Greece and Rome, the liberal arts became increasingly significant in the life of the educated person. Research in the physical sciences led to the establishment of scientific academies, especially in France. The voice of a new era came forth in the writings of Rene Descartes, Francis Bacon and John Locke.

By the beginning of the 18th century, the cultural effects of this new knowledge, along with the revival of interest in the ancient world, were being felt all over Europe and in the colonies of the New World. The writings of Bacon and Locke were to have special effects in the British Colonies and in the minds of such men as Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson. The Glorious Revolution in England (1688) marked the end of the power of the nobility and the beginning of the rise of the middle class. Yet the dogmatism of Christianity still prevailed over the minds of the people.

The effect of this new movement away from the power of the landed aristocracy was very much apparent in the thirteen colonies. In order to get needed laborers for southern plantations, however, it was necessary to conduct slave traffic from Africa to the colonies. As a result, a slave triangle was developed between the colonies of the northeast, those of the south, and Africa. In time this pattern tended to promote two different ways of life between the colonies of the northeast and the south, two different minds, each with its own different culture.

Despite the two different economies which developed over a long period of time, a definite number of individuals were affected by the 18th century Age of Reason and Enlightenment. Foremost among such individuals were Franklin from Massachusetts and Jefferson from Virginia. These two men became my heroes, embodying in their thoughts many of the answers which I had been seeking throughout my early manhood. In time, I added to these two Thomas Paine, thereby completing my trinity of intellectual giants. While the minds of most people in the United States to this very day are still enslaved by the Medieval Mind and its religious dogma, these three men, each in his own independent way, produced the best of the changing thoughts which were taking place in the Western World. Without the thinking of these three, it is doubtful that our nation, with its Declaration of Independence and Bill of Rights, would have ever been established.

Most Americans tend either to worship or to hate these men rather than to understand their thinking in relation to the development of their minds. This is especially true in the case of Thomas Paine. For example, Theodore Roosevelt called him a "dirty little atheist." Yet Thomas Paine in Common Sense provided the thought pattern which justified the revolt against the British crown. It was also Paine who wrote those remarkable books, The Age of Reason and The Rights of Man. In Philadelphia, Franklin established the Junto Club, the first active colonial group to give full expression to the Age of Reason and the Enlightenment and to provide the basic pattern of thought behind the American Revolution. Following that same pattern, Jefferson's Statute for Religious Freedom

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marked the real beginning of religious freedom in the New World. It is not just a matter of the words which each of these men expressed, but their attitude toward humanity and the meaning and value frame of reference in which they expressed themselves.

And just what was their meaning and value frame of reference? First, they sought to understand God through natural rather than supernatural reality. The Deists called this approach the search for God in nature. Secondly, they supported and voiced the basic ethical concepts which have come down to us through the Old Testament prophets and Jesus. Jefferson even rewrote the New Testament on the basis of these concepts, leaving out the dogmas of Christianity. These men took leadership in establishing an educational system, including the state university, which was public in nature to attain their desired ends. Finally, they sought a new kind of mind, a mind that was ethically and scientifically warrantable in the field of human relations. This mentality should be distinguished from our present schizophrenic culture which uses scientific knowledge to build instruments of war and, at the same time, relies on a medieval pattern of thought in human relations.

In 1859, Charles Darwin wrote The Origin of Species, and what a bitter reaction it received from the dogmatists. Yet, when I first became acquainted with this evolutionary outlook, I knew that I had found in my junior high school class the book for which I had long sought in order to better understand the nature of humanity. Herein is another example of the way in which we have failed our Revolutionary Fathers. They would have welcomed the impact of Darwin's book in creating the free and open mind.

As a college student in 1925, I attended the John T. Scopes "Monkey Trial" in Dayton, Tennessee. William Jennings Bryan represented the medieval Christian dogmatists by prosecuting Scopes, and Clarence Darrow defended Scopes and science. Signs all over the little city of Dayton and along the highways read, "God is going to strike Darrow dead," and "Darrow, prepare to meet thy God." Yet, it was Bryan who died on the Sunday after the trial ended. The trial's most dramatic event came when Darrow asked the judge's permission to address the court at the end of the trial. With that permission, Darrow walked over to Mr. Bryan and in a most delicate manner spoke of Bryan's contribution to the welfare of the nation. Then, in honor of this noted contribution, Darrow handed Bryan a copy of Charles Darwin's Origin of Species.

The war which the dogmatists were conducting was in direct conflict with the principle on which our nation had been founded, that is, the freedom of mind in human relationships, the open scientific mind. The conflict between the two cultural patterns had escalated into a power struggle in Congress. Franklin, Jefferson and Paine had died before the struggle could be resolved. In 1820, Jefferson cried out, "I tremble for my country when I think that God is just and that his justice will not sleep forever."

After leaving my grandfather's house at the age of thirteen, I lived with the fear of economic insecurity, and as long as that insecurity lasted, I was not a free person. I had, however, realized that my mother's love during my Age of Innocence had provided an ethical sense which enable me to meet the challenges of adolescence. Becoming the male head of my household greatly influenced the development of my mind, even though the economic burden was great for a young boy. The responsibilities which I had, such as having a house built when I was 14, proved to be beneficial, however, for when the value of the house trebled by the time I graduated from high school, I was able to sell it and continue my education at the University of North Carolina. Also, while working at the Greek restaurant, I realized the destructive capability of drinking. Consequently, I have never been drunk in my entire life. During these years I came to realize that knowledge, not ignorance, had everything to do with whether a goal was to be attained. At the time of my graduation from high school, the editor of the annual quoted the words of Shakespeare, "He is not in the role of common men." When Jerry Falwell says that Jesus Christ will soon come and do away with the decisions of the United States Supreme Court, he seems to belong in a mental institution rather than in a Baptist pulpit.

We paid a huge price for our ignorance and the exploitation of the minds of our people by the right-wing politicians in the Reagan camp. One would think that those with a college education would recognize such deception for what it is. Unfortunately, in the collegiate world there is a general belief, along with Aristotle, that human beings are rational animals. From biology we know, however, that such is not the case. Also, throughout school the individual student learns only by a belief pattern. Few ever learn to deal with logical relations except through self-education, which is the way I achieved my mental growth and development.

Subject-matter specialization both in high schools and colleges is another obstruction to mental development. Although in the mathematical sense we know that the whole is greater than the sum of its parts, we fail in practice to realize this principle in liberal education. The effect of subject-matter specialization is "trade training." Instead of mind growth in relation to culture, we learn only skills in a specific area. Is it any wonder that the public school has failed at all levels to promote a new and freedom-loving scientific mind? The reductionist approach to understanding various organs of the human body is necessary, but somewhere along the road we need to put the pieces together into a common whole if there is to be any mental growth in the realm of human relations, whether individually or in terms of the general welfare.

This problem of the ends-means relationship was a great significance to John Dewey, but its significance was forgotten in the education of the free and open-minded individual. The concept of liberal education has been sacrificed to trade training with the effect that our country is in grave danger of losing its sense of unity and purpose. The absence of social intelligence on the part of the American people is fraught with future social disaster. A dogma of narcissism dominates as we move into a state of anarchy.

When I entered the University of North Carolina, I was not aware of the drift of our nation; I had only a number of the pieces and was not yet able to put them together. My mother and I had very little money. I actually had so little that the idea of going on a date to a movie was out of the question. I deliberately avoided anything resembling a date with a girlfriend. To conserve what little money we had, it seemed best to build a house rather than pay rent. In my sophomore year we did just that and were able to rent a room to two university students. Some were sure that I would lose the house, but that was not my style. I was only 18, so I placed the house in my mother's name.

Since I made excellent grades in mathematics as a student, I went to the university with the idea of becoming an electrical engineer. In my junior year, however, I realized that I could not follow that path without much more money than I had at the time. A friend recommended that I teach for a year or so, save most of my earnings, and then take a degree in electrical engineering. Rightly or not, this I decided to do. Again on the advice of my friend I went to see Dr. Edgar W. Knight, professor of history and philosophy of education at the university. Little did I realize that the visit would become a turning point in my life, for it not only led to teaching in the public schools of North Carolina for four years but to my years as a college professor until I retired from The University of Texas in 1974.

From the day I first visited Dr. Knight until his death in 1956, he took a personal and fatherly interest in me. In some respects, I seemed to remind him of the time when he was a college student, struggling to make his way in the world. I seemed to have the same aggressive spirit which he had and to be equally devoted to the cause of public education. When the President of the University of Missouri asked Dr. Knight about me as a prospective professor in his institution, Knight is said to have replied, "He won't burn down your buildings." Such was my state of mind when I graduated with the A.B. degree in the summer of 1924. At the age of 20, I became a teaching principal at the Consolidated Elementary Junior High School at Murphy, North Carolina, where I served for two years until assuming the same position in the Columbia, North Carolina, Public School System. That I was successful in my first educational ventures is attested by the fact that every effort was made by the school board to persuade me to stay in the position.

Now after 46 years of teaching and research in four state universities, and after twelve years of thoughtful retirement, what can I say about the role of public education in the United States? I still share the conviction of Thomas Jefferson and Edgar W. Knight that public education of a high quality is mandatory if the human race is to survive. I do not, however, see any effort to provide that education. In the United States we are losing ground. Everything I have learned in my many years of studying, teaching and research points to the conclusion that without a free and open scientific mind there is little hope that we will solve the problems of hunger, poverty, violence, ignorance and war which now confront the peoples of the world. What course of action is open to us?

At least two courses of action are open. First, notice the recent reconstruction of the Statue of Liberty. No one would quarrel with the amount of effort, money and time devoted to this worthy project, but does it really prove anything? It proves that we love our liberty, and that we feel very deeply about our freedom. But the feelings we have for freedom will not solve the many problems on the horizon. The second course of action is to use our energies and mental resources to attack the problems of human relations as we have used them in the physical sciences. We have landed on the moon. Why do we refuse to use the same open-minded attitude and knowledge in the field of human relations? There are several reasons:

All human relations problems begin with vested self-interests. We are not born with a rational mind but with the instinctive will to survive. Therefore, we naturally rely on animal power not only to protect ourselves but to enhance our culture. The only way to rise above this natural self-interest is to develop a more inclusive set of interests through ethical maturity and social intelligence. If this growth of mind is to be achieved, it will come only as we enhance the quality of public education in the cultural process.

A number of reasons underlie the failure of our public schools:

a) The schools have never been given the role of leadership in our culture. Historically speaking, throughout the history of western culture the leadership role has been held by the church. Since the Bible is and has been affirmed to be the word of God, and since the great mass of people are committed to those beliefs, is there any doubt that the Christian church continues to hold the minds of the people in a mental straitjacket?

b) The dogmatic nature of the Christian mind provided no avenue by which, regardless of the amount of knowledge to the contrary, the individual could view the field of human relations with an open, scientific mind.

c) This church doctrine created a basic anti-intellectualism in our culture. Consequently, the profession of teaching has been grossly deficient in the basic liberal arts and continues to attract the lowest level of college freshmen entering the universities. Teachers are confronted with low salaries, low social prestige, and low minimum requirements for entering their so-called profession. All that is required of an elementary teacher are methods to teach the three Rs, and all that is required of a high school teacher is the transmission of a specialized body of subject matter. To look upon teaching as a trade is a tragic failure on the part of our people in assessing the role of a teacher in a free (mentally free) society.

d) As a people we lack a sense of historical perspective. The tendency to blame teachers for the sins and failures we are now witnessing is a gross miscarriage of justice. What we need are teachers who come from the top level of college students, with a basic foundation in the liberal arts, with a creative ability which comes only with graduate study. These teachers must demonstrate a high level of social intelligence and have a functional point of view in addition to a scholarly mind. It is the curse of horizontal thinking in a vertical world that now plagues us in our failure to see the necessity of quality leadership in teaching if we are to survive the challenge which the Statute of Liberty presents.

How shall we assess the present requirements for teacher certification? There is no way of assessing the role of liberty in our culture except by a thorough grounding in the history and philosophy of education, especially that of the Age of Enlightenment and Reason. Teachers need a thorough grasp of the thoughts of Jefferson, Franklin and Paine to understand the grip which Christian mythology has upon the minds of our people. Public school teachers need to understand why the communistic philosophy came to the Western World and its significance in our present cultural conflicts.

Public schools do not operate in a vacuum but are a part of the cultural process. To accomplish their purpose, they must lead in a free society. In failing to do so, they become the victim of power politics. Because of the poverty of leadership, our public schools have failed. This poverty of leadership is, to a large extent, due to the fact that the public schools have at all times been controlled by the politics of power through both the state legislatures and the local school boards. For this reason, teaching is not and never has been a profession, and actually nothing more than a trade controlled by vested interests. Dr. Roger J. Williams, a Professor Emeritus of Chemistry, has published Rethinking Education: The Coming Age of Enlightenment, in which he claims that education in western civilization has become so fragmented by the numerous disciplines that it can no longer present an overall perspective. In this regard, I have pointed out again and again that public education, as well as our culture, has for the most part lost all intellectual and moral frame of reference. This crisis is heightened by the fact that more than 50 percent of the population of the United States now comes from nations around the world which have no connection with the Anglo-Saxon world.

Chapter 20

CREATIVE THOUGHT IN HUMAN RELATIONS

1986

My second trip to the Soviet Union in 1986 prompted me to deal extensively with the problem of creative thought in human relations. Earlier I had concluded that there were three fundamental principles applicable to all peoples of the world: power, ethics and intellect. In a conversation with one of our tour guides in the Soviet Union, however, a fourth principle was suggested--creative thought in human relations, important especially to the future relationships between the United States and the Soviet Union.

After retiring from The University of Texas, I realized that we now live in a different kind of world from the one in which I grew up. Actually, this realization began to emerge at the time of my mother's death in 1964. With my wife's death in 1984, ten years after my retirement, I was compelled to look more critically at my state of mind and to give serious consideration to my future role in life. Was I merely to exist, merely eating and sleeping until death? No, such an existence would be intolerable for me because of the kind of life I had lived in the past. I cannot picture myself living the parasitic life which many live. I am reminded of an aphorism attributed to Horace Mann, father of the American public school: "Lost: one golden hour, set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered. It cannot be recovered."

What I have cherished most throughout my life is my freedom of mind. This freedom is not the same as the freedom which most people talk about to justify their dogmatism, especially their religious dogmatism. Adam Smith wrote about economic freedom for the laborer in opposition to a feudal economy. Not until I came to Texas in 1957, at the age of 54, was I relieved of the fear of a lack of economic freedom. But beyond economic freedom, our nation needs more than anything creative thought in human relations, possible only through a quality public school system.

The basic premise of the U.S. government is the freedom of the individual, but that of the U.S.S.R. is the authority of socialistic principles. The danger of the American position is anarchy, while the danger of the Soviet position is tyranny. The core emphasis on individual freedom found in our Constitution derives from the Anglo-Saxon tradition embedded in the Magna Carta and worked out in the Glorious Revolution of 1688. The philosophical premises were explicated in the writings of John Locke and Adam Smith. In the case of the Soviet Union, the Czars and the Marxist-Leninist Revolution provide the cultural background. Enlightened despotism prevailed in the European tradition since Aristotle. The primary emphasis is on the general welfare of masses of people, but from the top down. The underlying difference between the two ways of life is illustrated in the Marxist-Leninist doctrine of social evolution. Also, Marxist-Leninism is viewed by its followers as a social science, whereas the modern concept of freedom of the individual is more closely identified with the biological movement developed since Darwin. The communists have rather relied on the premise of social Darwinism in pointing out capitalism's exploitation of the common working people.

There is also the basic conflict between the Marxist-Leninist point of view of the nature of humanity and the traditional Christian theological position that God gives the individual a living soul at conception. The naturalistic premise of Marx and Lenin has been damned as atheistic by the Christian dogmatists, or possibly as materialistic or mechanistic. Marxist communism, on the other hand, relies on the evolutionary premise of material change in nature which takes priority over the evolutionary premise of the biological sciences. In either case, we must still face the question of the role of creative thought in the natural process.

The American Revolution took place during the Age of Enlightenment, whereas the Communist Revolution did not occur until 1917. These different historical backgrounds should make a dif-

ference in the evaluation of the two modern systems, though the past should not necessarily dictate the future course of either nation. The differences between the U.S. and the Soviet Union in natural resources must also be taken into consideration in any evaluation. Though much of the massive land mass of the U.S.S.R. remains frozen year round, the climate of the Ukraine is much like that of the southern part of the U.S. The Ukraine is large enough to provide an adequate food supply not only for the people of the U.S.S.R. but for many peoples of the world. To do so, however, a more adequate water supply is needed. Fortunately, a reservoir on the Volga River would be large enough to meet all of the irrigation needs of the Soviet farmers, and just such a development is planned. The Soviet move toward a science of agriculture, along with sufficient water resources and fertilizer, will propel that nation to the forefront of world food production.

Since I first visited the Soviet Union in 1973, that country's progress and accomplishments are amazing. Because of the negative attitude of western powers and their attempts to destroy communism, little was accomplished prior to World War II. A sense of unity and power developed under Stalin, and General Zukov withstood the onslaught of the German army, but not until recent years has there been any genuine economic development.

On my second trip to the U.S.S.R., I visited Moscow and Leningrad. I also spent eight days on a 1600-mile cruise of the Volga from Kazan to Rostov on the Don River. Throughout the cruise no hunger or poverty was in evidence, only the good will of the people. The large number of people on the streets of the various towns along the way indicated that they were free from personal stress. The country has no unemployment; the people enjoy free medical care and free schooling. The illiteracy rate has fallen from 85 to ten percent in a short period of time. The two hotels in which we stayed were built in the last seven years, along with hundreds of apartment buildings. Two large hydroelectric power plants have been built along the Volga which supply all of the electricity needed for that large area. I could see no reason why the Soviet Union could not provide a high standard of living for all of its people.

But the quality of life must also be considered, especially with regard to the problem which corporate capitalism presents to the people of the United States. In the United States we continue to use the same terms used by economic capitalism in the time of Adam Smith, but their meanings have changed vastly, especially in regard to the role of power. The economic power role has greatly deviated from that conceived by the father of capitalism, from the freedom of the individual to the freedom of a few corporate wealthy people.

Adam Smith's basic concern for the economic freedom of the individual was the tyranny to which the laborer was subjected under a feudal economy. In the feudal economy, the laborer was either a slave or a serf bound to the soil without freedom of movement. Adam Smith identified capitalism with the small land owning farmer and the small shopkeeper who had become a large part of the British economy. It is worth noting that The Wealth of Nations was published in the same year as the "Declaration of Independence."

Land was the primary reason the colonists came to the New World. Thus, slavery and serfdom presented primary dangers to those seeking basic changes in the economic way of life. Since England was moving toward a rising middle class, Smith looked forward to property ownership by a small entrepreneurial class. Jefferson sought the abolition of slavery in the United Sates Congress and lost by only two votes because the South Carolina planters would not compromise with the Virginians. There was, of course, the opposition of the British ship-owning interests. When the Colonies freed themselves from the British Empire, economic interests shifted to the small landowners and business men.

Following the Louisiana Purchase, the opening of the mid-western territories led to the power struggle which developed following the election of Andrew Jackson to the Presidency in 1828. The Jacksonian era marked the beginning of the end of feudalism in the United States and the rise of a

capitalistic economy. Unfortunately, much of what Franklin and Jefferson and Adams held dear was sacrificed. The politics of power led not only to the Civil War but to an anti-intellectualism and cultural negativism. Those who had brought about a revolution and directed the government until 1828 were attacked as elitists and atheists. Free Masonry was damned and replaced by a religious dogmatism from the early colonial period. The First Amendment to the Constitution was interpreted as an open door to any form of religious bigotry which the ignorant masses could create.

Alexis de Tocqueville in Democracy in America provided an objective view of the marked characteristics and thoughts of the American people in the northeast. "No sooner do you set forth on American ground," he wrote, "than you are stunned by a kind of tumult, a confused clamor is heard on every side, and a thousand simultaneous voices demand satisfaction of their social wants." It appears that de Tocqueville's idea of liberty called for three significant elements:

A sense of individual independence
Participation in social life
Equal rights for all

The fusion of these three elements determined the essence of liberty--a duty to oneself, to one's community, and to God. There was no doubt in de Tocqueville's mind that Americans put equality above liberty, and thus he warned of certain dangers:

The consolidation of power in state legislatures
Tyranny of the majority
Reliance on demagogic leaders
Laissez-faire individuals
Primary interest in material things
The gospel of personal success

In light of these dangers, many of the personal relations problems found in the present culture were evident to de Tocqueville in the so-called "democratic" trends of the nineteenth century.

Among the economic trends which followed the Civil War, one major factor stands out in clear perspective--the corporate power which emerged when corporations were granted the same rights and privileges as individuals on the basis of the 14th Amendment to the Constitution. The corporation, however, has no blood, no flesh, and no life except that granted by individuals who have the economic power to act. The corporation became a new power force, more powerful than many individuals, brought into reality by a revision of the very philosophical essence of capitalism as a free economy. Gone were the ethical and intellectual bases on which the free enterprise system had been founded. In its place were substituted the mechanical law of supply and demand and the role of power in human relations. By the close of the 19th century, the robber barons were saying, "We own the United States of America and, by God, we intend to keep them"

As a result, the present population of the United States is deluded into thinking that we are economically free and free to think for ourselves, to vote in accordance with our consciences. Yet, in general, we are ignorant of the reasons why we think and believe the way we do, for in a religious and social sense our minds are formed and controlled by corporate power. The theory of freedom to learn and to teach has been limited to the physical sciences. In Germany, such freedom has been limited in the field of human relations by power politics and allegiance to the status-quo. In the U.S., this social control is limited by the relatively unlimited power of the corporations.

Notice the operations of the Christian churches. By providing the necessary funds for the ministers and priests, the corporations avoid criticism from the pulpits. Until the organization of labor unions, no group was capable of challenging corporate power. When the workers in the southern textile mills sought to organize into unions, ministers of the gospel were sent to preach that John L.

Lewis was the beast of the Book of Revelation. In Pennsylvania you could not operate a coal mine without a machine gun. In like manner, the voice of the demagogue has been channeled into the voice of a religion to maintain the status quo. Also, by exercising its voice through radio and television, corporate power controls dissent and freezes the mind of the average citizen into believing that the voice of the corporation is the voice of freedom. Actually, the mind of the great mass of our people is still medieval. Our public schools have failed to live up to the purpose for which they were created. Today we are no longer capable of dealing with the many problems of human relations which come from the transition from an agrarian society to an urban industrial technological society.

Glorification of material things is nothing new in the history of humans to civilize themselves. From the biblical record we have the story of Sodom and Gomorrah. Even more revealing is the fall of the Roman Empire. One-hundred and twenty appointees of the Reagan administration were either investigated or dismissed for improper ethical conduct. Lobbyists, in the exercise of corporate power, are paid as much as $1,000 an hour to influence legislation which might be against corporate special interests. A single U.S. Senator was elected at the cost of $16,000,000.

The freedom of the individual has been distorted into the practice of laissez-faire individualism through the exercise of corporate power. The right to become a billionaire at the expense of the general welfare was certainly not a part of the thinking of those who laid the foundations of a society of free men and women. The hand-outs to those running for political office are nothing less than scandalous.

Darwin's theory of evolution has been exploited to justify the accumulation of exorbitant wealth in the hands of a few. Social Darwinism used Darwin's concepts to justify the assumption that great wealth was preordained by natural law because of the mental and physical superiority of a few individuals, not as the result of chance, luck, birth or law of the land. This approach has promoted an underlying anti-intellectualism in our culture to the extent that one-third of our people are functionally illiterate. Also, indifference reigns toward an ethical sense of responsibility toward others, both on the domestic and foreign areas of human endeavor.

On the domestic front, the collusion between corporate interests and organized religion is obvious, since both have directed their attacks on secular humanism. What is now more correctly called scientific humanism is an outgrowth of the creative thought of the ancient Greek philosophers, men such as Socrates. To this classical concept of humanism, add the modern scientific evolutionary hypothesis regarding the nature of humanity and society. Corporate capitalism, by allying itself with populism of the right, continues to deny humanity's true animal nature. This position is in striking contradiction to the deistic thinking of the Fathers of the American Revolution, a point of view which sought with an open mind to determine the reality of God through the study of natural processes.

In spite of its allegiance to the physical sciences, on the one hand, and to the medieval concept of a supernatural God-man, on the other hand, the corporate capitalistic mentality was at the heart of Reagan's comment that the U.S.S.R. is an evil nation. Since the Soviets are the only major force ever to challenge capitalism in over 200 years, a holy war is in the making. Instead of following an open-minded policy of understanding the nature of this new nation and its potentiality for the future welfare of humanity, the people of the United States have been led to believe that the Soviet Union is anti-God and therefore must be destroyed. This negativism holds such hatred toward this socialistically oriented society as to lay the ground work for a nuclear war and the annihilation of the human race.

How was that ground work laid, and how might those who led the American Revolution of 1776 have responded to the Communist Revolution of 1917? Franklin, Jefferson, and Paine all saw the French Revolution as a result of the cruelty, injustice and inhumanity of the French crown and nobility. The so-called upper-class Americans very much opposed the French revolutionary movement. Hamilton, for instance, went so far as to refer to the people as "a great beast." This same division of thought is found in the response of our people to the Communist Revolution of 1917. The creative,

open mind sees that revolution as a justifiable and warranted attack on a tyrannical Czarist regime. On the other hand, a brutal and inhumane alliance between church and state, and a mind still encrusted with the medieval feudal economy, clearly called for the brutal and violent attacks led by Lenin and his associates. Here was opportunity to determine whether it was possible to establish a socialist society in the face of poverty and illiteracy.

A legend, relating to conditions prevailing in Czarist Russia prior to the 1917 revolution, holds that Lenin and Tolstoy once discussed the possibility of a major change for the better in the life of their people. Tolstoy is said to have expressed the opinion that, because of the influence of Christianity, the nobility and the Czar would work for the betterment of the people. Lenin supposedly replied, "You don't know the mind of the people. The only hope for the great mass of people is the destruction and obliteration of the ruling class."

I made my first trip to the U.S.S.R. in 1973, the second from July 25 through August 10, 1986. During the second trip, I had time to reflect on the nature of the many significant changes which had taken place in that country since my first trip.

Each day during the course of the cruise on the Volga, a lecture was given by a member of the Communist Party. Although attendance was voluntary, most of our group attended. At one of these sessions, one member of our group expressed the opinion that democracy was only a political theory and had nothing to do with economics. In my judgment, this opinion is definitely false, but it is used to justify the premise that democracy is preferable to communism, since the former supports the idea of one-man, one-vote. Still, the point is missed with regard to the role of the Communist Party in the U.S.S.R. The roles of the two perspectives in the two nations are distinctly different. In the Soviet Union, it is a role of intelligence and responsibility for the end results. In the United States, majority rule adds up to the rule of ignorance.

[The following description of the Soviet government, though vastly changed since 1986, is included for those readers who wish to follow carefully Dr. Drake's comparative analysis and evaluation of that earlier system.]

The structure of the Soviet government can best be understood when it is compared with the structure of an American corporation. From this standpoint, it is foolish to compare the Communist Party in the U.S.S.R. with a political party in the U.S. Since Lenin was aware of the basic anti-intellectualism of the political parties in our country, he was determined that the Communist Party in the Soviet Union would be highly selective, intelligent and devoted to the socialist cause. Thus, leadership within the Communist Party is selected on the basis of experience from childhood. Accordingly, the cause of public education in the Soviet Union has a high priority. Soviet education has a sound grounding in the Marxist-Leninist dogma as well as in general intellectual maturity. As a body separate from the official government, the party is composed of approximately 19 million people who are responsible for formulating and determining the five-year plans to be carried out by the government.

In a delineation of the structure of the government of the U.S.S.R. and its similarities to our large American corporate structures, the Politburo is comparable to a board of directors. The President and the Executive Secretary of the Communist Party are selected in turn by the Politburo. The government is divided into a large number of bureaus such as the Intourist Bureau, which handles all activities of tourism; the KGB, which is similar to our FBI and CIA; the Education Bureau; the Farm Bureau; the Industrial Bureau; the Defense Bureau; etc. At the end of each year, each bureau chief reports to the Politburo which, in turn, reports back to the Communist Party for further decisions. There are 15 Republics in the Soviet Union which are similar to our states. There are also many labor unions at the local level as well as party divisions, city governments, and other critical agencies. At any and all times, the writings and sayings of Lenin are studied and followed as many Americans do the Holy Bible.

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The role of education from cradle to grave is extremely important in the operations of this form of government. Communist ethics, the sciences, and the role of creative thought are emphasized for the improvement of the communist state or socialist society. When contrasted with the cause of education in the United States, the Soviets put us to shame. Education is free in the U.S.S.R. from nursery school through the university level. After graduating from secondary school, all youths must serve two years in the military. Those whose grades justify continuing their education enter the university, while those who are academically deficient are placed in jobs where they are needed in accordance with their abilities. The labor unions throughout the 15 republics play a significant role. Lenin's great emphasis on education may be attributed to some degree to the fact that his father was a school superintendent.

Throughout the entire history of our nation, Americans have never supported public schools at a quality level. In our universities, those entering teaching are invariably at the lowest level of admission requirements. Twenty percent of Americans are still at the level of illiteracy. Furthermore, the expense of attending college has risen beyond the level which the average family can support. What does this situation promise for the future when our nation is compared with the Soviet Union? When the first state university was founded in 1795, the conviction prevailed that, if we were to have quality leadership in government, our leaders must be educated at a level consistent with the needs of a free society. Because of the unwillingness of our people to demand quality leadership, our political system has become nothing more than a power instrument for the wealthy. Since 1830 we have been operating on the assumption that one man's vote was as good as any other's. Could this be the reason illiteracy is on the increase in our nation? Actually, taxation for the support of public schools was supported by the Protestants only to keep the Catholics from getting any tax money, and this negative attitude toward taxation continues to be promoted by our politicians in order to gain votes.

Our failure to insist on highly qualified teachers points out our lack of devotion to the general welfare. We are told that we are a free people, but this half truth is interpreted to mean "free to get rich." It certainly does not embody freedom of the mind. In this regard, our teachers are viewed as hired hands, subject to the pressures of politically minded school boards. While the Tenth Amendment to the Constitution grants the power over the public schools to the several states, this power has always been negative when it came to defending the teacher in the exercise of his or her responsibilities. A good example of the way in which Christian dogmatists have sought to control the thoughts of the teacher is in the teaching of biology. In this matter, the State of Tennessee passed a law forbidding the teaching of the theory of evolution in public schools. This legislation led to the famous Scopes trial in 1925. In the control of school textbooks, this negative influence has also been exercised. Furthermore, in recent years students have been encouraged to report those teachers who violate the point of view of the Christian dogmatists or advocate the teachings of scientific humanism.

With the loss of Protestant control over the public schools, teachers trained in state normal schools and colleges replaced the influence of the Protestant ministers. As a result, there was a loss of the ethical sense of responsibility, especially at the secondary level of instruction. Teachers were held incompetent to teach church doctrine, and were equally forbidden to do so on the grounds of separation of church and state. Other than the study of specialized subject matters, psychology as a method of teaching took the place of the study of classical philosophy. When John Dewey, the most outstanding educational philosopher in the United States in this century, sought to have the classical point of view in philosophy replaced by what he called a democratic philosophy of education, his humanistic outlook was aggressively opposed by the church dogmatists. An ethical vacuum was thus created from which the public schools have never recovered. With the establishment of graduate schools, copied from German universities, specialization of subject matter became the order of the day, not only in our colleges but in our secondary schools as well. The result of this change has been to lose sight of the education of the whole individual and to emphasize nothing but the specialization of subject matter. Compare this tendency with what is transpiring in the Soviet Union and note the difference in the cultural effects.

It is fully justified to assert that the education of the individual is the first priority in the Soviet Union, based on the assumption that mind is the product of the culture in which one grows up, not just the inherited brain. In this respect, all possible effort, time and funds are involved in developing within the individual in the U.S.S.R. a socialist mind consistent with the dreams of its founders, especially those of Lenin. From the very beginning of the child's formal education in the nursery school, and through the university, the first Soviet educational priority is the development of a socialist mind. Every teacher has this basic responsibility. Subject matter, whether scientific or ethical, is a means to this end. A comparison of this means-ends process with that conducted in American schools reveals monumental differences:

1. Salaries of teachers in the U.S. are lowest in comparison with all of the other professions.

2. More money is spent annually in the United States on soft drinks than on education.

3. Little or no effort is made in our public schools to produce a mind consistent with the aspirations of the Fathers of the American Revolution.

4. We continue to operate on the false premise that the individual is born with a rational mind.

5. By and large, logical relations find no place in the formation of the mind in the American educational system from birth until graduation from the university. Most of the time we rely on belief in the dogmas of Christianity.

6. The way the mind develops in our culture has been consistently narcissistic and individualistic, thereby blinded to the realities of corporate power.

7. Most teachers in public, private and church schools have little or no understanding of the nature of a free democratic mind.

8. As a result, our people have little or no concept of the significance of the general welfare of our nation.

9. At no time in our history has the American public school ever been financed above the poverty level.

10. In general, our politicians have preached and continue to preach a negative attitude toward taxation, yet no civilized society can exist without it.

11. Lacking a sense of unity and purpose in our public schools and the culture in general, we operate without any meaning or value frame of reference.

12. Instead of a leadership role for teachers in our society, we operate on the lowest level of knowledge and on the basis of majority will.

The dominance of vested interest groups is responsible for the failure of our public schools to promote a philosophy of education such as that delineated by John Dewey in his vitally significant analysis of our needs in Democracy and Education. These vested interests are religious, economic and political, and, working collusively together, they constitute a power force which makes it impossible to apply the creative thoughts of teachers to the socio-cultural process. In the historical sense, this is the reason why a process of revolution in the culture of a people becomes necessary as a means of bringing about social change.

For example, consider the way we deal with the education of children from birth to six years of age. Child care centers across the nation, most of which are unqualified professionally, are notorious for their exploitation of working mothers. To serve the purpose for which they were created, these centers should become a part of the public school system, paid for by public taxes and operated at the highest quality, for it is during these early years of life that the mind first takes shape in terms of individual needs and interests. For a nation that boasts of the rights of the free individual, it is a mark of deception and hypocrisy to be indifferent toward the welfare of both the child and the nation.

Another example of the failure of the public school is found in the fact that one-third of our nation is functionally illiterate. How could such be the case in light of our glib boasting of the importance of the individual as if he or she were nothing more than a spouting of meaningless words filled with fantasy and emotional content. It is appalling that we continue to use words such as "freedom" with little effort to understand their true meaning and value in our culture. What makes this problem significant is that in our changing culture, social intelligence and maturity of judgment are imperative to constructive solutions to the emerging problems in human relations. These problems are maximized by the fact that the majority of our present population is made up of immigrants from non-democratic countries all over the world. We are confronted with a situation which is a prime target for the demagogic politician and the religious fanatic.

Whereas the Soviet system places great emphasis on social intelligence in building a socialist state, we, as a freedom-loving people, are basically anti-intellectual in our politics, in our religious outlook, and in our economic life. In general, we continue to be indifferent toward the general welfare of our nation and indifferent toward that sense of reality sought by the Fathers of the American Revolution, both ethically and intellectually. Only in the physical sciences are we open to the challenge of the creative mind. Seeking refuge in our medieval religious traditions and in the politics of power is no way to solve the critical human problems which have been created by our industrial and technological revolutions. Corporate power, which dominates our lives, is not in itself an evil power in all respects. It can be given credit for bringing the peoples of the world closer together as well as for producing food and material things in greater abundance. However, the centralization of power and the control over the minds of our people continue to be most disturbing factors.

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What of the role of creative thought in the development of the Soviet socialist system? This question is extremely important as a response to Soviet critics who claim that there is no place for creative thought in the development of the U.S.S.R.

How does the socialist premise operate in the Soviet Union? Assuming that the Marxist-Leninist pattern of thought is a true social science, the individual has no choice but to abide by the demands of this science if the goals of the premise are to be achieved. It is necessary for the individual to accept this dictum and to operate within its particular meaning and value frame of reference. This pattern of thought differs from Christian dogma in that the Christian need only conform. If scientific evidence indicates that drugs, alcohol and smoking cigarettes or marijuana are all harmful, then the process of creative thought can be used to eliminate the addiction. Thus, in the U.S.S.R. all the efforts of all the people are used to attain common social goals. Actions to the contrary are frowned upon and opposed, whether the issues are religious, political or any other kind. It is difficult for a member of the Communist Party to understand why any sane individual would oppose his party's actions and not want to cooperate with its decisions. With this point in mind, we can understand why the Zionist, the Christian or the Moslem would oppose the decision of the Soviet government. Each has a different frame of reference. Thus, the success of the Communist Party and its actions requires the intellectual quality of its members, both in regard to ethical commitment and knowledge validity.

The history of the government of the United States indicates that the reason the American people failed to carry out the objectives of our Revolutionary Fathers was not so much a matter of weakness in the objectives of the revolution as the effect of the forces which came down on the people. A good example would be the Civil War. The mind of the people was not ready for such a revolutionary change in thought. Another good example is that of Christian dogma. Unlike the case of the Soviet Union, no organized power such as the Communist Party was present in America to control traditional religious forces. In that case, the mind of Jefferson was as different from the New Divines as Lenin's was from the Orthodox Catholic. Knowing this, the communist leadership was determined to develop in the mind of the Soviet citizen a new communist mind. We attack the Communist Party on the ground that they are denying freedoms. The great majority of the people in the American Colonies were at odds with the thinking of Franklin, Jefferson and Paine. When the impact of the Revolution of 1776 ended by 1820, the people began to return to their colonial ways.

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In October of 1986, I will go to Nashville to participate in a seminar with the students and faculty at George Peabody College of Vanderbilt University. The invitation came as a result of my earlier talks with Dr. Jack C. Willers' students. Jack and I will also attend the annual meeting of the Ohio Valley Philosophy of Education Society to be held in my old campground, Pittsburgh. There I will continue my discussion of the underlying human relations issue, that of authority versus freedom, the two sides of the coin involving the very nature of human existence. In the evolutionary process of the human race, the communists are correct in asserting that the general welfare must have priority over the rights of the individual. In the long run, the human progress of the group depends on the development of the mind, ethically and intellectually, through the process of creative thought, but this calls for freedom of the individual.

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What hope is there in life for senior citizens now living in a culture dominated by adolescent thinking? Many of us refuse to retire completely from life. What is left for us? If the thoughts of Plato have any importance for us, we senior citizens must assert ourselves in the marketplace. As a group, we are in the best position to lead our country to recognize that we must apply the potentiality of the creative mind to the problems created by the transition from a rural agrarian society to an industrial technological urban society if we are to survive as a progressive free people. No group in our society is as well qualified as the senior citizens who have lived through this transitional period. No group has greater maturity of judgment. We have no fear of losing our jobs and no vested interests in the politics of power. Because we are already organized into the American Association of Retired Persons, we can exercise a singular power for the common good. To achieve a more responsible role in the marketplace, we need to exercise the power which we already have. The AARP needs to organize a committee for such thought and action. I intend to write the officials of the AARP to act accordingly to give new hope to the millions of retired individuals in our nation for the beginning of a new life of purpose for the masses of humanity.

Chapter 21

OUR SCHIZOPHRENIC CULTURE

1987

The history of western culture developed three meaning and value frames of reference. The MAN-GOD frame of reference operates in the realm of religion with dogmatic belief, void of freedom of thought. This absolute authority is claimed by those who consider themselves to be God's own elect. The MAN-OBJECT frame is a second perspective which emerged from the European Renaissance. Decisions and knowledge in the MAN-OBJECT frame are based on experimental evidence thought to be completely objective, never subjective. This scientific frame of reference provides the foundations for of the laws of nature just as the MAN-GOD frame provides the laws of God. The third frame of reference is the MAN-MAN pattern, constituted by humanity out of its experience to ground the laws found in governments and constitutions. The MAN-MAN frame is claimed to be based on ethical premises and knowledge for the general welfare, but their quality is limited by the judgment of the people and the role of power which has been, more often than not, tyrannical, based on greed, and certainly limited by intelligence, vested interests, and narcissistic individualism. On the basis of these three frames of reference, how do we explain in meaningful terms our present-day American culture?

An intelligent response to this question calls for an historical overview of the development of our culture since the first European settlements in 1607:

In the period from 1607 to 1776, Europeans lived in North America within the MAN-GOD frame of reference. The American mind during this period was a medieval mind, characterized by superstition, bigotry and dogmatism.

During the first three-quarters of the 18th-century Age of Enlightenment, men such as Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson and James Madison began to reflect within the second frame of reference, the MAN-OBJECT pattern which led to the conflict between science and religion which is still prevalent today. This second frame of reference signaled the beginning of the Industrial Revolution, but its impact on the mental outlook of the people did not become evident until after the publication of Charles Darwin's Origin of Species in 1859.

The third frame of reference, MAN-MAN, is clearly a product of the 19th century Industrial Revolution which pulled men off their farms and placed them in cruel, inhuman factories. The publication of Marx' Communist Manifesto laid the foundation for the 20th century revolution in the Soviet Union and the development of the MAN-MAN frame of reference. In 1900 the population of the United States was 90% agrarian, whereas today it is 90% urban with the numerous problems of an industrialized, technological society. Of these problems, none has been more devastating than the loss of a sense of community within our culture.

The first major attack on the MAN-GOD medieval pattern came with the American Revolution of 1776. As a product of the Age of Enlightenment, the Revolution sought the rights of humanity which Thomas Paine expressed. In its fundamental sense, the Revolution was not just a war against the British Empire, but a major change in the people's meaning and value frame of reference. Instead of relying on a supernatural belief in a man-God, some began an intellectual search for an understanding of the creative forces of nature. The concept of freedom, though still rooted in the authority of law, came to be based on the freeing of the human mind and the rational educational process based on real life problems in this world rather than on life after death. In time, the people of the United States accepted the politics of democracy but totally rejected the intellectual ideas on which the Revolution had been based. Therefore, when the public schools were established, they were built on the religious pillar of Protestantism.

Throughout the 19th century the dual aspects of the cultural process followed an allegiance to the physical sciences in industry and agriculture but by a rejection of science in understanding the nature of humanity. Darwin's Origin of Species immediately came under attack as the heart of a major controversy between the ministers of God and the experimental scientists. Despite the schizophrenic nature of the cultural pattern, the small farm family continued to provide a sense of community necessary to the general welfare of the nation. But with the breakdown of the small farm family in the 20th century our sense of unity and purpose has also been lost, actually shattering our concept of the essence of freedom.

Two points of view tend to support my convictions regarding the critical nature of the present cultural situation. Professor Walter Rostov of The University of Texas writes:

> If my view of what lies ahead is broadly correct, the world economy and polity face an adjustment unprecedented in scale. The advanced industrial countries (including the U.S.S.R. and eastern Europe) which now constitute only 24% of the people of the world will be confronted in the next fifty years with the development of such technology that its effect on the rest of the world will be devastating.

The problem now affecting the U.S. will increasingly confront peoples all over the world--namely, the problem of the development of the human mind to which I now refer in the MAN-MAN relationship.

Pedro Ruis Garza, President of the marketing firm, Policy Research, Inc., quotes Alexis de Tocqueville:

> I know of no country in which there is so little true independence of mind and freedom of discussion as in America. The power of a dictator fails in comparison to the censorship power of public opinion in a democratic state.

The effects of enormous population growth throughout the world point to the critical nature of our current situation. If the religious traditions continue to assert themselves, little birth control will be practiced and no abortions will be performed. If so, the population will become so huge as to produce much greater starvation than now exists in Africa where only enough food is being produced to feed one out of every ten children born. Social order will be swamped by the increasing ignorance of the great masses of illiterate people. Violence will increase, leading to the coming nuclear war.

On the other hand, if we choose to follow a scientific approach to the population problem, it will be possible to limit population growth to the available food supply and thereby to increase the role of intelligence in various countries throughout the world. But our present practices have degenerated into a pattern of greed and hypocrisy. Educational history points to the fact that only in the development of a quality public educational system can we hope to cope with monumental problems both at home and abroad. Our problem is primarily the lack of knowledge in the field of human relations.

The extent to which crime has increased also reflects the disturbing nature of our present cultural pattern. A ten-year study on Violence and Crime in International Perspective (1984), conducted by Dane Archer and Rosemary Gartner, clearly indicates that "human violence is a product of social forces rather than the result of a biological drive."

Does allegiance to any form of religious dogma provide a means of solving these basic human problems? My answer is obviously not. But with the scientific approach we have the means of seeking solutions to these basic human problems, especially the arms race and the threat of nuclear war. Although ethical inquiry in human relations has been with us throughout the history of western civilization, the citizens of the United States have substituted the dollar as a means of value in human rela-

tions. While we do not hesitate to use all available knowledge and intellect to produce weapons of war, in dealing with human relations problems we resort to capital punishment to rid society of its most vicious criminals.

The worst element about the dogma of business is that it creates a cultural condition which tends to freeze the mind into an anti-intellectual belief pattern of non-thinking which, in turn, lays the ground work of the use of force or power in dealing with the human relations problems which have plagued humanity throughout its entire history. Our lack of a true sense of freedom is a point of consideration. We confuse the word "individualism" with the use of the term "individuality" in which our primary goal is the accumulation of unlimited wealth and a loss of that sense of general welfare fundamental to humanity.

This failure to develop a quality human mind was pointed out by the loss of many lives when a volcano blew up on one of the mountain slopes in South America. Over a period of years scientists had been warning the people living on the slope of the very great danger, but those in authority chose to take the warnings with a grain of salt. The impending danger of an eruption, signaled by underground rumblings, was ignored, although the facts soon proved their own significance. In like manner, we choose to ignore conditions in our culture just as the French nobility did before the French Revolution of 1789. "Let them eat cake," and indeed they did in the final expression of violence under the cutting edge of the guillotine.

A well known television actor asked whether Ronald Reagan was a chronic liar or just an amiable dunce. The real question, however, is a matter of the quality of mind of the American people. How could Americans elect to the Presidency one whose qualifications are limited to those of a second-rate actor and sportscaster? Our political system, including the method of voting, is totally inconsistent with the thoughts and hopes of the founders of the American Republic. A mass mind, not a quality mind, prevails in our present practices. The reason Reagan received the support of the people had nothing to do with his limited ability, but everything to do with the quality of mind of the typical American which operates at the level of an adolescent. There is no logical relation between voting for a candidate and what can be expected from him or her. The mass mind, like the adolescent mind, is very facile, ready to turn against those who betray the cause. The intellectually qualified mind, like an ethical sense of responsibility, is very scarce indeed. The tendency is to revert to the use of power.

What is the evidence of the dangers of placing someone like Reagan in the Presidency of the United States? First, the national debt increased from less than one trillion to more than two trillion dollars. Secondly, military power was strengthened enormously and then used against small nations such as Grenada and Nicaragua. Yet Reagan publicly referred to the Democrats, including Franklin D. Roosevelt, as the great spenders, while he himself was spending more of the nation's wealth than all previous Presidents combined. At the same time, he consistently opposed raising taxes on the wealthy at the expense of the poor and the middle class. His worst sin was an indifference toward the general welfare of the nation.

In the Iran-Contra affair, however, Reagan met his Waterloo. Whether he instigated the policy or not, the fact that he was President at the time makes him responsible. The actions in this case indicate the extent to which America is violating the democratic hypothesis on which our nation was founded, that of the right of self-determination. I am reminded of my boyhood when the big bullies would jump on the small fry. The Reagan position on Nicaragua was completely illogical. If we have a right to be in the Middle East, the Soviets also have a right to be in Central America. Applying the Monroe Doctrine makes no sense whatsoever. If there is any nation in the modern world which has demonstrated that it is power drunk, it is the United States. But the vested interests of the modern American corporation were at stake. The welfare of the human race and the heritage on which our nation was founded were forgotten. We use the words of freedom, but their significance and meaning have been lost to self-interests and greed.

In their effort to establish a more just society, the people of Nicaragua overthrew the tyrannical absolutism of the Samoza family which the U.S. had supported with military aid for many years. Reagan sought to thwart the efforts of the Nicaraguan people to control their own destiny. The fact that the U.S.S.R. supported them did not make the Soviets an evil force in the world. We cry democracy to a people who have never known the meaning of democracy. Nor, in a sense, have we, for who can say that America is not equally dogmatic, especially in our relations with their peoples? Calling the Contras "freedom fighters" is a good example of how we choose words to cover up our own methods of aggression.

Reagan's tyrannical policy toward Nicaragua tended to lead to a split in the U.S. Congress between those who relied on the military power against the Sandinistas and those who sought a reasonable, negotiated compromise. The president's policy, it was feared, was leading down the same path which took America into the Vietnam War. In spite of their oaths to uphold the Constitution of the United States, it appeared that President Reagan and his followers were attempting to establish a separate government to sell arms to Iran. The extent to which those of wealth and power were involved in this affair is now clearly evident.

The Iran-Contra affair brought into clear focus the lack of a quality free mind in our nation. Reagan allied himself with the right-wing dictatorships in the world, as if we had lost our soul while trying to wage war against the communists and had become an evil force ourselves without integrity or personal conscience. Were we so far out of touch with reality that the hopes of Franklin, Jefferson and Payne had become only fanciful dreams? Where had American gone wrong?

There is no simple answer to a problem of this magnitude, but to me the failure lies in the heart of our schizophrenic culture. The American people have never developed a quality of mind or leadership consistent with the mandate of the Bill of Rights. If we are ever to achieve the goals sought by the Fathers of the American Revolution, it will be necessary to adopt the means that will enable us to become the free and open-minded people we pretend to be. But we have little chance of adopting the necessary educational means because of the power and the wealth of the right-wing. We have never had a public school system fully supported and sustained by a free public philosophy of education. Why should we now expect such a revolutionary change in the thinking of the people?

Much of what happened during the Reagan administration has been tied to the taxation powers of the federal government. For instance, in the early years of the Reagan administration, Congress passed a law eliminating President Franklin Roosevelt's policy of progressive taxation which taxed the wealth of individuals in proportion to their incomes. If the general welfare is to be sustained, we need a tax policy which taxes 100% of the excessive wealth accumulated by an individual. The majority of our people should not continue to support the vested interests of a few who cry out against taxation. Falling for such propaganda is not a marked characteristic of an open-minded people.

After returning from the Soviet Union, my immediate interest was to contact Professor Jack Willers at Peabody College, Vanderbilt University, who was editing my manuscript, The Challenge of Married Life,. and to arrange for my October trip to speak with the students and faculty at Vanderbilt. Also, Jack asked me to respond to his Presidential Address to the Ohio Valley Philosophy of Education Society to be delivered in Pittsburgh.

My visit to Nashville and Pittsburgh was a very satisfying experience. In Pittsburgh we stayed at the new Sheraton Hotel just across from Duquesne Avenue where, during the nine years I was on the Pennsylvania State University faculty, we had our Extension Division headquarters. The trip brought back memories of the years from 1930 to 1939, our life in Bradford Woods, and the many months I traveled the highways of Pennsylvania.

CONTRASTING CHARACTERISTICS OF OUR SCHIZOPHRENIC CULTURE

Religion:	Science:
Medieval thought pattern	Socio-scientific thought pattern
I believe in order to know	I know in order to believe
Dogma centered	Knowledge centered
Supernaturalism	Naturalism
Regard for power	Devotion to understanding
Divine truth	Search for truth
Closed system of thought	Creative thought
Institutional conformity	Constitutional law
Creationism	Theory of evolution
Individual soul eternal	Evolution of mind
Individual inherently evil	Individual amoral at birth
Otherworldly	Naturalistic
Monopolistic	Universal
Man-God frame of reference	Man-man frame of reference

RESULT: No public Philosophy of Education

Since Jack's address spoke to the need for a public philosophy of education, it neatly fit my own interests, and I enjoyed responding to it. I based my response on an historical overview of our public school system which clearly established the fact that the Protestant religion had been the dominant force in regulating the activities of the American public schools. This demonstrated that our public schools had never been an independent, free-thinking democratic institution. The free principles in our educational activities which had been considered fundamental had been set aside. In the face of Protestant domination of the public school teacher, the democratic sense of our schools has been a failure with regard to citizenship. Today we witness the breakdown of our society, both ethically and intellectually, in the quality of citizenship. The immediate years ahead do not appear very promising, for there is no way to replace the quality of the human mind with the use of military arms.

In this respect Reagan symbolizes the quality of mind and lack of quality leadership which has plagued the nation throughout most of our political history. This history, along with that of corporate capitalism, clearly reflects our lack of social intelligence. Now the dollar bill has been substituted for social intelligence both at home and abroad. The only recourse Reagan has is to resort to the use of force and power in dealing with the human relations issues which confront us. We return to our cold-blooded animal nature because, in the absence of those qualities which are fundamentally human, he has no other choice either in himself or in the people. The quality of our standard of living is dropping, and the rich are getting richer while the number of poor people increases. Already we are at a point where the cost of a college education is far beyond that which a large number of our citizens can afford, and charity is surely not the answer to this critical problem. We may well find ourselves demonstrating what Franklin feared at the time of the writing of the United States Constitution--whether there would be a rising sun or a setting sun when it came to our way of life.

When the Southwestern Philosophy of Education society met in November, 1986, in Austin, Jack Willers came from Nashville and stayed with me during the three-day session. Since my retirement, I had played little or no leadership role in the society. The members of the society were certainly aware of that. Nevertheless, in their proceedings they presented me with a beautiful plaque which reads as follows:

IN TRIBUTE TO

WILLIAM E. DRAKE

FOR HIS LONG SERVICE TO EXCELLENCE IN EDUCATION

HIS LEADERSHIP IN EDUCATIONAL FOUNDATIONS HAS BEEN A MODEL FOR COUNTLESS DOCTORAL STUDENTS WHO COMPLETED THEIR DEGREES AT THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS, AUSTIN, TEXAS.

THE SOUTHWESTERN PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION SOCIETY

AUSTIN, TEXAS, 1986

Before the end of the session the President-elect of a special group, The Society for the Promotion of the Social Foundations of Education, asked me to give a paper at their next annual meeting in Fayetteville, Arkansas. I readily accepted the invitation, for I already knew what my subject would be, "The Authority of Law and the Freedom of the Individual in the American Culture." To summarize that paper:

There is no freedom outside the authority of law. In the history of western civilization, however, that authority has been:

More of tyranny than of justice
More of conformity than of freedom
More of power than of enlightenment
More of dogma than of creative thought
More of greed than of love

In the final analysis, as long as humanity and the nations of the world rely primarily on military force, there can be little freedom, for without ethics and knowledge there can be no improvement in the quality of human living.

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Where I go from here is very much in doubt, but I will still be in there plugging away at this typewriter which is giving me trouble because the keys are getting loose.

Chapter 22

IS LIFE WORTHWHILE?

1988

Life is not worthwhile for those who commit suicide, but what about the many thousands with physical or mental conditions which deprive them of everyday satisfaction? Is life worthwhile for them? It is amazing the number of people who continue to live despite blindness, deafness, physical deformity, and the sufferings of severe poverty and illness. Certainly there must be some organic will to live which, despite adverse circumstances, serves as an all-pervasive force for life.

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Three major factors are to be taken into consideration: inheritance, physical functions, and the mental attitude of looking at life. Each individual incorporates both a basic animal form of existence and a way of viewing the life function. Thus, we often think in one way but act in another. Most people live only at the level of animal existence, indulging in very few mental processes. In such instances, there is very little thinking of mind over body, only body over mind with the question of living determined by the general natural condition of the body apart from any individual decision. In this sense, we live in two worlds, the world of habit and feeling, on the one hand, and the world of mind or ideas, on the other. Now that I approach the end of this life, how much attention should I be giving to each of these three factors--inheritance, physical functions and the intellect or mind? By the mental side of life I am driven to the question of the extent to which my life has been a success or a failure, especially since retirement, and what I expect to do with whatever life I have remaining.

I personally believe that in regard to my achievements my life has been successful. It is true that I did not do what I first thought I was best fitted to do. At no time during high school did I ever once give any thought to becoming a college professor. My primary ambition was to go into law and politics, perhaps even become President of the United States. Another interest was to become an electrical engineer, for I had always been good in mathematics. One of my college mathematics professors said that I was the smartest student ever to enter the university. As a young man I had visions of contributing to a more just society, and to do that I needed to enter politics and law. Economic conditions and poverty, however, kept me from moving in that direction. Nevertheless, the vision of helping to bring about a more just society never left me, not even to the present day. That vision was at the heart of my teaching for a period of 50 years. I still think that if I had entered law and politics I could have become a genuine success. I also believe that with my mathematical ability I could have been a good electrical engineer.

But was I successful as a college teacher? Judged by the reaction of my students, especially the graduate students, the answer is an unequivocal yes. I first began teaching only to save enough money to return to the university to study law. I even told a little white lie to the school board member who asked if I intended to remain in teaching. In order to get the job, I replied yes. In the long run I did tell the truth. In my forth year of teaching, Edgar W. Knight offered me a Peabody Fellowship to return to the university to prepare for college teaching. At that time I made the fateful decision to make teaching my life's career.

While there is much satisfaction in teaching, there are very serious problems for those who want to do more than just survive. Recently awareness of the need for greater support of public schools has risen, but during my many years as a teacher, such was never the case. The public schools have never been supported at a quality level, so that many who went into teaching had no business doing so. Those in teaching have generally been at the bottom of university admission standards. As one teacher explained to me, "I just keep one day ahead of the students." There is a world of dif-

ference between the teacher who is just getting by and the teacher who inspires the students not only to do higher quality work but to make something of themselves by serving the general welfare, a challenge to greatness through creative effort.

During my four years of public school teaching, I enjoyed most the satisfaction of achievement in various types of school activities, in the classroom and on the playground. Being a teacher involved as a member of a team in public school activities requires more than interest in the daily routine. If the teacher is not involved in the creative learning process in which the children grow as individuals, that teacher has no business in the classroom.

The greatest problem of teachers is the lack of a dynamic philosophy of teaching. This problem is not so much the fault of the teachers as the fact that public schools are politically controlled by local school boards and community vested interests. While we talk a lot about freedom, much of what goes on in school is little more than conventional tradition. A dynamic democratic philosophy of education is not desired by school administrators.

My largest problem with junior and senior high school students was their inability to deal with logical relations, that is, to think about critical cultural issues. They had little or no interest in economic, political or social issues confronting the nation. These students were at the lowest point compared with other students with regard to entrance requirements. Nor were students likely to face matters logically in growing up, either at home or at school. Everything came down to a matter of accepting a point of view as true or false on the basis of belief. This attitude is altogether a result of the Protestant and Catholic ethic: believe if you want to be saved. I did not encounter this problem at the graduate level of instruction. The entire background of instruction has been a medieval method of learning, not the scientific method of knowing before believing. Eighty percent of the students have been taught by the method, "I believe in order that I may know," not "I know in order that I may believe."

It is not good enough just to be good. One must understand what it means to be good. We begin with the laws of nature when we either obey or face extermination. For the same reason, ours is a government of laws, not of individuals.

In the field of foreign relations, the problems of logical relations become most important. "To see ourselves as others see us" is the major problem. The basic principle on which our nation was founded was the principle of self-determination, yet our present tendency is to assert our power in terms of individual, self-interests. We assert our self-interests in determining the kind of governments other nations should have. We condemn the Soviet Union for invading Afghanistan, but justify our own invasion of central American countries on the basis of our own self-interests, violating our cherished heritage of freedom.

In instructing undergraduates I faced problems quite different from those with graduate students. For this reason I was more successful in teaching graduate students. The graduate students were a real challenge to me. Either they had learned to think for themselves or the selective process had done its work. Human learning, involving ethical commitment as well as logic, has a higher order than animal learning.

How different my life would have been if I had entered law or engineering. Instead of being forced to retire at the age of 70, I could probably have continued practicing law or engineering even to the present day. If I had entered politics, no one knows where I would have wound up. What I now understand about politics is enough to keep me out of that cut-throat business. Catering to ignorant, unscrupulous people is not the life for me. The politicians can have it, though it is unfortunate for our country that such is the case. Teaching and research are more to my liking in matters of integrity and honesty with others.

At no time was I ever threatened with the loss of my teaching position. I wonder how I would have reacted if I had been. During the Great Depression there were times when the loss of a job would have been very depressing, even devastating. Fortunately, I escaped such an experience, but just the thought makes me wonder about the effect such a loss has on an individual's self-confidence.

Nor during my years of teaching did I ever hesitate to stand up for what I believed to be right. I do not have to apologize to anyone. Several instances stand out in my career. In my first year of teaching I became involved in a controversy with the State Treasurer over a financial policy which he was following in the public schools. The policy I followed when I became President of the Pennsylvania State Federation of Teachers was a more challenging approach. The Executive Secretary of the Teachers Association criticized me for accepting the position with the teachers union. He told me he would not associate with hod carriers. I reminded him that his Jesus was a carpenter, and this shut him up. In Missouri, when the university administration opposed anyone's taking a position on admitting Negroes, though I was ill, I asked one of my doctoral students to speak for me. Teachers have not used their influence in government for a better nation. They actually count for little in matters of good citizenship. Thus, when a question of their wages is raised, they are ignored. I have tried to make my country a better place in which to live for all people. I have sought, as President Kennedy once said, "Ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country."

In my writing I have sought to exert my greatest influence on public opinion for the greatest good. I have not hesitated to finance the publication of any book which I thought worthy of publication, even when the expense was quite high. The American School in Transition went through 16 printings and was used in many of the best institutions in the country. The Intellectual Foundations of Modern Education was characterized by one professor as a classic. When Darkness Came, which dealt with the tragic life of my father, was praised by an outstanding educator for its forgiving characteristic and quality of thinking. While these books and others have not sold as well as I had hoped, I am not discouraged. The Adventures of Mr. Snozzlefozzle and the Golden Planet merits much consideration for its warning against the dangers of a nuclear war and for what it suggests by way of a new form of world government.

* * * *

In retirement I face the problem of finding interests in everyday life around me. As I look back on life before retirement, I realize that I always had interest in my work. The job seemed to be the most important factor in my personal life, especially when it involved creative activity. Now that there is no job, a great vacuum must be filled, and this is not easy to do. I keep busy writing and traveling, but at times I do question the reason for my existence. At no time in my working life, since I was 14 years old, was I ever fired from a job. I have never had to face the problem of boosting my ego. When I think of those who have had such an experience, I understand how devastating it can me. An intelligent response would make the person stronger, but that is not the way the average person would respond. In my case, I was more capable and fortunate, being the strong individual that I am.

A continuing interest in my work has been fundamental to my existence. I have always had the mission in life of trying to make this a better world for the average person. If life is to go on, my interest must be genuine, not makeshift. I need to be more involved in personal matters as well as in matters remote to me. At the heart of the matter is the question of whether this nation will remain a free country where problems can be solved without resorting to violence or turmoil. On the other hand, we are advised not to discuss with our neighbors religion, politics or economics. But if these matters cannot be discussed, what is left worth discussing? Petty personal affairs have no significance in determining the state of a nation or the world.

* * * *

Since my 50 years of working life were devoted to teaching, it is only natural that I should think in these terms, not in regard to formal classroom education, but to education within the broader culture. Five years ago the federal government was responsible for the publication of A Nation at Risk, which amplified the failures of the public school to meet its responsibilities in educating our children and young people.

A year before that publication, I had stated the same failure in Betrayal on Mount Parnassus, and gave the reasons for this failure:

First, the philosophy of the public school never escaped the medieval tradition, "believe in order to know." For this reason teachers are unable to make education an exciting adventure for the students. Without a philosophy, there is no way of knowing where we stand or where we are going. Good, intelligent, informed citizenship is not the product of our public schools. Most teachers are not able to say what the word "philosophy" means. Democracy is seen as a simplified way of obtaining freedom through majority rule. The students are ignorant of history, economics and especially the limitations of capitalism. Today 25 percent of our people are illiterate, and another 30 percent are functionally illiterate. The high school drop-out rate of 30 percent is increasing annually. My greatest criticism is that teachers fail to provide leadership in the community, and as a result most communities develop little meaningful activity or purpose. Fortunately, of recent date the public has become aware of this situation and is beginning to raise teachers to a respectable position, but quality is still at a very low point. Not until teaching becomes a true profession can we expect things to improve.

Our nation faces today a monumental problem in the power of the corporation. Today's corporations are so powerful that they are almost a second government with virtually absolute power over labor. The field of foreign relations also poses a threat by dictating governmental policies. The "national interest" applies almost exclusively to the interests of the corporations. For instance, in the Persian Gulf our interest was to protect the oil fields from attack. Genuine democratic leadership in world affairs demands that the U.S. stop defending military dictatorships on both the right and the left. We must stop thinking in terms of military power and consider our historical ethical commitment to social intelligence. While our nation needs educated leadership, the government has very little. Power politics rules the day.

Forms of passive entertainment remind one of the ancient Romans. Their love of entertainment proved to be their downfall. Entertainment has become the substitute for human purpose in life and the love of creative labor, both of which have been in the past the driving force for the common good. During the period of my retirement, I have written five books to delineate the only way I know to live the good life.

What has been the effect of women entering the marketplace? First, men went from the home to the factory. Now women have left the home for the business office, and as a result the children have left the home for the streets. What will ultimately happen to the children? I remember my grandfather saying, "There has never been a better thing on earth than a good woman, and there has never been a worse thing on earth than a bad woman." Women have gone into the marketplace because it now takes two workers to maintain a decent standard of family living. Women themselves cannot be blamed for going outside the home in order to have a decent living standard. Society should pay the mother to work at home to nurture her children. Also, the state should provide child-care centers as extensions of the public school system operated by professionally trained teachers who are willing to assume the responsibilities of a mother in the home.

The love and devotion of my mother stands in striking contrast to my step-grandmother who always blamed me when a controversy arose between me and either of her two sons. This was the reason I left her home with my mother when I was thirteen years old. All creatures need to be understood and judged by the quality of their culture. Currently women are confronted with the challenge of becoming independent by working outside the home or staying in the home as the traditional small

farm life encouraged. There the wife was more dependent on her husband's economic well being, but at least the children were not neglected. When the mother works outside the home, the neglected children will suffer because of the loss of love and affection from the mother. This crisis in family life does not bode well for the future. The family is being pulled apart rather than held together.

Women moving into the business world upset the pattern of values which prevailed throughout the 19th century. By exposing women to other men, they became vulnerable to flattery and seduction. In turn, a growing pattern of narcissism added to the child's unhappiness and insecurity.

In order to provide opportunity for mothers to take jobs outside the home, the years of public education were extended down to the nursery school. It is questionable whether these child-care centers can replace the home and the mother's love. This same problem faces our elementary schools in general. No teacher who does not love children should be in a school. Being a disciplinarian is not enough. Can the teacher serve as a substitute for the mother? Quality education is the key issue, and only by further investigation and more experience will we begin to find the answer. The future welfare of our nation rests with this problem.

Just because we have college professors does not logically lead to the conclusion that college professors teach for social intelligence when the subjects they teach are taught on a reductionist basis. This approach to teaching pervades even the sciences, and from the learner's point of view has little to do with intelligent citizenship. Knowing more and more about less and less is good at the advanced level within a given specialization, but it does not help in the use of social intelligence. Learning about chemistry advances one's knowledge of chemistry, but it does not tell anyone whether that chemistry is being used in ways that are detrimental or progressive. Stated in mathematical terms, the whole is greater than the sum of its parts. It is not enough for the college professor to teach subject matter alone. He or she must also help students become aware of the effects of the uses of knowledge on society as a whole. No one receives a liberal education by accumulating a large amount of subject matter information, but only by understanding the relation of the subjects to one another and the effects of the use of knowledge on the cultural pattern of society.

Specialization of subject matter is probably the greatest reason our colleges have failed to provide quality leadership for our nation. Specialized information is fundamental to the advancement of knowledge, but it does not provide the wisdom necessary for the good life in our technological society. Our greatest need in colleges today is to teach more for social intelligence. All teachers should become much more aware of the social implications of all forms of knowledge. They need to be alert to the implications of the knowledge which they are teaching. A professor who is ignorant of the social implications of his knowledge cannot be a good teacher. Teaching is an ethical commitment to the student and to the society. Those who founded the state university knew that the consequences of failure could be fatal to our nation.

On this point, I must point out the weakness of the colleges in allowing the influence which athletics have on the learning process. This is a good example of how the culture in general affects what goes on in the classrooms. Television has done its worst in emphasizing all forms of physical activity, especially when large amounts of money, provided by the corporations to avoid income taxes, are paid to athletes. The public ends up footing the bill. The result is the corruption of the academic process for providing acceptable grades for the athletes. In Betrayal on Mount Parnassus, the chapter on "Commercialized Athletics" characterizes this corruption as a cancer on the body politics of the university.

The remainder of this chapter I devote to the issues of family life, drugs and alcohol, sickness and death, creative labor, time, the stages of life, peace, crime, gambling, the environment and future life.

Family Life

Family living calls to mind the small-farm family of the 19th century which was a complete social unit within itself. All family members worked as a unit for the good of the whole. This is no longer true of the family today in which each member is a unit unto himself or herself. In the change from an agricultural way of life to our industrial and technological society, we have lost our sense of unity. As a result, we have become completely narcissistic.

Today there is no sense of unity except in accumulating wealth and its inheritance. Questions can be rightly raised regarding how each of these two aspects of family life can be justified when many live in poverty. Even the inheritance of wealth must be questioned with regard to its effect upon those who have never engaged in creative labor. What is the difference between inherited wealth and hand-outs from charitable agencies? In either case, a parasitic individual whose life is non-productive benefits from a gift of money. In this sense the biological family is working against the good of the individual as well as the good of society as a whole. Today's child who grows up without proper care, who leads an unhappy life, is apt to become a criminal or vagabond, a burden to the community because of poor education or poor health. The worst, however, is the development of the narcissistic individual who is indifferent to the general welfare of the nation. This situation may well explain why there is much love of money as the only source of security for the individual. We have lost our sense of security which emerged within the small farm family, now finding ourselves alone in the harsh environment of the industrial community. Also, we have failed to develop that sense of community in the sociological family because of our allegiance to corporate capitalism.

Drugs and Alcohol

Since the Vietnam War, drugs have been a blight on the culture of the United States. Along with alcohol the use of drugs raises the fundamental question regarding why the American people are vulnerable to these destructive elements, even to the point of paying outrageous prices for very small amounts. The cost and destructive nature of these drugs raise the question as to what is wrong in our culture that leads individuals to these vicious forms of escape from everyday reality.

Is there any satisfactory answer to the question, why is there such need for drugs and alcohol? Most drug use is due to the fact that people think they can get a kick or a rise from the drugs. The glamour in advertising alcohol reflects the power and influence of sex and wealth. There is a deeper reason, however, namely the dissatisfaction of many who are seeking escape from reality. We are spiritually and socially bankrupt. Up to a point, our rampant materialism is both satisfactory and necessary, but there is a built-in failure at the point of self-achievement. Having arrived at materialistic satisfaction, the spiritual self of many cannot progress, so they turn to the use of drugs and alcohol.

The only solution to the excessive use of drugs and alcohol is education in self-discipline. Beginning at birth, the individual must be taught the priority of a healthy body, the body beautiful. Nothing should be allowed to take its place, for without a healthy, beautiful body the individual has nothing. Along with the destruction of the body through drugs and alcohol, the mind is also destroyed, for without a healthy body there can be no healthy mind. There is no glory in drunkenness, only chaos and destitution. Only the reality of life can provide the satisfaction which comes in recognizing and working for the general welfare. In the final analysis, it is better to direct one's efforts toward the common good than to give up one's life to self-destruction.

Sickness and Death

I have known sadness in the death of my Grandfather Ingle, my mother, my wife, and one of my sons....The natural process is one of change, and change occurs all the time. Whatever remains

after the body dies must be resolved by assuming that the life has gone back to the creative force which gave it. The universal order of change can be accepted in the positive universal order inherent in the evolutionary process. That universal life or creative force, humanity knows not, except to live in the hope that ultimately the common good will prevail.

There is much that we know not, but what we do know has come through the study of the natural processes. Thus, the Fathers of the American Revolution, called Deists, believed in searching for God in nature. In studying the evolutionary processes in nature, from geological to biological to cultural evolution, humanity has come a long way in understanding the nature of the self. From life as an animal in the forest where brutal nature holds forth to our ethical sense of being to our intellectual life, we have gained the stature of humanity even though we still operate with the primitive mind of the animal that we are.

A major problem exists for the supernaturalist in the belief in individual life after death. The nature of the human mind is indelibly locked into the human body. If the body is mongoloid, then the mind is affected accordingly. The mind exists and develops by virtue of a healthy body, for we are the product of both inheritance and physiological conditions. When Christians talk about the soul, they are talking about something that they only vaguely comprehend. Early humanity had no idea of the soul. The idea originated in Hinduism.

The body is subject to attacks of all kinds from both disease and physical injury. The organism is in conflict with its environment. If the balance shifts to the negative side of life, the ultimate effect is death which occurs when the heart no longer functions.

Creative Labor

Creative labor is the essence of the good life, for it enables us to comply with the order of nature, especially the evolutionary process. I tried to make this point clear in my small book on How to Live the Life That Is Good to Live. Unfortunately, the daily activities in which the individual is involved do not lend themselves at all times to creative activity. Many of our daily activities are little more than mechanical routines which do not lend themselves to mental growth.

In the case of sickness, the matter resolves itself into a case of the degree of illness. In a strange way, death provides a good example of creative labor. In various caves throughout the world primitive artists have left paintings of animals killed for food. The artists depict mythic rituals involving the question about what happened to the life in the animal before the death of its body. This question has carried over into more recent times regarding human life when separated from the body at death. This problem seems to be at the root of the origin of religion in human life.

Time

In recent years humanity has at last begun to consider the significance of time, giving more credence to the theory of evolution. Time and space are at the heart of the evolutionary process, for nothing stands still in the order of nature for any significant period of time. Perhaps at most a human being can live to be 120 years old. With greater knowledge of the human body and the reasons for early death, we strive to control diseases. Of equal significance is the question of what happens to a nation over a period of time, especially when it neglects the general welfare. Is America, as other nations in the past, on the decline? If so, is the decline due to our religious, economic and social dogmas? Are we applying our intelligence to the problems of economic and social well being? Since there is much evidence in everyday life of such decay, the question becomes whether the positive or the negative forces have gained the ascendancy in our Congress and state legislatures. If the negative forces are in the ascendancy, we are surely on the road to decay and will pass into history as a nation

which showed great promise at the time of its birth, but whose people became victims of their own greed and indifference toward the future.

The Stages of Life

Nothing demonstrates the effects of time on the human race more than the changes in life from childhood to youth to adulthood and finally old age.

Childhood is the Age of Innocence. The first five years of a child's life, providing the foundations of the individual's existence, comprise the most critical period of time. Both the mind and the body begin to form, and language and a sense of freedom develop.

From the age of five until the twelfth year, the individual learns by imitation and the acceptance of truth on a yes or no basis. It is very important for the child to lead a happy life and to be loved by his or her parents if he or she is to grow up as a healthy individual.

Adolescence becomes a very critical period, in many ways the most critical period in the life of an individual, for its significance in determining the social nature of the individual. At this time the role of the classroom teacher takes on special significance in influencing the positive and negative feelings. From the age of twelve to 18 years, a period of rebellion prevails in which the action of the individual tends to be negative. Unless otherwise directed, the individual will become criminal. If self-discipline is not cultivated at this period of life, destructive forces take over the individual's conduct, leading to non-growth and a fruitless life.

From 21 to 65 years maturation and the stabilization of the person in the culture occur. At retirement after 65 years, a strong need for readjustment develops. Those who have difficulty in making these adjustments invariably have not found a way to carry on creative labor such as writing, activities in social clubs, travel, gardening and other forms of human productivity.

Peace

Much has been written about peace as if it did not require a basic change in the nature of intelligence, an evolution of the human mind from its present inclination toward violence, war and the use of force as a means of settling disputes. Achievement of this stage of development, supported by the advancement of knowledge, calls for doing away with our dogmas which humanity is not now willing to do. With the present mind set we are more prone to war than to the ethical use of social intelligence in solving our social problems.

In general, the failure to solve the problems created as a result of the shift from an agrarian society to an urban technological and industrial society may be the basic reason why we have such a high degree of violence and crime in our society today. Until we have an evolution of the mind, there is not much hope for an improvement in present world conditions.

Crime, Wealth and Human Progress

Crime, wealth and human progress are indelibly linked to the problem of change and the failure to make changes ethically and intellectually. Little human progress can be made because the present operation of the social economy accepts the individual accumulation of wealth as fundamental to human progress. Note the tendency to accept the death penalty for crimes committed against society. The greater the emphasis on wealth, the more the rise in crime. The amount of wealth that an individual should be allowed to accumulate should be limited to ten million dollars. Individual wealth

greater than that should be paid to the government for the care of the unemployed and the homeless, especially children. No individual should ever be permitted to inherit more than one million dollars. The inheritance of wealth is as parasitic as living on charity.

Inherent in 18th century thought was the notion of human progress, and such is still possible, but not until a change is made in the control of the power which wealth gives to the individual to block social change. The western world continues to suffer from the insistence that an individual be permitted to pass wealth on to another. Today the social individual has taken on more significance than the biological individual. Actually the inheritance of wealth is not a blessing to the individual, for it takes from him or her the opportunity of creative labor which is necessary to human growth. The result is as much a social crime as making the individual a beggar by his acceptance of charity.

The Role of Women

In our culture the role of women, as in all past cultures, is a major social issue, largely because women are the incubators of the human race. The male, on the other hand, is only an instrument in the process, not the reality.

When women left the home for the business office, a major problem was created for the children, for in order to develop a good person, it is vitally necessary that in childhood the individual have much love and a happy environment. Children do not receive this caring nourishment today when their mothers leave the home for the marketplace. Also, that society which forces women to leave the home and go into the marketplace in order to have a decent standard of living cannot in the long run be a good community in which to live. The effect is to break down the family which has been in a sociological sense the most humanizing institution in the history of the human race.

Ethics and Gambling

There is nothing good about the life of gambling, for it has been a curse on the human race since the beginning of history. The parasitic gambler is separated from the life of creative labor and is to be pitied rather than cursed.

What makes a gambler? Is he or she trying to escape from reality? A gambler has lost contact with reality, with that which is wholesome and invigorating. The gambler may have ups and downs, but in the end is always a loser. When I was a young boy working in a restaurant I saw what gambling could do to the individual. One day the gambler flourishes and the next is broke, but in the end there is nowhere to go but downward. Incidental and playful gambling can be tolerated, but the addiction is like that of an alcoholic. Eventually it gets to you.

Environmental Pollution

Perhaps the worst problem facing our country today is environmental pollution, and we are reluctant to do anything about it because of the power of the corporation. For instance, the tobacco industry has been able to defend itself against the many suits which have been brought by individuals who have suffered from lung cancer. By virtue of its wealth, these corporations have been able to hire the best lawyers in the country and delay decisions against them.

It is not only the question of individuals suffering from the use of tobacco, but also of acid rain, drunken driving, deforestation, etc. In all these cases the problem has reached the point of national crisis. Acid rain is a true indication of the extent to which our air has been polluted to the point of destroying vegetation if not human life. The pollution may be doing far more damage than we

realize. Drunken driving regularly claims the lives of 50,000 or more individuals each year, not to mention the material waste.

In the case of the destruction of our forests, not only are we destroying wild life but the soil is eroded. The blighted countries of the Mediterranean world give true testimony of the ultimate outcome if we continue our present practices of excessive commercialization.

What of the Future?

What does the future hold for this nation and its people? As a result of the worship of commercial profit and our lust for materialism and our indifference toward the welfare of the future, are we guilty of letting the forces of destruction take over and run our lives? There is no constructive substitute for ethics and intelligence. If we are to live a productive life, we must care for of this country for the welfare of future generations.

The world is being rapidly over-populated, and we are doing nothing about it because of our dogmas. Scientifically speaking, we must stop the growth of imbeciles, idiots, the low-grade morons, and the physical unfit, for humanity is facing ultimate disaster if such growth is not stopped. However cruel and unjust this may sound, the sterilization of the unfit must be accomplished. Also, there must be much more emphasis on the education of the people, for quantity is no satisfactory substitute for quality.

There is a definite need to change our political structure which is little more than power politics. Today the corporation has made the individual's vote worthless, even though many do not realize it. Those who do simply refuse to vote. More research and intelligent control is required. Our economic power must be directed toward the welfare of the people as a whole rather than toward corporate profit. Instead of building great military machines, we need to replace them with policies of ethical and intelligent activities. We are at the cross roads of civilization. Will the path into the future be directed toward a commitment to the common good, for the general welfare, or will it be more of the same that now absorbs our resources? Humanity needs real peace as never before if we are to have the orderly processes of human living in a world of hope and justice for all.

Chapter 23

THE MEANING OF LIFE

1989

During 85 years of life, much of my time and thought in reading, research and writing have involved the search for the meaning of life. I have tried to understand life in its relation to society, especially in terms of what seemed right or wrong. These judgments were made in accordance with the natural process. Thus, the questions of knowledge and how much I knew about what was known were raised. What have I learned from everyday experience? What have I learned through reason? What have I learned from tested thought or experimentation?

Knowledge through Everyday Experience

No two individuals can ever have the same experiences. Knowledge gained by one can thus never be the same as the knowledge of another. This being the case, it is a wonder that people ever get together on anything, yet the differences in most cases are minuscule. The tough problems are created by the different effects which everyday experiences have on the personalities of individuals.

In my early years, up to the age of twelve, I was especially fortunate in living a happy life. I was well fed, well clothed, and had good shelter, but more than anything else I had a mother who loved me very much and took good care of me in times of need. Although my father had left home before I was one year old, I was very fortunate, for my maternal grandfather took me in as if I were one of his own. I spent three years in a private kindergarten from the age of three to six. There I learned much about the good life. Mine was a happy childhood for which I am extremely grateful because of its positive effects on my later life.

I became very much aware that many children did not live in an environment as good as my own. Conditions are far worse today than they were before World War I. The whole world of childhood has now been turned upside down, mostly because many mothers work outside the home. While I was growing up, most of the people in the United States were living in an agrarian society of small farms, whereas today they are living in an urban technological industrialized society. Though the conditions of childhood during my early years were not ideal for many, they were nevertheless not as adverse as they are today. The insecurity and lack of love in the lives of many children today account for our high crime rate and poverty. Many adolescents are so desperate that they are committing suicide. Life does not hold as much happiness for children and young people today as it did when I was growing up.

Knowledge through Rational Thought

Knowledge through rational thought did not begin for me until I was about thirteen years old. I am not suggesting that I was in revolt against authority, parental or governmental, for I have always been a law-abiding individual. But I did come to fear authority as if it were my enemy, not my friend. My mother, being the understanding person that she was, gave me no reason for becoming rebellious. Nor did the school principal or my teachers. In my Age of Innocence, I had little reason for revolting against the authority of the church. I was very active in the Baptist Young Peoples Union. At the age of eleven I was baptized.

At the age of thirteen I began to think for myself and to doubt that I was being told the truth about religion. What was being said did not stand up against what I was learning from biology. Not

that I was becoming cantankerous, but I was beginning to speak out when I disagreed with what others were saying about justice, equality and religion. I had left the world of childhood and entered a world of adults. It had been necessary for me to go to work to take care of myself and my mother. I had to get a work permit from the state because I was underaged. I worked eight hours a day, seven days a week, in the Carolina Wood and Products Company. While I did this willingly, in my heart I found it difficult to understand why I had to work while other boys and girls did not. Something was wrong, and I was determined to find out what.

My eighth grade teacher asked the class how many of us expected to go to college. At that time I had no idea how I would finance college studies, but I raised my hand nevertheless. My uncle, the chief of detectives with the Asheville Police Department, got me a job in the New York Cafe. Since the restaurant was only a few blocks from the high school, I found the new job very convenient. There I had my first lessons in internationalism, for the cafe was owned and operated by Greeks. The principal of the high school was very helpful by arranging my schedule so I could go to school in the mornings and work in the afternoons. Also, when the school superintendent told the principal that I could not both work and go to school, the principal told him that it was his job to run the high school, and that he would do so. For me, this became an enduring example of true greatness and kindness, both of which are very much needed in our schools and society.

The Greek who owned the restaurant was also a very kind person who, along with his wife, took a special interest in my welfare. They even sent their personal physician to care for me when I was home sick with the flu. I regularly worked from twelve-thirty until ten o'clock at night, five days a week, and 16 hours on Saturdays. This was my schedule for two years. I missed only four days when I was sick. In the meantime, my Greek boss sold part interest in his restaurant. This proved very unfortunate for me, for my new boss was a mean individual. It was impossible to work for him, so I found another job just a block away. My new boss proved to be very understanding, and I continued to work for him throughout my senior year in high school.

If I had to depend on my own wages as a waiter in a restaurant, I would never have the opportunity to go to college. Again I was fortunate, for the house which I had built could be sold. It was not much of a house; it had cost only $1,200 to build which I paid out of my earnings. But inflation during my high school years increased the value of the house which sold for $3,000. With my scholarship, this would be enough for me to study at the university.

While there was nothing miraculous in these events, it did seem that some guiding hand had provided a way out of my financial dilemma. The door to the university had been opened. My scholarship was too good to be true. My health and my mother's remained very good in spite of the long hours I worked. Still, there was a haunting fear of illness which fortunately did not occur during my college years. When the father of my best friend died and his son had to leave school to go to work, the injustice was extremely disturbing. Why was our society, with its revolutionary constitution, failing to meet the needs of young men? If I could become President of the United States, I would correct such failures. Little did I realize in my youthful idealism how difficult it is to bring about revolutionary changes in our societies. I needed to grow up, and to do so I was going to the university.

During World War I, the students followed the rest of the country. Those dirty Germans had no sense of humanity in the way they were treating the enemy. Take, for instance, the sinking of the "Lusitania." There was no doubt about our patriotism. What influenced me most, however, was the cruelty of all wars. Were the Germans really much different from the rest of us? The end of the war in 1918 was a time of jubilation in which most of the students agreed with the President of the United States in establishing the League of Nations.

When I left for the university, I did not know whether I would study law and politics or electrical engineering. First I had to get a liberal education. I carried a letter from my history teacher to Frank Porter Graham, a professor of American history at the university. He would be able to tell me

how to proceed. At that time, whatever meaning life had for me was in the process of what I was doing.

During my high school years I had become quite a different person from what I had been at the age of thirteen. Now I knew where I was going and I had no doubts. I was no longer the innocent boy I had been at eleven when I was baptized as a member of the Baptist faith. A course in biology had been the major factor in changing my thinking on the nature of humanity. I had now become a true devotee of Charles Darwin, but there was an even larger aspect of this change. I also realized that much religious dogma was perpetrated without reason or truth. This realization led me to examine the cultural pattern of the ancient Greeks, for through that culture the dogma of the Christian faith had been perpetuated. The Greeks tended to make some of their heroes into gods.

Quite a number of individuals were responsible for the creation of the Bible. In the case of the Old Testament a number of scrolls were written by Jewish scribes. In this respect the Old Testament is different from the New Testament. The New Testament was written by a number of the followers of the faith, some as long as two centuries after Jesus had died. Since people in general tended to believe what they were taught, the Christian missionaries carried the day with great zeal.

Paul wrote, "When I was a child I thought as a child, but when I became a man I put away childish things." I took this statement literally and began to use my rational sense and to think as a man. Since people of that era and the centuries following took this belief on faith, they must have done so because they thought it was good for them. I have no disagreement with the ethics of the man Jesus, but the dogmas which have been taught by his followers simply do not stand on their own. They could have, but it was easier to establish them more rigidly by way of dogma. Thus, to get the people to accept the teachings, they were tied to supernatural beliefs. What was an insult to my intelligence came as a result of the new knowledge of the nature of humanity.

Still a puzzle to me is why the people wanted Jesus crucified. People do not think but tend to follow traditional habits of belief. The question comes to be whether majority rule is good in a democracy. Our Constitution protects us from the ignorance of the majority which is often expressed in our society. Social intelligence based on the best knowledge of the day would be a far better rule by which to live. This problem has been a source of concern for me with regard to our political system. We have a bad case of power politics. Millions still believe in the Christian dogma, and some seek to impose it on the rest of us. Thus, our public schools have failed to meet their responsibilities in educating citizens for a democracy. Our schizophrenic culture is a source of concern to the intelligent and informed.

Majority rule illustrates our reliance on the psychology of a situation rather than on social intelligence. All professions, except in religion and politics, rely on knowledge. But majority rule was responsible not only for the crucifixion of Jesus but for the death of Socrates. Consequently, ethical principles are often ignored by the very dogma that is supposed to promote them. Our political campaigns are very often filled with lies and distortions. Ethical principles are lost in the politics of power, and the people seem to love it. I learned this in my American history class and began to point out the problem. Mr. Hyatt, my teacher, agreed with me on the matter when most of the students took the traditional point of view.

In studying the origin of freedom and democracy, I argued with many students on the meaning of "freedom." The writings of Thomas Paine and their revolutionary implications influenced me most, along with the leadership provided by Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson. The essence of the American Revolution is found in the questions which every individual was required to answer in seeking membership in the Junto Club which Franklin created in 1727:

Do you sincerely declare that you love mankind of whatsoever creed or faith?

Do you think that any person should be harmed or persecuted for his belief or speculative opinion?

Do you love truth for truth's sake and will you endeavor impartially to find it and give it to others to the best of your ability?

The intellectual genius of Jefferson was most satisfying to me, especially his concept of the exercise of government. The Constitution would never have been adopted without a Bill of Rights, for this part of the document makes it universal for all humanity.

The Constitution, however, has been interpreted for the monetary benefit of vested and special interests to the neglect of the general welfare. Until 1832 the principles of those who wrote the Constitution largely controlled the operations of federal government. The Founding Fathers had been very much concerned with the general welfare, but after 1832 the operation of the government became a different matter. Their influence was cast aside largely by the slave states and the populists before the Civil War. In the struggle over slavery, the general welfare was largely forgotten as the people went headlong into a major Civil War with hundreds of thousands of young men killed and the resources of the southern states depleted. In the final analysis we created a mechanized individual called the corporation, while the human individual lost his freedom.

The number of homeless and poor people has increased yearly as more and more millionaires come to dictate the nature of our economy. As concern for the general welfare diminished, the concern for vested interests became the primary characteristic of power politics. The love of the dollar became the only value return in our soulless economy. The end result was bound to be a tragedy for both individual freedom and the general welfare.

When I entered the university I was a revolutionist at heart. Yet I was willing to wait until I became a successful politician to bring about any major change in our economy such as abolishing the inheritance of wealth. As a student I was very conscious of the division between the haves and the have-nots. Many of us were conscious of our poverty but helpless to do anything about it.

From the time I entered the university until graduation my basic philosophy did not change. I did gain, however, greater insight into the nature of humanity and society. I became more understanding, more thoughtful about the human process and the kind of social changes which should or could be achieved. The conflicts between vested interests caught my attention the most. Even if the people did vote for a major change in the economy, those with vested interests created a Nazi-type power center to prevent the implementation of that change. To bring about change through education is practically impossible because of the different points of view among the educated. It may well be that a situation must become so intolerable that opposing forces must crystallize into a civil war between the haves and the have-nots. I myself will do all I can to bring justice into our way of life. I will not promote the spread of violence and bloodshed into the everyday life of the people.

I find no consolation in the ignorance or dogma or superstition among the great masses of people, nor in the arrogance and supercilious bigotry of the rich and well born. Neither left- nor right-wing populism, nor the wealthy, seek the kind of society I would look forward to, for none of these attempt to achieve justice and truth in a society which is both ethical and open-minded.

The meaning of life is to be found in the activities of life itself. Today much interest and research is going into the study of the mind. The theologians still talk about the power of God as if they had some kind of communication with the creative force of this universe. One has the right to question their ability and insight. There is something about the nature of humanity that is more than a mechanism, for a mechanical instrument does not have life of its own. A mechanical instrument cannot reason and has no ability to feel. The mind is something more than the brain, yet the two seem to be inexorably linked. We know very little about the origin of the power of reason. Today the mind

is being studied at the Beckman Institute which has a 40 million dollar grant to try to discover the great mystery of the human mind and the nature of intelligence. While we still continue to learn more about the human brain, I am skeptical about learning more about the mystery of life except in its activities.

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I repeat, the meaning of life is in the process. By placing too much emphasis on the accumulation of riches instead of the more lasting human values, such as consideration of others and the general welfare, and by narcissistic individualism, a false pattern of values has risen. These false values keep us from seeing just how much our individual welfare depends on the welfare of others.

Our economy has become more and more dependent on women and minorities, so that our culture now faces an enormous task of educating and training, beginning even before the kindergarten. What we require is a basic change in the cultural pattern, a change which calls for larger amounts of time devoted to learning. In the first place, the broader culture is never easy to change, and, secondly, a major change in the culture requires a complete reconstruction of the educational system. Child welfare programs must become a part of the public educational system rather than a for-profit system conducted by non-professionals. More than half of the mothers are now in the work force at the expense of the welfare of the children. This condition must change, for the children are not receiving the love and care which they need for their future welfare.

Reaction to Retirement

The worst part of retirement is that it tends to reduce the significance of self, at least in my case. I am no longer anything but a body. The feeling of counting for something has been lost, for I am no longer associated with any worthwhile project. I find myself asking such questions as, "Where do I go from here? What difference will it make whether I attend this or that meeting? Does traveling make any difference? What about responsibility? Does retirement mean that I am some kind of outcast? Having served my time, am I no longer important for anything? Am I just another social outcast?"

I try to stay abreast of social developments, but they have become meaningless to me. It is important that I do not have to worry about necessities such as food, shelter and clothing. If such were the case, I would not want to carry the load, or would I? At least such an effort might become a challenge. It would be better to die young, or at least while the iron is still hot, than to bear the pain of isolation. Having lived as a part of a group all of my life, the pain of isolation is now more than I can bear. However, my will to survive is more than adequate.

What is now required of me is to reorder my life experiences. Am I capable of doing this? Do I have enough health to accept the challenge? I do not mean just physical health, for the health of the mind cannot be ignored. In my present state of being, I believe that I can do it. I must reorder my thinking and acting to give life new meaning.